

MODERN SCREEN

APRIL

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MAGAZINE



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INTIMATE
CHART
FOR
350
STARS



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SCREEN ALBUM is packed with pictures of all your favorite movie personalities—beautifully-printed, entrancing portraits that you will want to save. Intimate, up-to-the-minute stories of their lives and loves are included, too. Now you can own over fifty of these glamorous portraits, and know all about your favorites, all for the price of a single magazine. It's the biggest buy on the newsstands—get your copy today.

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Mum is so quick and so dependable, that more women choose this one pleasant cream than any other deodorant.

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MUM IS SURE! Mum makes odor impossible—not by attempting to stop perspira-

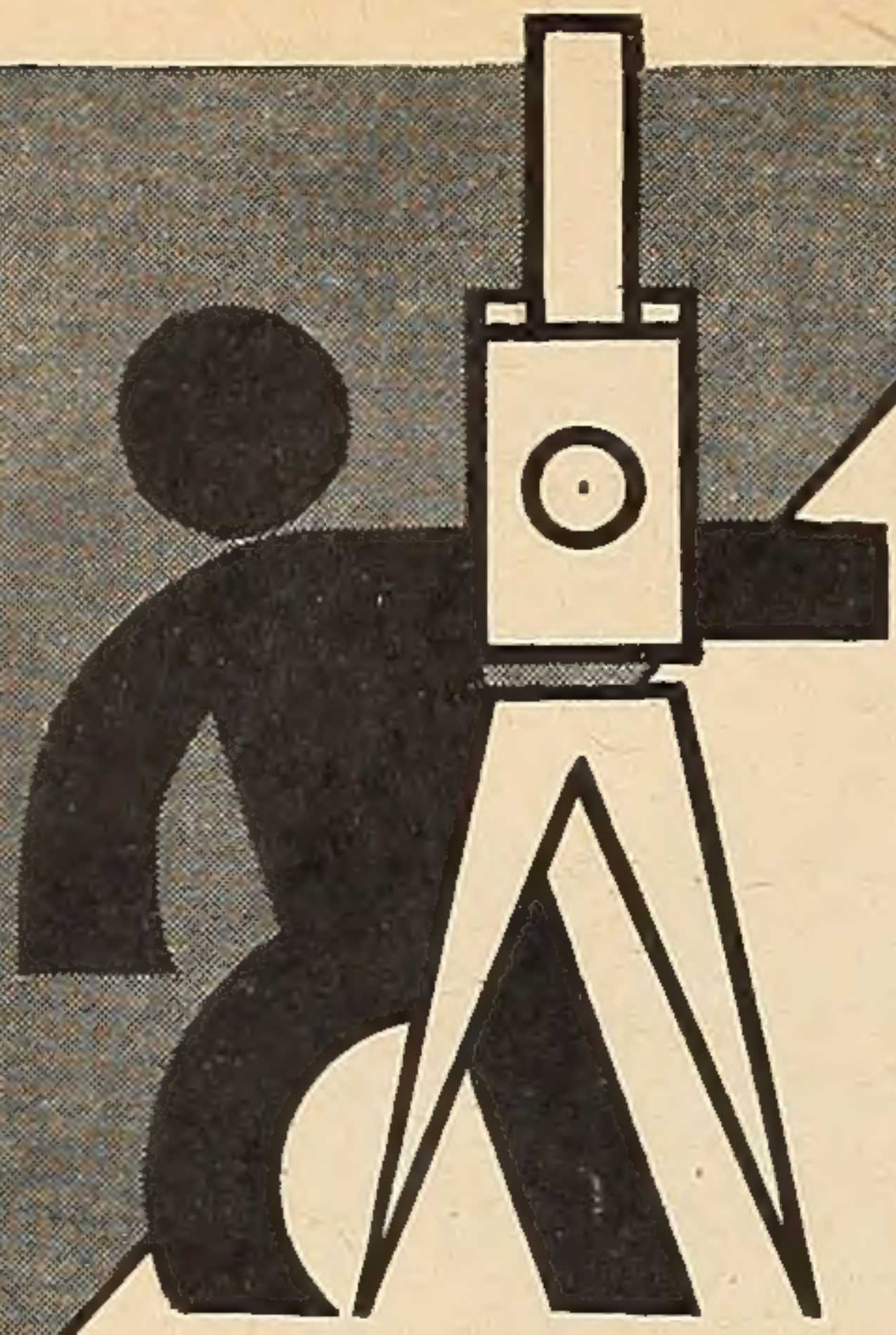
tion—but by neutralizing the odor. Get Mum at your druggist's today. Thousands of women have the daily Mum habit (thousands of men, too). Let Mum guard *your* charm!

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS—More women use Mum for sanitary napkins than any other deodorant. Mum is gentle, safe, prevents unpleasant odor. Avoid offending this way, too.

NO DEODORANT QUICKER... SAFER... Surer... THAN MUM!



MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



PEARL H. FINLEY
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Hollywood Editor

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Art Editor

MODERN SCREEN

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Now! A Great New Improvement in Beauty Soaps—AND CAMAY HAS IT!



It's amazing—you've made my favorite beauty soap better than ever. So wonderfully mild, so much lather and such a lovely fragrance! Thank you!

(Signed) ANNE W. DEARBORN
(Mrs. James A. Dearborn)
Long Island, N. Y.

Let New Camay Help You to a Lovely Skin!

Look for three beauty cleansing advantages in this amazing new Camay—proved by our tests against 6 best-selling beauty soaps! Camay had greater mildness than any! Gave more abundant lather in a short time! Had a fragrance that almost 2 out of 3 women voted for!

Camay brings women a definite promise that its gentle thorough cleansing will help them in their search for a lovelier, more appealing skin... a more radiant complexion... new allure! Get this wonderful new Camay at your dealer's now!



At all dealers now—
no change in wrapper!

GREATER MILDNESS

Amazing gentleness—for a complexion that invites "close-ups."



MORE ABUNDANT LATHER

Refreshing, creamy lather that "comes quicker" to bring out hidden beauty.



NEW, WINNING FRAGRANCE

Fragrance that makes it heaven to hold you in his arms.



Now—more than ever—THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

A MAN AND A WOMAN
fleeing nameless terror...through angry
seas and the tropics' dangers...yearn-
ing for the peace they had never known,
the happiness they could find only in
each other's arms... You'll remember
this star-crowded Metro-Goldwyn-
Mayer picture as one of the great
emotional experiences of the year!



CLARK JOAN
GABLE • CRAWFORD

in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's Dramatic Triumph

STRANGE CARGO

with IAN HUNTER

PETER LORRE • PAUL LUKAS
ALBERT DEKKER • J. EDWARD BROMBERG
EDUARDO CIANNELLI

A FRANK BORZAGE *Production*

Screen Play by Lawrence Hazard • Directed by Frank Borzage
Based on the Book "Not Too Narrow, Not Too Deep" by Richard Sale
Produced by Joseph L. Mankiewicz

CHARTING THE STARS

A NEW LISTING COVERING 350 NAMES. THERE'S A SURPRISE IN EVERY LINE!

NAME	PREVIOUS OCCUPATION	FIRST FEATURE-LENGTH MOVIE	YEAR	FAVORITE SPORT	HOBBY	PRESENT STUDIO	ADDRESS
Aherne, Brian	Mercantile Clerk	Song of Songs	1933	Tennis	Flying	United Artists	Home—700 No. Linden, Beverly Hills
Albert, Eddie	Drug-store Clerk	Brother Rat	1938	Swimming	Attending Concerts	Warner Bros.	Studio—First National Studios, Burbank
Allen, Gracie	Vaudevillian	Big Broadcast of 1932	1931	Golf	Art Collecting	Paramount	Home—720 No. Maple Dr., Beverly Hills
Ameche, Don	Ditch-digger	Sins of Man	1936	Riding	Horse Breeding	20th Century-Fox	Home—4704 White Oak, No. Hollywood
Annabella	Student	Le Million (French)	1930	Rowing	Gardening	M-G-M	Home—139 Saltair, Brentwood
Arlen, Richard	Newspaper Reporter	Vengeance of the Deep	1923	Swimming	Farming	Universal	Home—10025 Toluca Lake Ave., No. Hollywood
Arnold, Edward	Bell-hop	Okay America	1932	Fishing	Collecting First Editions	20th Century-Fox	Home—10421 Bainbridge, Bel-Air
Arthur, Jean	Fashion Model	The Poor Nut	1929	Hiking	Interior Decorating	Columbia	Home—512 N. Beverly Dr., Beverly Hills
Astaire, Fred	Dancer	Dancing Lady	1933	Dancing	Traveling	M-G-M	Home—1121 Summit Dr., Beverly Hills
Astor, Mary	Writer	Beggar Maid	1926	Riding	Raising Dogs	Paramount	Home—10051 Valley Spring Lane, No. Hollywood
Atwill, Lionel	Stagehand	The White-Faced Fool	1932	Fencing	Attending Murder Trials	20th Century-Fox	Home—19433 Roosevelt Highway, Bel-Air
Auer, Mischa	Hospital Worker	Something Always Happens	1928	Hiking	Breeding Great Danes	Universal	Studio—Universal City, California
Autry, Gene	Railroad Telegrapher	Comin' 'Round the Mountain	1936	Baseball	Collecting Ten-Gallon Hats	Republic	Home—6305 Yucca, Hollywood
Ayres, Lew	Banjo Player	The Sophomore	1929	Tennis	Attending Concerts	M-G-M	Home—906 Roxbury Dr., Beverly Hills
Bainter, Fay	Stage Actress	Quality Street	1937	Swimming	Raising Schnauzers	Warner Bros.	Home—Ocean Front Dr., Santa Monica
Baker, Bob	Cowpuncher	Border Wolves	1938	Riding	Leather Tooling	Universal	Studio—Universal City, California
Ball, Lucille	Photographers' Model	Roman Scandals	1933	Golf	Flying	RKO-Radio	Home—1344 N. Ogden Dr., Beverly Hills
Bancroft, George	Sailor	Driven	1922	Football	Collecting Firearms	Warner Bros.	Studio—First National Studios, Burbank
Bari, Lynn	Student	Dancing Lady	1938	Skating	Antique Collecting	20th Century-Fox	Studio—Box No. 900, Beverly Hills
Barnes, Binnie	Milkmaid	Love Lies (English)	1931	Motoring	Designing Vases	20th Century-Fox	Home—351 S. Cliftwood, Brentwood
Barrett, Judith	Stage Actress	Cimarron	1931	Badminton	None	Paramount	Home—9701 Olympic, Beverly Hills
Barrie, Wendy	Student	Wedding Rehearsal (English)	1932	Tennis	Sewing	RKO-Radio	Home—1021 Chevy Chase Dr., Beverly Hills

West of Dodge City There Was No Law
... And There Virginia City Lay!

ERROL
FLYNN

Here—and brilliantly—is the
breathless saga of the gal-
lant 73 who charged through
the boldest adventure of
America's law-forsaken
West...history's epic of the
City of Gold that was built
upon the lead of bullets. Its
story is true—and its stars
make it too thrilling to miss!

A New Dramatic
Success by
WARNER BROS.
Producers of
'The Fighting
69th'

MIRIAM
HOPKINS

VIRGINIA CITY

Such a story and such
irresistible enter-
tainment has rarely
been screened before

With **RANDOLPH**
SCOTT
HUMPHREY
BOGART

FRANK McHUGH • ALAN HALE
GUINN "Big Boy" WILLIAMS

Directed by
MICHAEL CURTIZ

THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER CAME TO SEE

By John
Franchey



Popular even with the Royal Family, Anna was commanded to appear before them in 1937.

Right, with Ray Milland, she dances through a sequence of her newest picture, "Irene."

A QUICK LOOK AT AMERICAN GIRLS WAS ANNA NEAGLE'S TIP-OFF ON HOW TO BECOME AN ENGLISH MOVIE QUEEN



ENGLAND'S Anna Neagle simply dotes on American girls. She can't say enough about them. And no wonder. Were it not for our star-spangled maidens, the woman who moved with such memorable humanity and pathos through the picture "Nurse Edith Cavell" might even now be measuring ribbon in some London department store or, maybe, serving King George as warden of a Piccadilly air-raid shelter.

Miss Neagle, will you take the floor?

"It was meeting American girls that first made me realize I could do something. I was in the chorus of the English musical comedy, 'Wake Up and Dream,' when the company came to New York.

"Up until that time it had never occurred to me that there was any hope of rising from the 'line,' as you call it. You see only one English woman had ever come from the chorus to stardom—Jessie Matthews. But then I began talking to American

girls, like myself in the chorus. They had such boundless enthusiasm, soaring ambition, driving energy. There was nothing they couldn't do if they chose to. I remember that one girl was attending a dramatic school and planned to become an actress. Another was studying psychology and had ambitions to become a psychiatrist.

"English girls are quite different. They have no real self-confidence. They never feel certain they are good, not as American girls do. They may assume the appearance of this certainty, but underneath they haven't it.

"Nor did I. Fact is that I'd been in the chorus for several years, and I'd begun to think I'd take a good look around, find a husband and forget the stage, when I was packed off to America in this business of 'Wake Up and Dream.' My part was small. I pranced around carrying a banner. But seeing your girls and watching them achieve what would seem to

English young ladies very unlikely ambitions, simply by making up their minds, sent me back to England determined to succeed."

To spare the lady the embarrassment of having to describe her ascent to glory, we will take over once more.

Before Miss Neagle traipsed on home she took dancing lessons here. Her mentors report that she was an "indefatigable dervish," whatever that means.

She returned to London Town dripping with ambitious longings. But the problem of economics still bothered her. But not too much. Blithely she made the rounds taking whatever jobs were offered her—extra roles in pictures, microscopic parts in revues, in fact anything to snare an honest farthing. Finally, even this windfall ceased.

It was here that she put into play what she likes to call her new "Weltanschauung," her new philosophy of life, tailored in America.

"Up to this time I had never dreamed of doing it (only important people do, you know) but at any rate I called on an actors' agent. I was amazed that the ceiling didn't tumble on top of my head for my impertinence."

Mostly the agent was amused—and very nice. He told his caller that Jack Buchanan, the reigning London favorite, was looking for an ingenue, a blonde at that, for his new musical. Miss Neagle, the new philosophy notwithstanding, was flabbergasted.

"Oh, but that's impossible," she blurted out.

The agent scowled, something like the British lion.

"But don't you see," resumed the lady, "I used to be in the chorus of one of his shows. No one of Mr. Buchanan's standing would consider playing with a former chorus girl!"

"Fiddlesticks!" volleyed the intermediary, very much annoyed. (Miss Neagle understands that in America agents go this exclamation one better.) "You are exactly what the man is looking for!" Whereupon he took her by the hand and piloted her to the office of Mr. Buchanan's manager.

It was no trick at all to convince that worthy that here, indeed, was the world's delight, long on blonde good looks, longer still on ambition and just waiting to be discovered. Of course, she was inexperienced. But London would never know the difference. (Continued on page 99)

"Have you ever wished for a BRAND NEW SKIN?"

Well, you're going to get one!" says Lady Esther



Just beneath your present skin lies a Lovelier You! Help reveal your new beauty to the world with my 4-Purpose Face Cream!

EVERY SECOND that you live and breathe, a new skin—a new-born skin—is coming to life upon your face, your arms, your whole body!

Will it be more glamorous, asks Lady Esther? Will it flatter you—be soft and lovely—make you look more youthful? Yes, says Lady Esther, that new-born skin can bring you a new-born beauty—if—

If only you will let my 4-Purpose Face Cream help you to free your skin from those tiny, invisible flakes of worn-out skin that must be removed gently before your new-born skin will be revealed in all its glory!

For these almost invisible flakes of old, worn-out skin can be the thieves that steal your beauty. They leave little bumps you can feel with your fingertips—keep your powder from going on smoothly—they can make your complexion look drab and dull!

Let my 4-Purpose Cream *lift that veil!* Gently and soothingly it wafts away each tiny flake—cleanses the very apertures of your pores—loosens embedded impurities—leaves your complexion softer—lovelier—more glamorous!

Ask Your Doctor About Your Face Cream

All the better if he's a specialist on the skin. If you have a vitamin deficiency—follow his advice. He will be a strange physician indeed if he tells you to try and *push* anything like vitamins or hormones into your skin with your face cream!

Ask him if *every word* Lady Esther says isn't absolutely true—that her cream clears away the dirt, impurities, worn-out skin, and accumulated grime concealing your new, young skin about to be born!

Then, try my face cream *at my expense*. Use it faithfully for thirty days. See what a *perfect* base it makes for your powder. See how it *does* help reveal your glamorous new skin—how it *does* help keep your *Accent on Youth!*

Please Accept Lady Esther's 10-Day Sample **FREE!**

The Miracle of Reborn Skin

Your skin is *constantly* wearing out—drying up—flaking off almost invisibly. But it is immediately replaced by new-born skin—*always* crowding upward and outward. Lady Esther says you can help make each rebirth of your skin a true Rebirth of Beauty!



(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (54)
LADY ESTHER, 7110 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

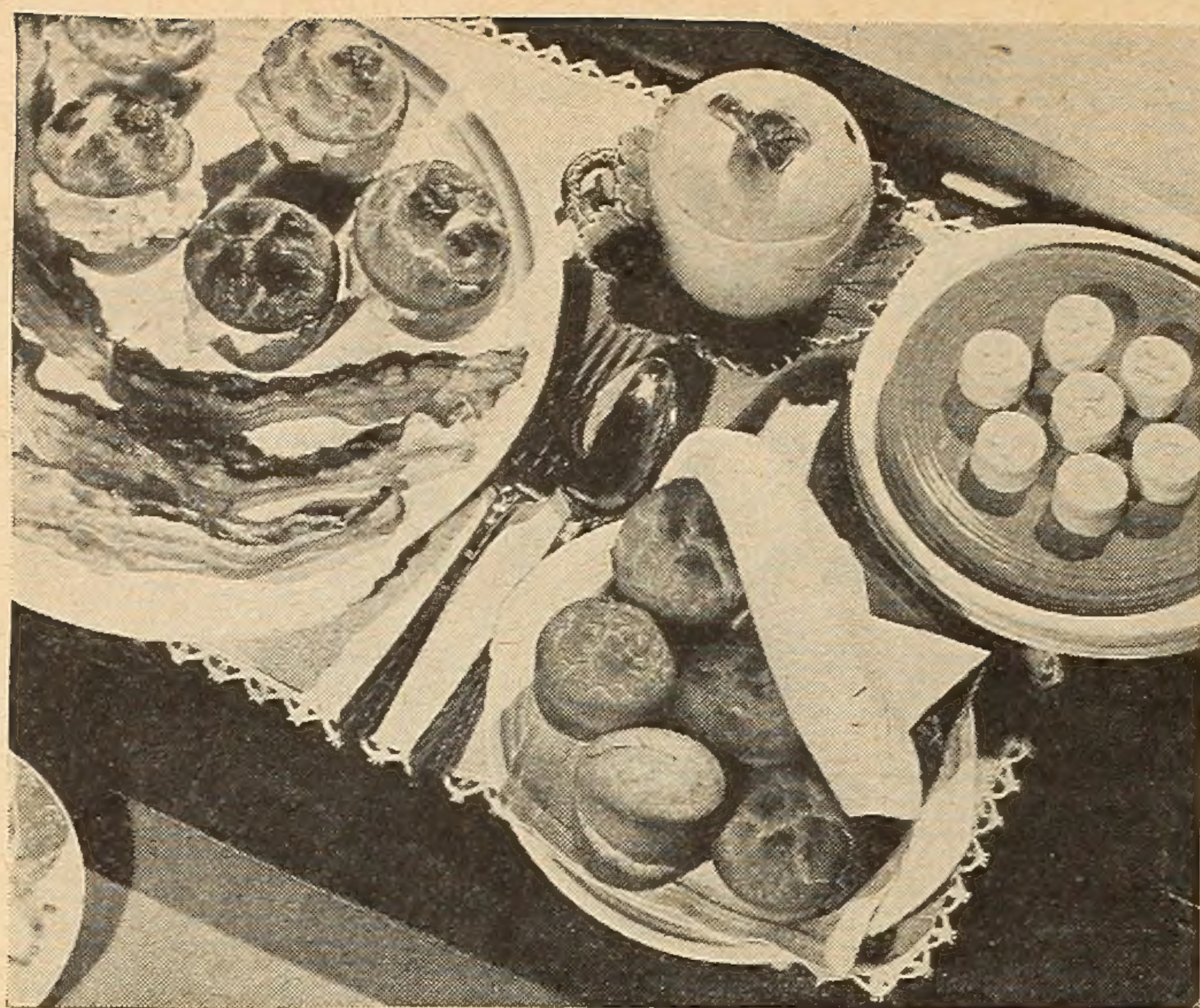
FREE Please send me your generous sample tube of Lady Esther Face Cream; also ten shades of Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

Name _____

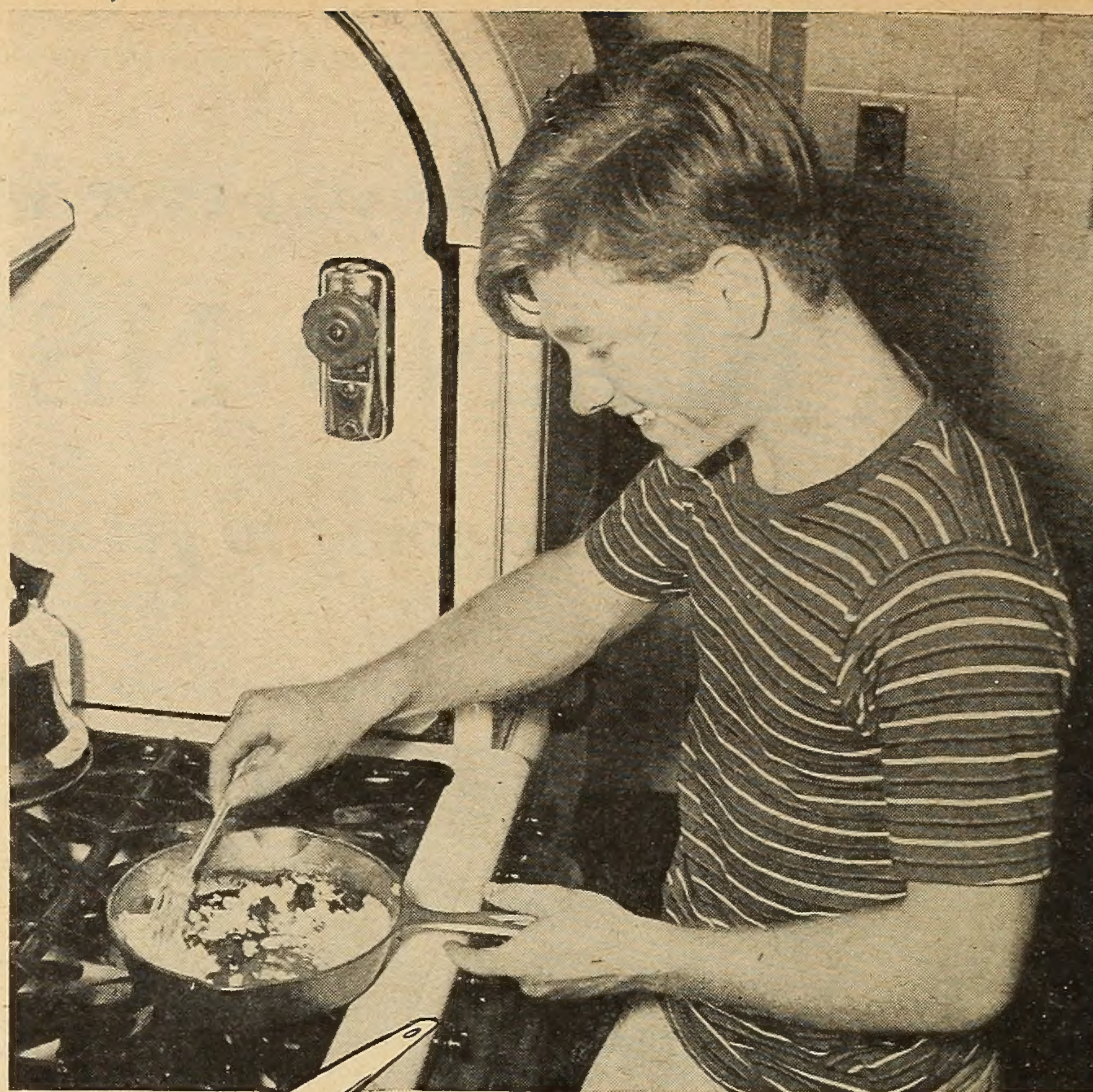
Address _____

City _____ State _____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)



May we suggest for Easter breakfast—creamy eggs in Popover nests, crisp strips of bacon, butter, jam and steaming coffee.



Jack of all trades, Mickey Rooney can turn out scrambled eggs that are as big box office as himself. He even raises his own chickens!



By Marjorie Deen

EGGS—ACTLY RIGHT FOR MICKEY

MICKEY CLAIMS he can prepare mighty fine scrambled eggs! If you don't think this an accomplishment to boast about for one who has so many feathers in his cap, you don't know your eggs. And you don't appreciate the fact that cooking them correctly is an Art with a capital A!

Doubtless the fact that Mr. Rooney now raises his own chickens and can therefore, whenever he has a mind to, go out and collect his own supply of fresh eggs, explains to some degree his high regard for egg dishes. In fact he's so proud of this feature of his new ranch that he claims there never were such culinary triumphs as those made exclusively with the products of San Fernando Valley hens!

But Mickey also appreciates the fact that even a good egg with star potentialities can be turned into a dismal failure under poor management. This is something which far too many of us cheerily overlook or, at best, view with complete indifference. Not so Mickey, who insists that when he fixes up some tasty snack to fill the inner man or to serve his "gang" of hungry friends, the

eggs must always be perfectly prepared.

The egg dishes that Mickey most enjoys and that his devoted mother, Mrs. Pankey, sees to it that he has served to him frequently, are: Creamy Scrambled Eggs (with numerous variations, one of which is pictured above), Cheese-Tomato Soufflé, Shirred Eggs Andy, Soufflé Sandwich Snacks, Devilled Dinner Eggs, and a mouth-melting, divinely light Lemon Pudding, which served hot makes an excellent dessert for these blustery March evenings.

Not all of these are breakfast dishes, although the Creamy Scrambled Eggs served in Popover nests are as fine an Easter breakfast idea as we can think of. The other recipes combining cheese and eggs make delicious lunch and supper dishes. Because Nature stores valuable protein elements, vitamins and minerals in eggs, we should make the most of these extra food values by serving eggs much more often than we do.

There is one important rule that must be observed in cooking eggs or dishes made principally of eggs; never subject them to too-high temperatures. Only low-to-moderate heat can produce per-

fect results. Remember this then, when preparing Mickey Rooney's favorites.

CREAMY SCRAMBLED EGGS

(Serve in Popover "Nests" for Easter Morning Breakfast)

- 6 eggs
- 6 tablespoons cream
- ½ teaspoon salt
- a few grains pepper
- 2 tablespoons butter

Beat eggs slightly, add cream and seasonings. Melt butter in skillet, without browning. Add egg mixture. Cook over very low heat, or, better still, place pan holding egg mixture into a second, somewhat larger pan containing boiling water. Then continue the cooking over boiling water. As the eggs cook, scrape them gently from the bottom of the pan so that uncooked portion can flow to the bottom. Make Popovers according to following recipe. Cut tops from cooked Popovers with sharp knife. Fill with hot scrambled eggs and replace tops. Serve immediately, with strips of bacon, steaming coffee, and balance of the Popovers with an accompaniment of butter and jam.

MANY A GOOD EGG HAS BEEN RUINED IN THE COOKING; SO MR. ROONEY PUTS YOU WISE

POPOVERS

- 2 eggs
- 1 cup milk
- 1 cup sifted flour
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 1 tablespoon melted butter

Beat eggs with rotary beater or electric mixer until light. Add milk. Sift together the flour and salt and add to eggs gradually, beating constantly. Add melted butter. Pour into hot greased popover pans. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) 25 minutes, then reduce heat to moderate (350° F.) and make 15 minutes longer.

CHEESE-TOMATO SOUFFLÉ

- 3 tablespoons butter or margarine
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 1/4 teaspoon celery salt
- 1/8 teaspoon pepper
- 1 cup canned tomato juice
- 1 cup grated American cheese
- 3 eggs, separated

Melt the fat, add flour and seasonings, cook and stir until blended. Add tomato juice gradually. Cook and stir until smooth and thickened. Remove from heat, add grated cheese and stir until cheese has melted. Cool. Separate eggs; beat yolks, add to cheese mixture, then fold in stiffly beaten whites. Turn into greased baking dish. Set dish in pan containing boiling water. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 45-50 minutes or until puffed and firm. Serve immediately.

SHIRRED EGGS ANDY

Grease an individual baking cup or shirred egg dish for each person to be served. Place a tablespoon of condensed canned tomato soup in the bottom of each. Carefully break 1 egg into each cup, or 2 eggs into each shirred egg dish. Season lightly with salt and pepper, add 1/2 teaspoon butter to each. Add 3 or 4 more tablespoons of soup to each, a tablespoon at a time. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 12-15 minutes or until yolks have set to desired consistency. Meanwhile broil small cocktail sausages, allowing 2 or more for each serving. Serve eggs in dishes in which they cooked, topping them with the cooked sausages just before serving.

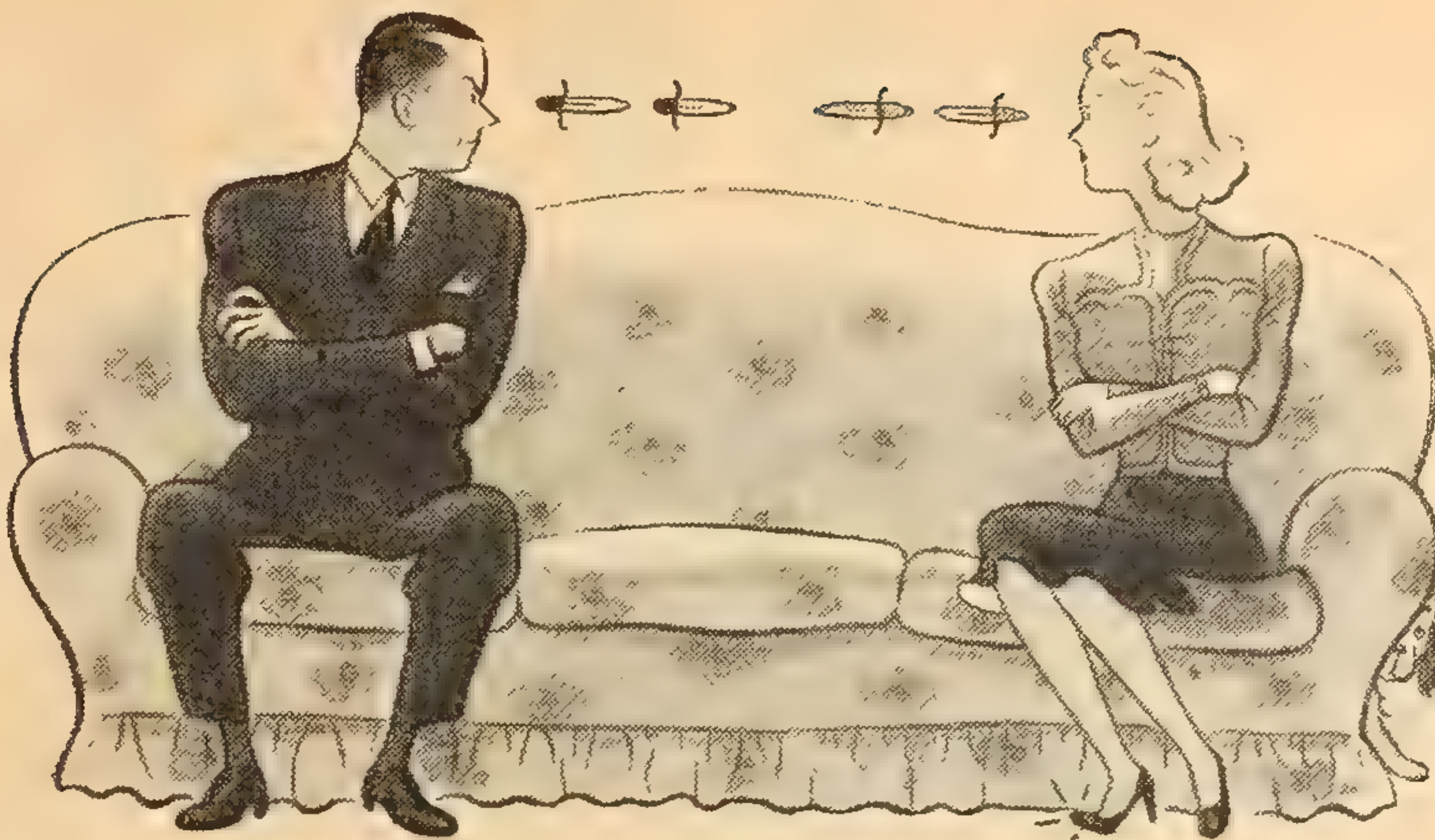
SOUFFLÉD SANDWICH SNACKS

- 6 slices bread
- 3 eggs, separated
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- a few grains pepper
- 1/4 teaspoon Worcestershire
- 1/2 cup grated American cheese

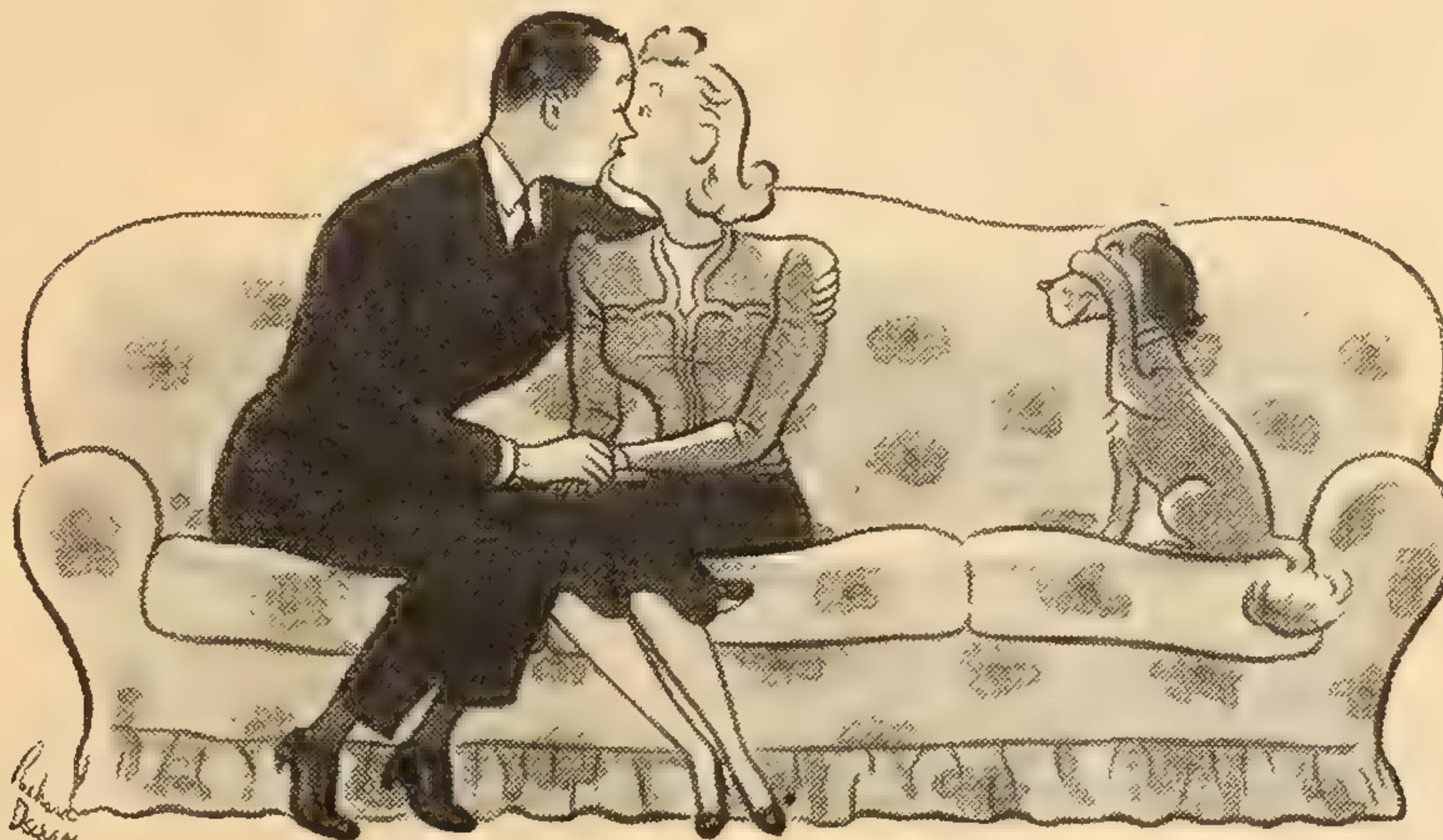
Remove crusts from bread slices, spread slices with butter on one side only. Place under broiler flame, butter side up until toasted to a delicate golden brown. Meanwhile beat egg whites until stiff. Add seasoning to the yolks and, without washing the beater, beat yolks until light. Add cheese. Fold yolk and cheese mixture into beaten whites. Heap on untoasted side of bread, place on baking sheet and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) until cheese topping is puffed and delicately browned.

DEVILLED DINNER EGGS

Allow two slices of bread for each person to be served. Cut them into large rounds, one round only to a slice. Spread half of these rounds with devilled ham. With large biscuit cutter remove centers of remaining bread rounds, leaving unbroken rings. (Continued on page 100)



"It used to make me hopping mad—the way my husband was always kicking about his shirts. I know they were a mess—everything in my wash was full of tattle-tale gray. But I worked like a beaver. I didn't know my lazy soap left dirt behind. I had no idea what ailed my clothes until . . .



"The lady next door got me to wash the Fels-Naptha way—and glory, what a surprise! I've tried the bar as well as the new Fels-Naptha Soap Chips. Both of them combine grand golden soap and gentle naphtha so effectively that even the grimeiest dirt hustles out! You bet my husband's showering me with compliments these days—I've got the whitest, most fragrant washes that ever danced on a line!"

Now—Fels-Naptha brings you 2 grand ways to banish "Tattle-Tale Gray"

WHEREVER YOU USE BAR SOAP—USE FELS-NAPTHA SOAP. SEE HOW IT HUSTLES OUT DIRT—HOW BEAUTIFULLY WHITE AND SWEET IT GETS YOUR CLOTHES! SEE WHY MILLIONS SAY IT'S THE GRANDEST BAR-SOAP THEY'VE EVER USED!

WHEREVER YOU USE BOX-SOAP—USE FELS-NAPTHA SOAP CHIPS. THEY SPEED WASHING MACHINES LIKE MAGIC BECAUSE THEY'RE HUSKIER—NOT PUFFED UP WITH AIR LIKE FLIMSY, SNEEZY POWDERS. THEY GIVE BUSIER, LIVELIER SUDS BECAUSE THEY NOW HOLD A NEW SUDS-BUILDER



Remember—Golden Bar or Golden Chips—
FELS-NAPTHA
BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

COPR. 1940, FELS & CO.

MOVIE REVIEWS

★★★ Abe Lincoln In Illinois



The highest praise a reviewer can bestow on the film version of Robert Sherwood's Pulitzer Prize play, "Abe Lincoln In Illinois," is to say that it faithfully follows the text of the play which, in turn, faithfully followed the life, the speeches, and the public and private documents of Abraham Lincoln, up to his fateful embarkation upon the Presidency. With Mr. Sherwood, who also did the screen play, the writing has been a labor of love, almost of religious veneration, and this same mood has communicated itself to the cast. Raymond Massey is still the slouching, drawling Abe who earned the unqualified encomia of the New York drama critics; Ruth Gordon is a convincing Mary Todd; Mary Howard a sweet and tragic Ann Rutledge; Gene Lockhart, a capable Stephen Douglas.

The entire cast, in fact, appear to have been selected on the basis of their individual fitness for the roles in question, and without regard for the cinema's ticklish tenet that you can't make a successful motion picture without "names." In its way, it is a monument to the maturity of the screen, which has at last made an effective motion picture without falsifying facts.

The story (in case you've mislaid your history book) is that there was once an uncouth, conspicuously unhandsome young man, who struggled with "book-larnin'" and practically taught himself the law in the wilderness; who knew pressing debts, depression, failure and defeat; who lost the one girl in the world he loved, was married by an uncongenial schemer; and finally, thanks mostly to other people's ambition for him, achieved success. "Abe Lincoln In Illinois" is a fitting tribute to his greatness. Directed by John Cromwell.—*RKO-Radio*.

★★★ The Shop Around The Corner



A specialist in foreign atmosphere, Producer-director Ernst Lubitsch has followed his recently successful Russian comedy, "Ninotchka," with a sentimental, flavorsome, and richly humorous cross-section of modern Budapest entitled, "The Shop Around The Corner." The corner in question is a bustling mercantile and amusingly continental location, and the shop offers a small but delightfully complicated stock of characters, whose destinies all work out more or less according to standard domestic conclusions.

In fact, the only really original feature of "The Shop Around The Corner" is Herr Lubitsch's unconventional approach to his conventional Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer cast of characters. It is a pleasure, for instance, when James Stewart proves to be not at all out of place in a middle-Europe setting, as the serious-minded, secretly romantic senior clerk of a certain Matuschek and Company, purveyors of leather goods and novelties to the Hungarian metropolis. It is equally gratifying to note how naturally Margaret Sullavan fits in as the snippy, but also secretly romantic, shopgirl with whom Mr. Stewart, through a comical misunderstanding, unknowingly carries on an anonymous, highly cultural correspondence, started through an advertisement.

Possibly the most welcome change, however, is the refreshing treatment of Frank Morgan as a dramatic actor, rather than a stooge for laugh-getting. He's Mr. Matuschek, the blustering, but golden-hearted proprietor, who discovers that his wife is deceiving him and (crowning indignity!) with one of his own clerks. Joseph Schildkraut as the philandering clerk, Sara Haden, Felix Bressart, and the rest, are all superbly right in their roles. For light entertainment try this one. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer*.

★★★ His Girl Friday



If Columbia's "His Girl Friday" (nee "The Front Page") isn't the fastest picture of the year, it is almost certain to be hailed as the fastest re-make. One or two shots from the inspired needle of Director Howard Hawks, and the slightly dated plot prances, rears, and whinnies like a Derby winner. The cast comes to life with an equally amusing vehemence, Cary Grant, Rosalind Russell and Ralph Bellamy behaving like three people imitating the Marx brothers, and doing a swell job of it, too.

Such a sustained crescendo of excitement is, of course, untrue to the workaday facts of newspaper life, but on the other hand, far from professing to be a realistic comedy, "His Girl Friday" is frankly a cinematic assault—with intent to amuse. The funniest minor role is certainly the one played by Billy Gilbert who, as an incorruptible messenger from the Governor, manages to be very comic without emitting a single sneeze.

The story (and don't stop us just because you've heard it) is that Miss Russell, a fire-eating gal reporter who has just received her final decree from the brilliant and irresistibly charming big-shot editor, Mr. Grant, is about to embark for Albany and a quiet life with the bourgeoisie Bellamy (and his dear mother). But the threatened hanging of the innocent John Qualen, together with the unscrupulous conniving of Cary, lures her back into harness for "one more story."

In the process of removing the rope from Qualen's neck, Miss Russell discovers that she has fastened the old emotional noose even more securely about her own swan-like throat. Directed by Howard Hawks.—*Columbia*.

(Continued on page 14)

HIGH SPOTS AND SIDE LIGHTS IN THE CAREERS OF THE STARS ON REVIEW

Raymond Massey



It was a foregone conclusion when RKO bought the picture rights to "Abe Lincoln In Illinois" that Raymond Massey, who played the part of the American Emancipator on the Broadway stage, would be drafted for the screen role.

Though Canadian-born, Mr. Massey is of early American stock. His ancestor, Geoffrey Massey, emigrated to America in 1629 and settled in Salem, Mass. His mother, too, is a New Englander by birth which places him in a peculiar position. In London, he is regarded as an American and in America, as an Englishman. No one knows, least of all Mr. Massey, how he comes by his theatrical talent. There never has been an actor in the Massey family and, were it not for the World War, there never would have been. While stationed in Siberia, at the close of the war, he organized a minstrel show to entertain his fellow soldiers. It must have been an unforgettable sight—that of the serious, somber-eyed Massey in blackface as the end man!

Back in London, armed with letters of introduction to prominent producers, Raymond decided upon a career on the stage. Finding the letters not worth the paper on which they were written, he started a private conflagration with their glowing contents, rolled up his sleeves and landed a job all on his own playing not one but two roles in "St. Joan." New York first saw him in "Hamlet."

Mr. Massey is no stranger to the cinema, having added versatility to his ability by performances in "Drums," "Hurricane" and "Prisoner of Zenda."

Margaret Sullavan



Born without inhibitions, Margaret Sullavan has continued to upset applecarts, conventions and customs of long standing. As we go to press no headlines carry her name, but somewhere, somebody must be crossing his fingers just in case.

Daughter of an old Virginia family, she early decided to be everything the people she knew in Norfolk weren't. Accordingly, she broke away and hit for the stage as the climax of an amazing school career. She attended no less than five institutions of learning and earned the title of chief-mischief-maker in each. Eventually, she induced her parents to let her study dramatic technique and dancing in Boston, and here her love for the stage was born. After a period of training under a noted English director, she returned to Norfolk to join the University Players. Later, as lead in the road company of Brock Pemberton's "Strictly Dishonorable," she attracted the attention of Elmer Harris. Impressed, Harris signed her for his new show, "A Modern Virgin." Thus was Broadway introduced to Sullavan.

"Dinner At Eight" brought her a Hollywood contract, and the highly successful "Only Yesterday" earned for her the adulation of the fans. Twice divorced, Miss Sullavan is now the wife of Agent Leland Hayward and the mother of two children. On the set, she matches gag with gag until shooting begins; then Margaret becomes extremely serious. She believes in studying lines beforehand. Her throaty voice, she says, was not deliberate; she just woke up one morning and there it was.

Ralph Bellamy



Believe it or not, Ralph Bellamy would like nothing better than to continue as a featured player in the Hollywood bright lights. The astute Mr. Bellamy knows the cinema life of a star is short though sweet, so he's casting his vote for longevity without stardom.

He spent the first seventeen years of his life in the public schools of Chicago. But after tasting the very delectable triumphs accorded the star of the school's dramatic club, Ralph decided to exhibit his talent to a paying audience. With his parents' permission, he joined a stock company with which he trouped for the next nine years. Today he proudly boasts that he has played something over three hundred and seventy-five roles for fifteen stock companies in all parts of the country. One season, he owned his own company in Des Moines, Iowa.

It was in Rochester that he met and married Catherine Willard, an English actress. With the proverbial wolf yelping closely at his heels, he finally landed a part in a Broadway play. As a gesture of appreciation for kindness received, Ralph presented his many friends with tickets for the opening performance, bought with his first week's salary. Their enthusiasm and acclamation was so convincing that even the Hollywood scout was impressed into offering a screen contract.

Today, Mr. Bellamy is under contract to Columbia Studios and is considered one of their most versatile players. He has appeared before the camera in every conceivable role and, whether hero or villain, comedian or heavy, he's always convincing.

(Continued from page 12)

★★★ The Blue Bird

An allegorical fantasy by the once-fashionable Belgian poet, Maurice Maeterlinck, becomes a vehicle for a growing-up Shirley Temple. And although such a morally ponderous vehicle is hardly an ideal one for Shirley's sprightly talents, the little lady does her usual showmanlike job. She keeps a firm professional grip on every scene in the teeth of competition (especially in the spectacular "Unborn Babies" sequence) from some of Hollywood's most glamorous moppets. Growing-up or not, Mistress Temple is still the most perfectly schooled actress in Hollywood.

As for "The Blue Bird" itself, one can only say that it is a very literal and much-abridged translation from the original fairy story. As poetic fantasy, in other words, "The Blue Bird" strains its wings; as a film production, it is shrewdly cast, sumptuously staged, and gorgeously Technicolored. Perhaps something more than shrewdness was wanted in the casting, for it is certainly hard to accept the full-grown Gale Sondergaard as a house-cat (Tyllette) and the burlesque-comedian, Eddie Collins as the pet bull-dog (Tylo) who accompany Shirley and her baby brother, Johnny Russell (Tyltyl) on their fantastic search for the blue bird of happiness. The most incongruous feature is the tremendous size of the adult actors, in comparison with the still diminutive Shirley and the still more diminutive Johnny. Fantasy is made of more fragile stuff than this, although comedy may subsist quite happily on such crude and ridiculous contrasts.

"The Blue Bird" has its sad and charming moments, as when Shirley and Johnny find their dead grandparents in the Land of Memory; its spectacular moments, in the magnificent and terrifying forest-fire sequence; its moments of fine characterizations, notably Spring Byington as Mama Tyl, Russell Hicks as Daddy Tyl, Cecilia Loftus and Al Shean as Granny and Grandpa Tyl. These virtues may very well outweigh the faults. It all depends upon how film fantasy agrees with you. But there can be no possible disagreement about one thing: Shirley Temple remains the Duse, the Bernhardt, the Mistress Siddons, the Garbo of child actresses. There will probably never be another like her. Directed by Walter Lang.—20th Century-Fox.

★★★ Of Mice and Men

John Steinbeck's famous novel has been brought to the screen with complete understanding of the story's powerful simplicity. The lonely, tragic characters are beautifully drawn by a cast of lesser-known stars who confirm our belief that a picture can touch perfection without the aid of big names.

Burgess Meredith plays George, the rough but good-hearted itinerant laborer who has assumed the responsibility of protecting Lennie, an over-grown moron who unwittingly menaces everything with which he comes in contact. Lon Chaney, Jr., plays Lennie, with a brilliance which may some day earn him his father's reputation. In the role of Mae, the restless young wife of another ranch worker, Betty Field gives a commendable account of herself. Bob Steele, playing her madly jealous husband, Charles Bickford as "Slim" and Roman Bohnen as "Candy" all give performances of high calibre.

Every moment of this stark tragedy is impressive in its sincerity. "Of Mice and Men" was an extremely difficult

picture to screen in an inoffensive manner and yet keep convincing and fascinating from beginning to end. To the lasting credit of everyone who worked on this picture, the results are excellent indeed. Directed by Lewis Milestone.—United Artists.

★★★ The Fighting 69th

This picture, dealing as it does with the savagery of war, should be taken in by every man, woman and adolescent in the country. The horrible futility and waste of the great conflict is portrayed with such power that every one who sees "The Fighting 69th" must remember its message forever.

The story of the famous New York regiment of Irishmen is brought to the screen with a few humorous incidents, but on the whole the picture is starkly realistic.

The plot of the picture is centered around Soldier James Cagney who joins up with the valiant regiment. A cocky fellow, Cagney finds that he can't face death unafraid but refuses the friendly overtures of Father Duffy, (played by Pat O'Brien), and the offers of help from his pals. After getting them in one serious situation after another, Cagney finally catches on to himself. This part of the picture is not true to life, but we assure you the rest of it is most convincing and carries a great plea for peace. In the cast, Pat O'Brien and George Brent do fine work, while Alan Hale, Frank McHugh, Cagney and the rest are well selected for their roles. Directed by William Keighley.—Warner Bros.

★★★ High School

In this picture, we find little Janie Withers all grown up and going to a fancy southwestern high school. She still gets into the typical Withers troubles, but now she has the help of one Joe Brown, Jr., to solve her problems.

Joe Brown, Jr., (no relation to the elder Joe E. Brown) is one of the homeliest lads who ever attended high school and Jane simply can't see him for dust. He causes her continual grief. Then Jane finds out that you can't judge a man by his profile. Together they capture some criminals and thus save the reputation of a high school pal. Jane turns out to be the belle of the school that couldn't stand her high-handed ways.

Story action takes place at the much publicized Jefferson High in San Antonio, Texas, where many of the background scenes were shot. Actual Jefferson High happenings give the picture the authentic touch that transcends Jane from little girlhood into adolescence. The very good work of young Mr. Brown adds a great deal to the family appeal of the picture. Other credits are due Lloyd Corrigan, Claire Du Brey, Cliff Edwards and Lillian Porter. Directed by George Nicholls, Jr.—20th Century-Fox.

★★★ Congo Maisie

Maisie's down in the African jungles among the crocodiles and lions for this picture. But don't worry about Maisie. That little girl not only keeps the wild animals off her pretty neck but tames the rampaging natives as well. Her only trouble comes when she falls in love, but she doesn't seem to mind that too much after her man finally convinces her that they're really soul mates.

Ann Sothorn is Maisie again, of course, and the he-man who wins her affections

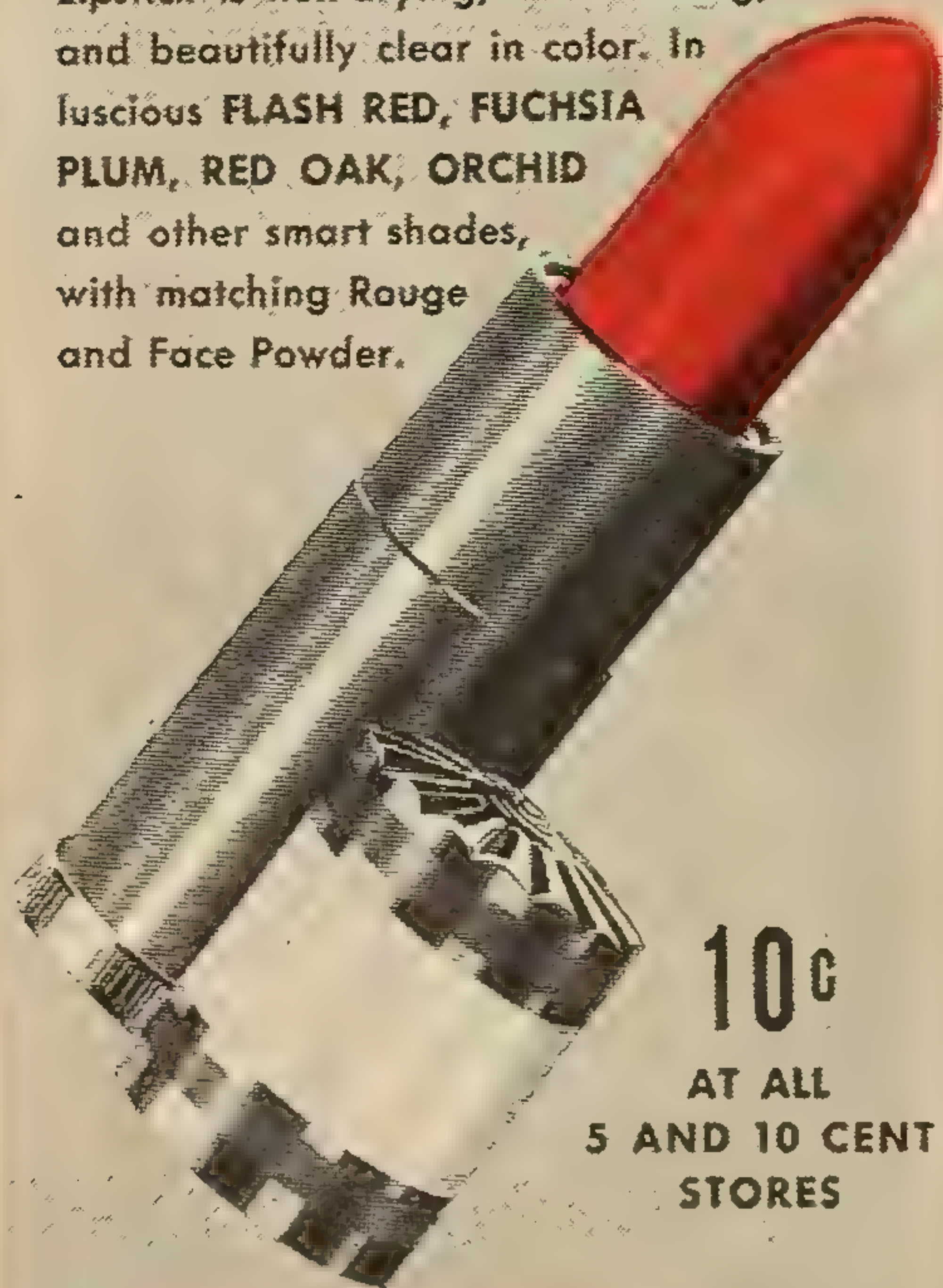


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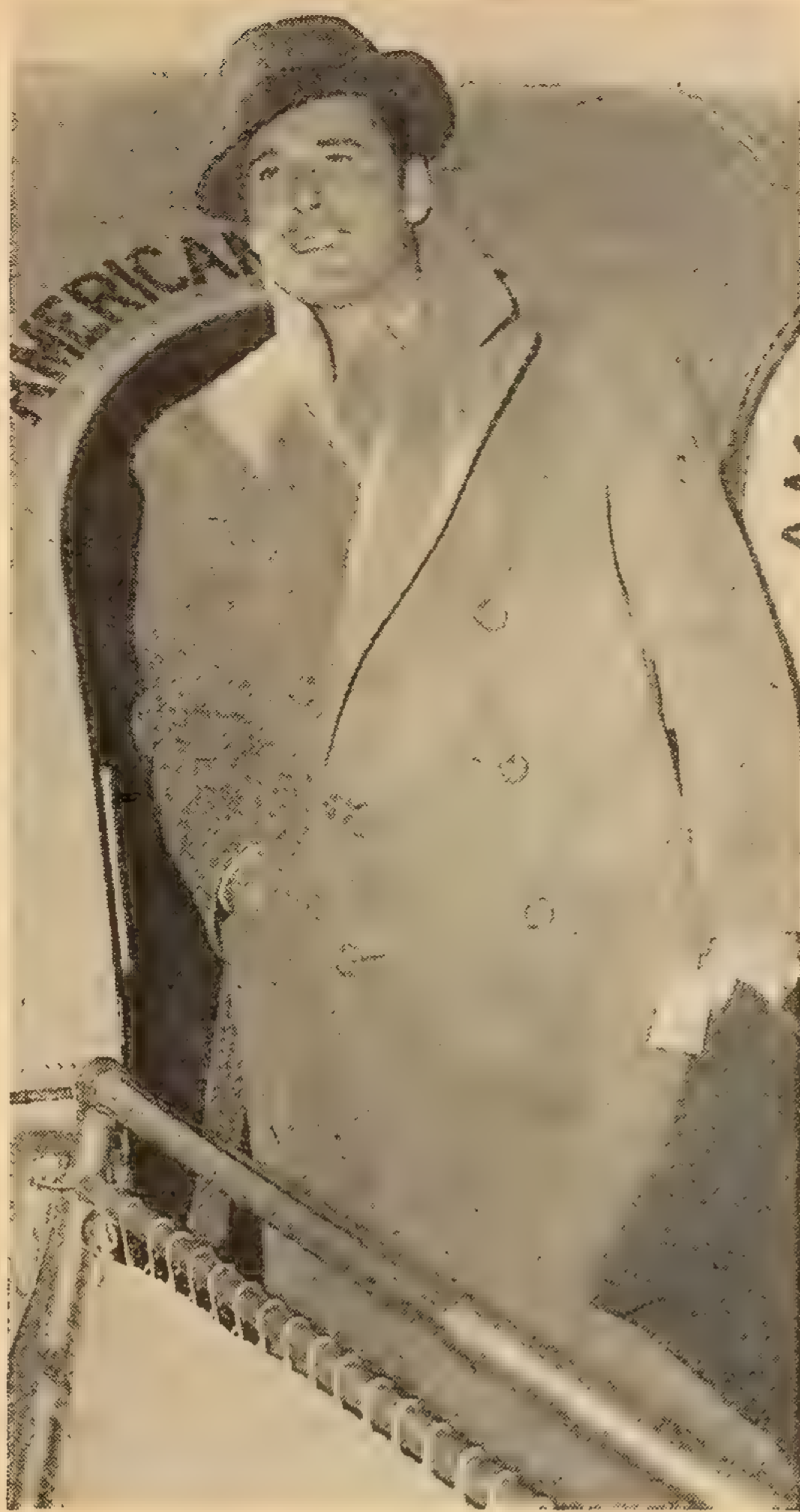
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is John Carroll. Rita Johnson is the wife of the medical station doctor, Shepherd Strudwick, and other roles are capably handled by J. M. Kerrigan, E. E. Clive, Everett Brown and Tom Fadden. Nope, this Maisie installment isn't as snappy as the first one, but there's a load of life and laughs in it.

Our chorus girl heroine is stuck on a jungle river boat after skipping out on a hotel bill. The boat breaks down part way up the river and the two passengers, Ann Sothern and John Carroll, are forced to hike it through the jungle to a rubber company medical station. Repairing the boat takes so long that Maisie gets to like the native village. It's no trouble at all for her to subdue the "Fuzzy Wuzzies," as she calls them, and establish peace and serenity in the depths of Africa. Directed by Henry C. Potter.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

★★★ Remember the Night

Barbara Stanwyck and Fred MacMurray are teamed in a picture that's strictly on the sentimental side and will hold appeal for many audiences. The story depicts the trials and tribulations of a girl who never had a chance in life and ends up in court for a jewel-theft. Barbara Stanwyck has plenty of opportunity to win sympathy and Fred MacMurray, as the deputy district attorney, has the chance to prove there's a heart of gold beating in the breast of even a toughened D. A. Then Fred takes the little waif, done up in sables, home to Indiana for Christmas and a look at how genuine, God-fearing folks live their lives. Mr. M. intends to return her to prison but that's before love blooms and he finds he can't do it. The heroine takes matters into her own hands, however.



Errol Flynn arrives in New York to snag a few shows and a bit of N. Y. night-life before tearing back to Hollywood to make his next, "The Sea Hawk."

There's no denying that the story's old stuff and that many of the scenes drag their tail-feathers, but Barbara Stanwyck and Fred MacMurray manage to make their roles convincing throughout. Beulah Bondi, as MacMurray's mother, Elizabeth Patterson, as his aunt, and Sterling Holloway, their hired hand, give performances that are worth the price of a ticket any day. Directed by Mitchell Leisen.—Paramount.

★★★ Slightly Honorable

"Slightly Honorable" is one of those murder mysteries that lean to the wacky side. The actual killings are spooky enough, but there's such good comedy relief that the picture has important entertainment value.

Pat O'Brien is a flippant, romantic sort of man-about-town. He's supposed to be a lawyer, but spends most of his time trying to expose graft in the big political circles. Edward Arnold, Alan Dinehart and Bernard Nedell are the racketeers who are trying just as hard to get O'Brien out of their shady dealings. They almost succeed in hanging a phony murder rap on him, but the luck of the Irish is with O'Brien and he goes free to reveal the real murderers. O'Brien is also pretty lucky with his love affairs. There's a little newcomer, Ruth Terry, who not only steals the O'Brien heart but almost manages to steal every scene away from him.

Excellent supporting roles are handled by Broderick Crawford, Claire Dodd, Phyllis Brooks, Janet Beecher and Eve Arden. Produced and directed by Tay Garnett.—Walter Wanger Production for United Artists.

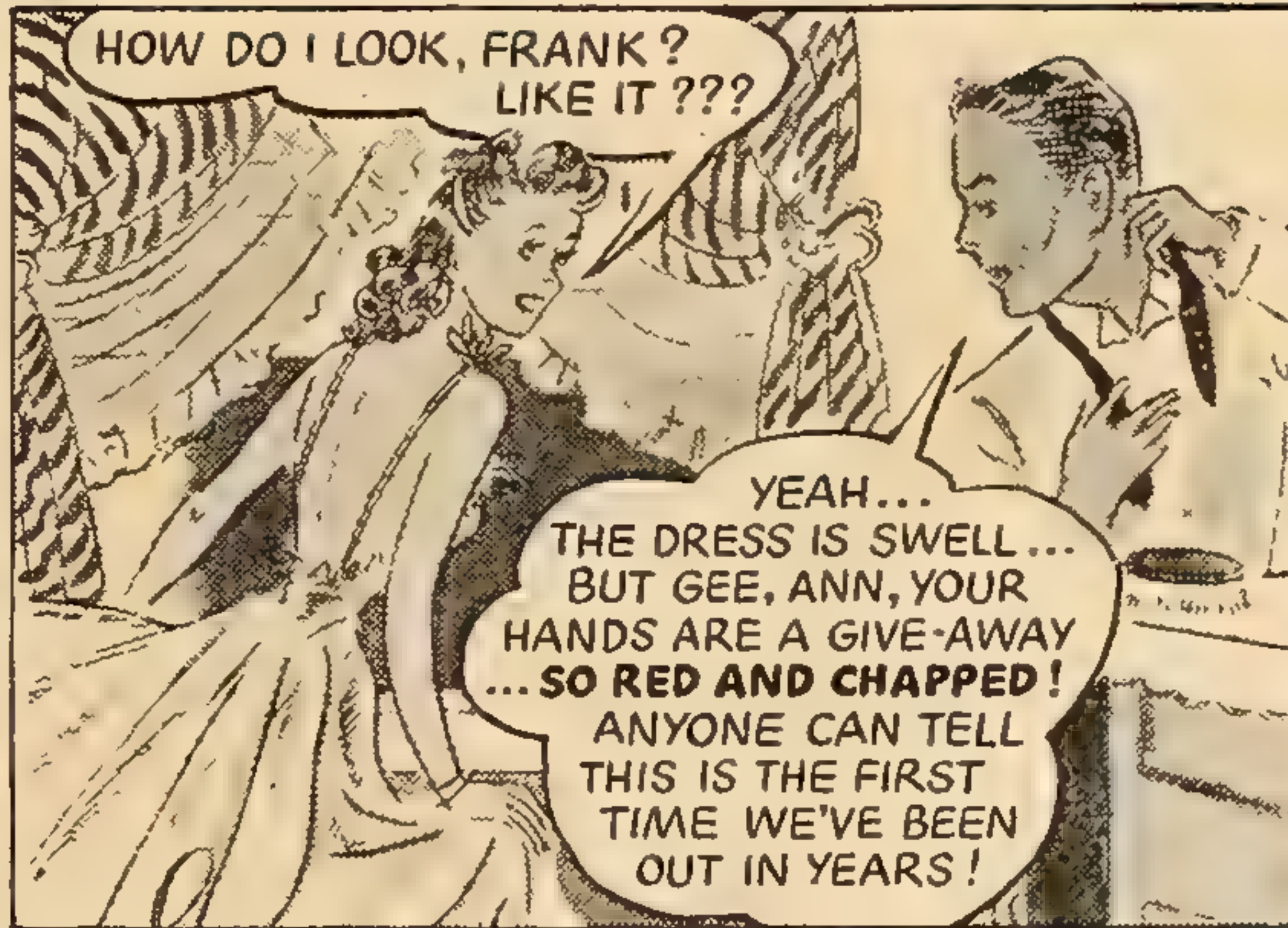
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Honey

BEAUTY
ADVISOR

asks:

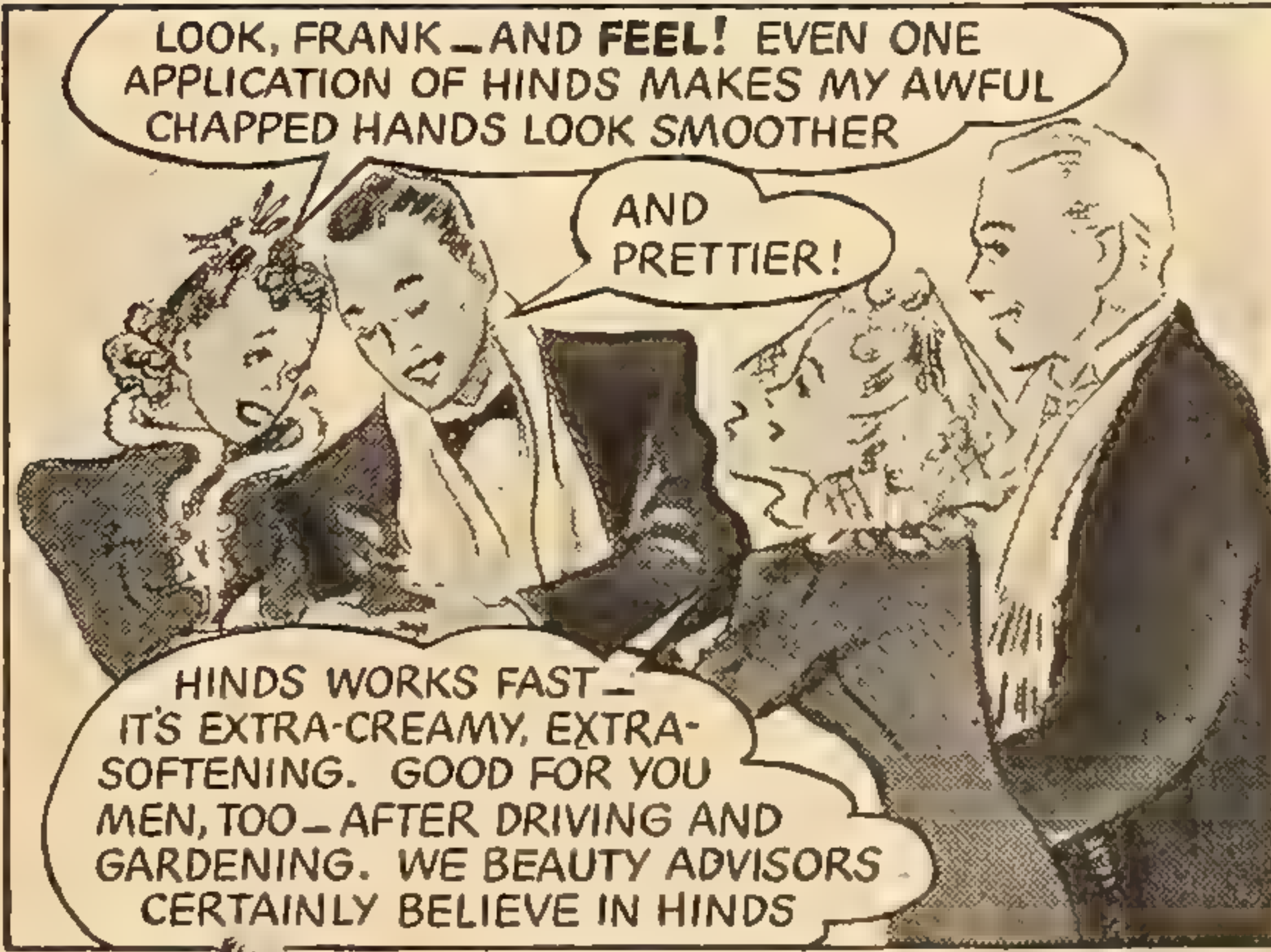
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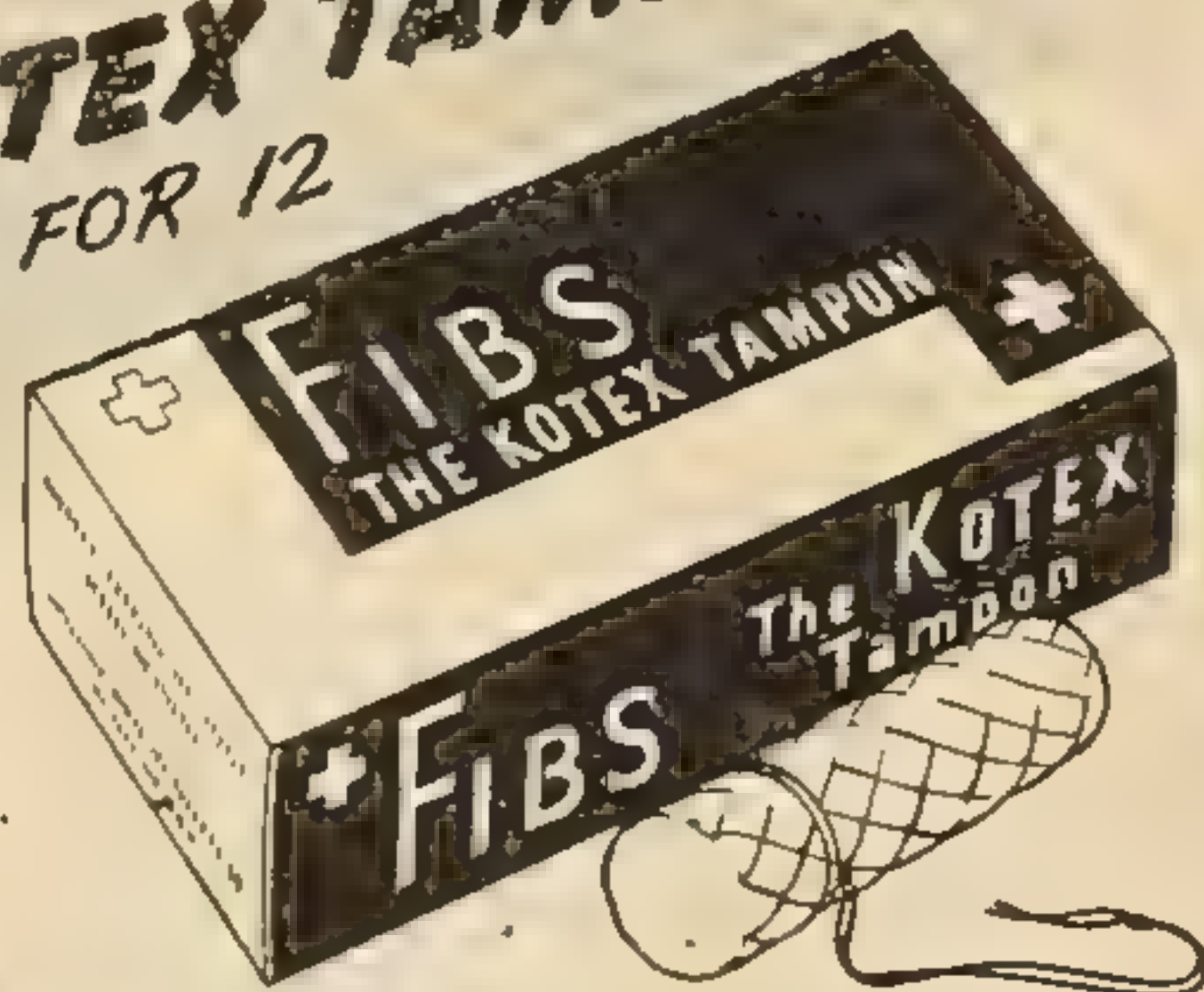
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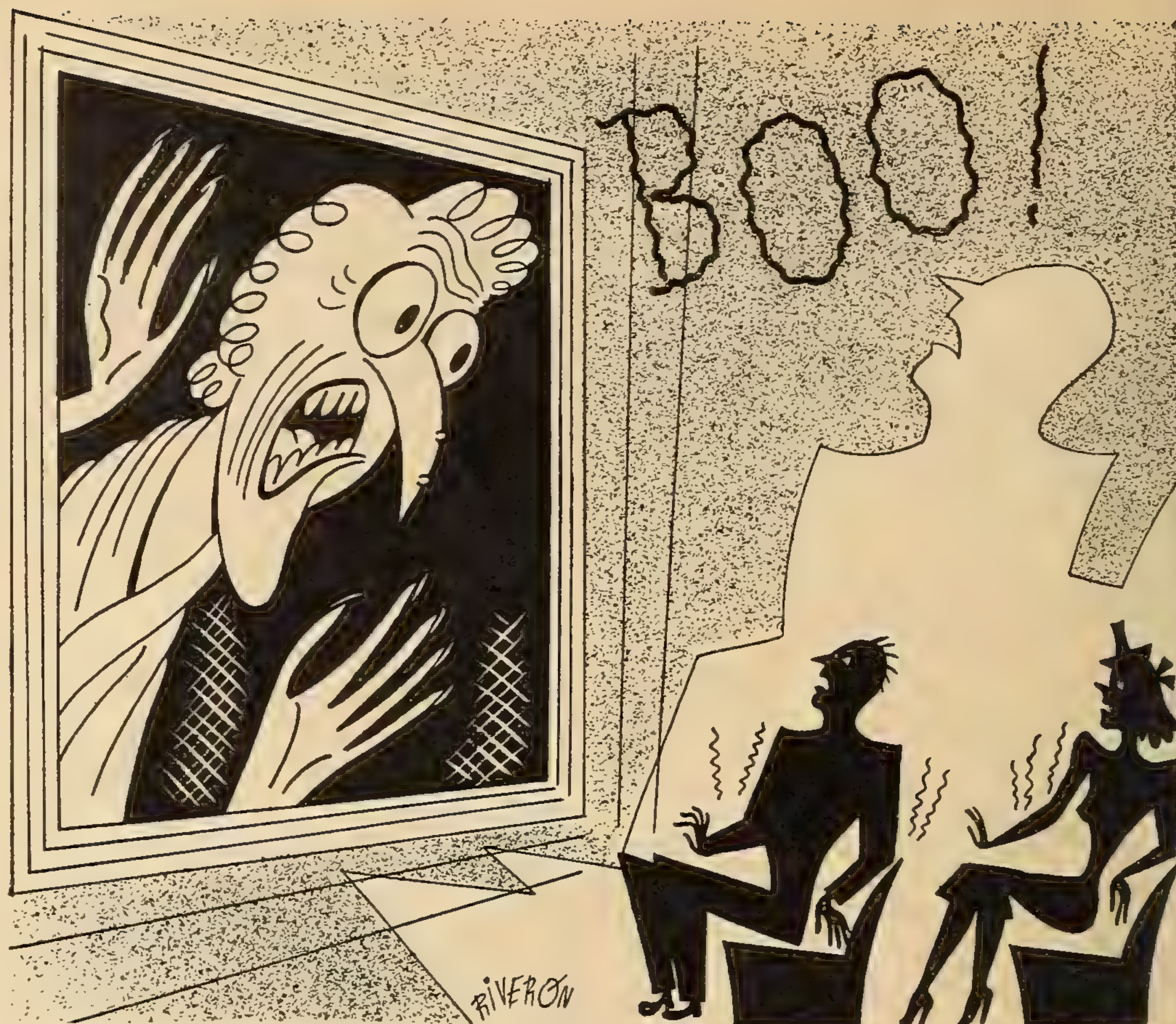
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Boo!

When is Hollywood going to give us more pictures like "The Cat and the Canary" or "The Gorilla" and stop this Frankenstein and Dracula stuff? They have made "Dracula's Daughter" so I wouldn't be surprised if "Frankenstein's Grandmother" were produced next.

Those Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde shows are all right for midnight shows on Hallowe'en, as they are impossible and appeal only to the imagination. But the good mystery with a sensible solution and some bit of comedy to break the monotony is enjoyable any time.

Boris Karloff is grand in horror pictures, and more power to him, but for a change give him a real character part and leave out the haunted castles on stormy nights.

Here's to more of those grand pictures that one minute have the audience sitting on the edges of their seats with excitement and the next have them rolling in the isles with mirth.—Marion Hoffeller, Houston, Tex.

Appreciation

I wish I could paint a word picture of what the movies mean to us people who live away out here on the sere hills of northern Montana. We're simple people starved for beauty, romance and a little excitement!

In our little nearby town we have shows only on Saturday and Sunday nights, but we never miss one if we can help it. Brought to us on the screen in this little western prairie town is the same talent, the same beauty, the same

fine acting that we would see in the best theatres in the world.

God bless the movies that break the monotony of our bleak existence with the showing of such pictures as "Romeo and Juliet," "The Birth of a Nation," "David Copperfield," "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," "Juarez" and hundreds of others.—Mrs. A. E. Kamps, Froid, Mont.

Honest-to-Goodness Thrill

Producers have the habit of cramming down the public's throat the Hollywood conception of a popular hero. They seldom take into consideration the fact that the public have very definite ideas of their own on the subject. They spend thousands of dollars exploiting someone who hasn't a grain of appeal and overlook a honey right under their noses. For instance, Walter Pidgeon.

Walter Pidgeon has more sex appeal than a score of our supposedly more popular actors. Since the first time I saw him, I have never missed a picture of his. I've sat through a number of comparatively poor movies just to be able to watch my favorite actor. Lots of my girl friends do the same. A kindly old maid shyly admits that Walter Pidgeon is her ideal, while my mother firmly declares that she wouldn't miss one of his pictures for anything. Even Dad shows a preference for him.

People are getting tired of Errol Flynn with his conceited smirk and Nelson Eddy with his wooden expression—just to mention two. Why not give this charming, accomplished actor a break? Let us see more of the man who gives us a real honest-to-goodness thrill! Give



THOUGHTS

US YOUR FRANK OPINIONS

us more of his pictures and watch us flock to the movies!—Doris Spink, Sioux City, Ia.

The Return of the Thin Man

I have just left the theatre with the pleasant feeling of joy that comes when one meets an old friend after a long period of separation.

I am referring to Bill Powell's return to the screen in "Another Thin Man." Despite the handicap of what I feel was a vague plot, Powell more than made up for it with his usual hilarious performance as Nick Charles. As the suave, debonair detective, Powell once more gave us the sophisticated comedy that has been sadly missed by theatregoers during his recent absence.

For myself and countless other Powell fans who feel the same way, may I suggest a rousing cheer for his return and propose a toast to the continued health and long life of Nick, the Missus and Junior.—Michael Di Leonardo, Sunnyvale, Cal.

Handsome Errol

I am sure fans will support me when I say that Errol Flynn is the handsomest actor on the screen today.

To me, he is the incarnation of physical perfection, manly vigor and alert intelligence. Lithe, graceful and dynamic, he is indeed pleasing to look upon. Yet no one would ever call him the screen's pretty boy. He is not a profile parader.

Not since Valentino has the Screen been graced with a more personable, likable or (Continued on page 97)

COLUMBIA, THE STUDIO OF GREAT COMEDIES,

"It Happened One Night" . . "Mr. Deeds Goes To Town"
.. "The Awful Truth" . . You Can't Take It With You" . .
"Mr. Smith Goes To Washington" . . is proud to present
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the noted artist,
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JEAN ARTHUR

FRED

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Directed by WESLEY RUGGLES • Screen play by CLAUDE BINYON

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with

Shirley Temple • Spring Byington • Nigel Bruce • Gale Sondergaard • Eddie Collins • Sybil Jason • Jessie Ralph • Helen Ericson • Johnny Russell • Laura Hope Crews • Russell Hicks • Cecilia Loftus • Al Shean • Gene Reynolds

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Oh, the "Road to Singapore"

Is a picture you'll adore . . .

If it's laughter you are after

You'll be rolling on the floor . . .

Join us somewhere East of Suez

On our tuneful tropic tour . . .

And you'll lose those winter bluez

As your heart thrills to Lamour . . .

Bing and Bob

*Just a couple of hitch hikers
on the "Road to Singapore"*



DOROTHY LAMOUR...

who causes that traffic jam
on the "Road to Singapore"

Paramount presents
"ROAD TO SINGAPORE"
with **BING CROSBY** • **DOROTHY LAMOUR** • **BOB HOPE**
Charles Coburn • Judith Barrett • Anthony Quinn • Jerry Colonna
Directed by VICTOR SCHERTZINGER • Screen Play by Don Hartman and Frank Butler • Based on a Story by Harry Hervey

SARONGS . . . SARONGS . . . AND MORE SARONGS



SWEET POTATO PIPER

CAPTAIN CUSTARD

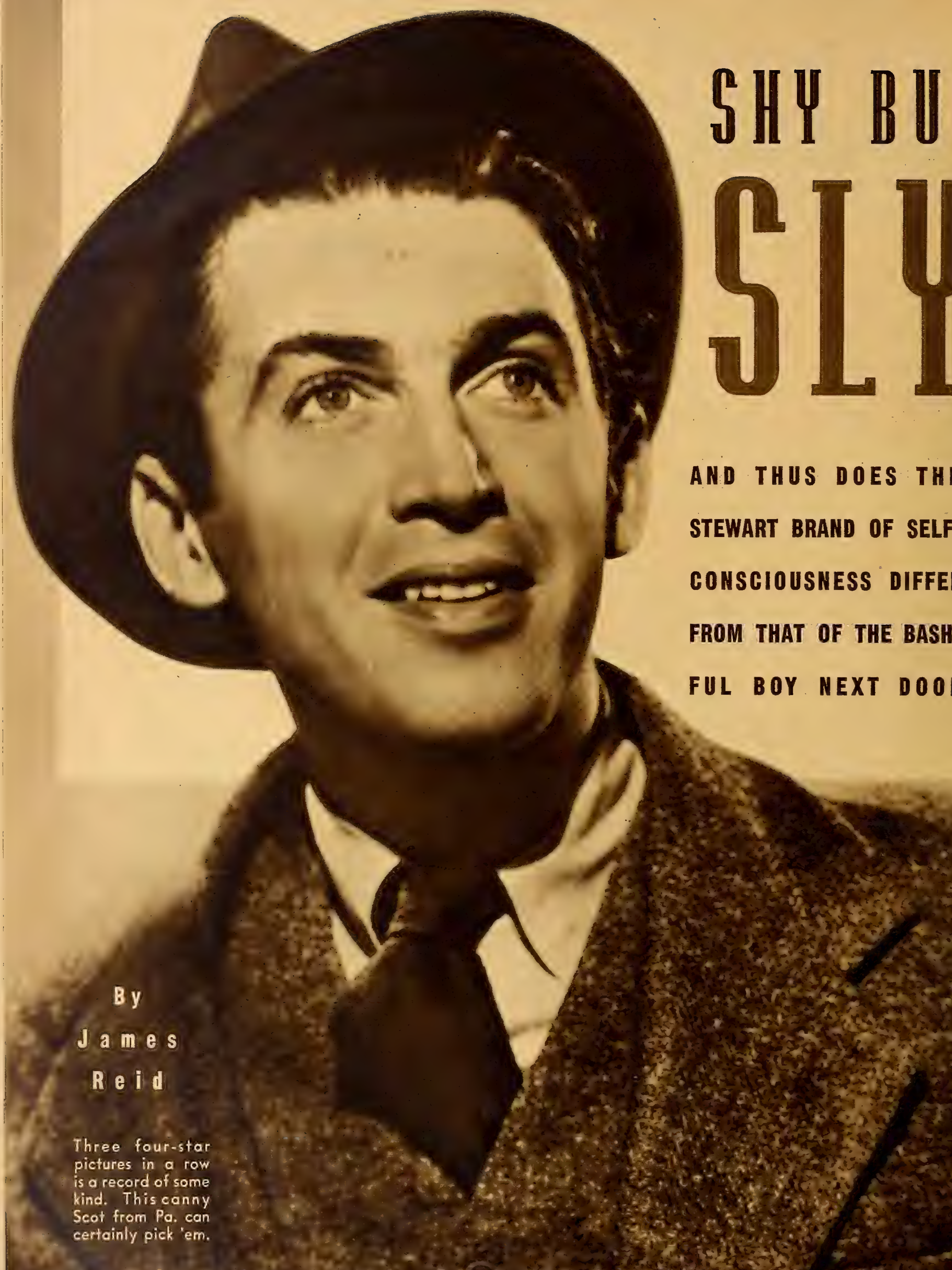


TOO ROMANTIC

THE MOON AND THE WILLOW TREE



SONGS . . . SONGS . . . AND MORE SONGS . . .



SHY BUT SLY

AND THUS DOES THE
STEWART BRAND OF SELF-
CONSCIOUSNESS DIFFER
FROM THAT OF THE BASH-
FUL BOY NEXT DOOR

By
**James
Reid**

Three four-star
pictures in a row
is a record of some
kind. This canny
Scot from Pa. can
certainly pick 'em.

THE GIRLS don't seem to agree with him. Olivia de Havilland is quoted as saying, with a baffled smile, "Jimmy Stewart is super-shy." Marlene Dietrich is quoted as saying, with a mischievous smile, "I don't think Jimmy Stewart is so shy."

Both have gone out with him. Both knew him personally. And they contradict each other about what he is like in person.

Olivia has the popular impression. She thinks that Jimmy is still painfully, boyishly self-conscious, still not sure of himself, still afraid of the world—and women. But Marlene may have the right impression.

There are two ways to get the same impression as Marlene. One is to be another Dietrich. The other is to look into some of the facts about Jimmy.

Most people know that he was born in a small town. Those who don't know it suspect it. He looks like a small town boy. Something less generally known, and even less generally suspected, is the date of his birth. It was May 12, 1908. He isn't a growing boy. Come next May 12th, he'll be thirty-two. He has had time to shed the bashful ways of a village youth. And he has had opportunity. What opportunity!

He went to Princeton, a college known to Yale men as "that New Jersey country club." Anyone who goes there as a freshman and comes away an alumnus normally has, besides an education, a veneer of worldly poise.

Then, after college, he learned about big city life in the biggest city in the world, on the street most famous for curing naïveté—Broadway. He lived there, and learned there, for four years.

Since 1935, he has been in Hollywood, the place where even Earl Carroll admitted you find "the most beautiful girls in the world." Jimmy has put in most of his working hours acting with glamorous sophisticates, and a large amount of his spare time acquainting himself with others.

Today, he is one of the best actors on the screen. He's a winner of awards. Another way of putting it is that he has mastered the art of self-expression.

If he still seems bashful and backward, it must be an accident. A deliberate accident. There must be a little slyness mixed in with that shyness. He has become a success by reversing the usual formula for success. Instead of erasing self-consciousness, he has made it indelible.

The causes of self-consciousness are sometimes difficult to detect. This is particularly true in Jimmy's case. No

inferiority complex was forced upon him when he was a-sprouting.

His home-town, Indiana, Pennsylvania, is several thousands larger now, but when Jimmy was growing up, it had a population of less than seven thousand. Everyone knew everyone else, whether or not a person's family amounted to anything, and whether or not a person was likely to amount to anything, himself.

Jimmy didn't have to sneak home from school the back way, lest he be taunted about his family. His father ran (and still runs) a hardware store, doing most of his business with coal mines and miners. He wasn't well-to-do, but he had a comfortable living, a comfortable home, and the respect of the townspeople. No one in Indiana could look down on the Stewart family.

At the same time, the Stewarts couldn't look down on anyone else. When a man is a merchant in a small town, everyone he sees is a past, present or possible customer. Accordingly, he has to speak to everyone alike. His family, taking their cue from him, does likewise. Jimmy didn't have a chance to acquire the self-consciousness that comes from knowing how to get along with only one class of people. It was an early habit with him to know how to be friendly with everybody.

AS A boy, Jimmy was no invalid, deprived of a normal life. He played all the games anybody else played. He had as many playthings as the boys he knew. He had, and still has, an understanding mother, who wasn't forever suppressing him, or coddling him. She didn't make him dress in a way that set him apart. He wore what other boys wore.

When Jimmy was ten, his father went off to war. And he wasn't shy about telling that his dad was a captain. Neither was he shy about exhibiting the things his dad sent him—German trench helmets and other trophies of battle. Nor was he shy about making use of them, enlisting his pals in mock armies and staging dramas of war in the Stewart backyard and cellar. Self-expression along acting lines popped out that early.

Most boys don't become self-conscious until they reach the awkward, voice-changing age. Jimmy was no exception. Most boys outgrow that conspicuous feeling. But all that Jimmy outgrew was everybody else he knew—he stood six-feet-three in his socks.

He couldn't stop feeling conspicuous, when he towered over other people his own age. (Continued on page 84)

In Lubitsch's "The Shop Around The Corner" Jimmy plays opposite "Peg" Sullavan, his true love from 'way back.

Bet his fellow Princetonians wish they were in Jimmy's size 12's as he "Troc's" with Olivia de Havilland.

ROZ RUSSELL DOESN'T BELIEVE IN DETOURS! SHE KNEW THAT THE SHORTEST DISTANCE

WITH HER left hand she grabbed the maroon cushion and held it in front of her. Then, suddenly, she cocked her right fist and let fly. Biff!

The right uppercut caught the cushion square, sent it sailing through the room, pancaked it against the library wall, from where it fell limply to the floor.

"Some punch, eh?" exclaimed Rosalind Russell, flexing a bicep. "And just remember this—it's exactly the kind of punch I'm going to plant smack on the jaw of anyone who tries to ruin my career by typing me!"

"I'm told I was fairly successful playing catty Sylvia in 'The Women.' Now every producer in town wants me to go right on playing Sylvia. Each wants me to do the same part, in different stories, over and over again. But I won't do it!"

Roz (that's what all her friends and fans call her) clenched her fists, and said emphatically, "No sirree, I won't be typed! I won't ever go to that grave. I've seen too many other actresses get into the rut. They are forced to show the public the same thing, year after year—the same gestures, tricks, movements, inflections. The public becomes bored silly! Maybe I'm daffy, and maybe I won't make as much money, but in each picture I want to play a different character. Sylvia of 'The Women' is dead. There won't be a resurrection!"

Sitting in Roz Russell's soft and cozy library, watching her across from me on the fuzzy couch, a word crept into my mind: Rebel.

Noah Webster, the celebrated verb-juggler, in penning his fat dictionary, defined "rebel" as a noun meaning "one who renounces or resists by force the authority of one's ruler; one who revolts or exhibits opposition."

Noah Webster had something there. But I am here to report that Hollywood has something better. A new definition—"rebel," a noun meaning "Rosalind Russell."

One cannot speak to Roz ten minutes without realizing that beneath her poised and cultured manner, beats the raw red heart of an individualist, a fighter, an opponent of stupid and senseless authority. From the day she was born and named after a steamship called the S.S. Rosalind, Roz has been upsetting applecarts, startling stuffed shirts and stepping on the corns of Movieland rulers.

It's not that Roz is stubborn. She isn't. And it's not that Roz is temperamental. She couldn't be, not after telling me, "There is no such thing as temperament. There's only temper." The answer is that Miss Russell is terribly

intelligent. Her I.Q. probably resembles the city census. She knows where she's going, and she knows how she's getting there. She doesn't want persons in authority, who haven't had time to know or understand her, trying to run—and ruin—her life. That's why she's a two-fisted rebel.

Cool and harmless in appearance, a Connecticut Yankee from Waterbury, Roz actually has the hot blood of Scarlett, the soul of Duse, and the head of Susan B. Anthony.

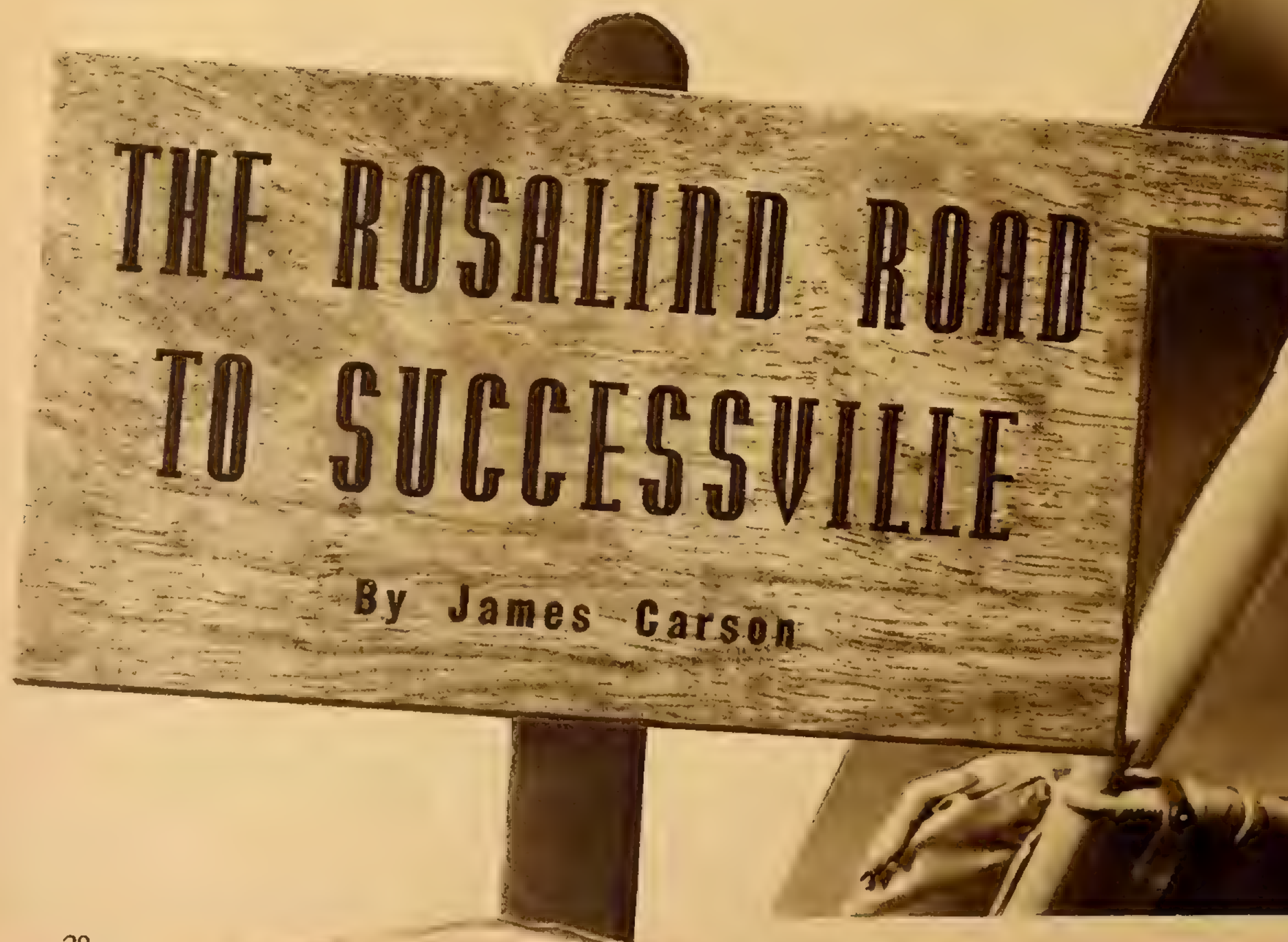
She was labeled a rebel several years ago when she became the first human in Hollywood to refuse stardom! No, you needn't bother writing Robert Ripley. He's heard about it. Roz refused to be a star. Fought against it! Her explanation was, "Hollywood doesn't use its head. The Brass Hats here try to make you a star overnight, and they succeed only in killing you. My biggest fight in Hollywood was not to get some place, but to keep from getting some place too fast!"

She clucked her tongue reminiscently.

"I'll never forget the beginning. I had planned my career step by step. The Rosalind Road To Successville. It was to be a slow and hard road. I intended to go carefully, learn much along the way and progress at a sane rate. If stardom was for me, I did not want it suddenly.

"Becoming a star overnight, riding to sudden fame on one or two pictures and on tons of publicity, seems to me fatal. Sometimes it is Hollywood's biggest tragedy. Pity the girls who have been pushed too swiftly. Their public won't give them time to live up to the fan-fare. They are handicapped before they've even started. It's really not fair. Well, anyway, it didn't happen to me—because I fought against it. I wasn't concerned with short-cuts."

Rosalind Russell, voted one of the best-dressed women in Hollywood, is known by her real name. She is the namesake of a steamship called the S.S. Rosalind.



BETWEEN TWO POINTS IS A STRAIGHT LINE AND CHOSE HER HIGHWAY ACCORDINGLY

You believed her, because you saw it in her smoldering dark eyes, in her knotted fists, in all five foot six of her exquisite being.

"I remember," she said, "an argument I once had with an actor. We were sitting at a table, and he told me that if a person couldn't become a movie star in two years, he never could. I disagreed. And even to this day, I disagree. Acting is just like writing, or being in the shoe business, or designing clothes or most anything—you go to the top, not overnight, not in two years, but gradually, tortoise-like, always learning, always improving.

"In the end, the whole secret is hard work. You can only get some place by slaving, struggling, pushing. I mean working at a job until you're blue in the face. The only people who can afford to dream are the debts. Dreaming is an expensive recreation, and they can afford it. But the average person can't. I know I can't."

Suddenly, Roz tucked her feet kitten-like beneath her skirt and grinned a quick warming grin. "Oh heavens, I've been gabbing a streak! You'd think I'm wearing a halo, that I'm all virtue and stuff. Well, I'm not. When I look in the mirror, after wincing, I take a good gander and see the world's worst procrastinator and national amateur champion time-waster.

"When it comes down to solid working, little Roz is the

best thinker-upper of excuses on earth. I get a desire to ride, swim or read just at the time when I should shove the old nose to the stone. But my saving grace is that, occasionally, I give myself a jolt. I say to myself, 'Roz, you good-for-nothing, snap out of it.' And I get into a burst of work, and I'm on my schedule, and I'm happy!"

Roz, I learned, came from a family which, though there were seven children around, paid a big income tax. In brief, her lawyer father did well. This would be an easier story to write if the Russells had been hungrier. I could tell you about Roz, hollow-cheeked, shivering in a garret. It would be traditional and dramatic.

But, while never financially handicapped, Roz faced as dangerous a bugaboo. Idleness. She could have spent out her days in Waterbury, devoting her talents to the occupation she hates most—gossip.

Instead, she became a rebel. Had she wanted a career of writing, her desire would have *(Continued on page 71)*



Newshawks Cary Grant and Roz speak 175-250 words a minute throughout "His Girl Friday," the fastest film on record. An average person speaks around 80.



DOING ALL RIGHT FOR HIMSELF

OH, I'M really not much to look at," Orson Welles insisted.

He meant it.

"My smile might get by. But as for the rest of me—whew! I bet I look eight feet tall and four feet wide. My beard is overrated. And I have no character. I would sum up my general appearance as being alternately repugnant and nondescript."

Thus did Orson Welles verbally tear apart advance notices of his so-called vanity.

He wasn't vain at all. He didn't think he was physically attractive. Certainly no Valentino or Gable, he admitted, and a million girls would not swoon over him.

He devoted exactly no minutes to discussing his abilities. Not a word about being a better producer than Zanuck, a better director than Lubitsch, a better actor than Muni. And as for being a genius—well!

It was in the dining-room that I made my accusation. Orson Welles was indulging in a light breakfast consisting of a fruit dish, two helpings of meat,

He's been called some pretty rough things in his day, but to himself, Mr. Welles is just a misunderstood male with tender feet and hayfever.

THE CRADLE GENIUS

IS ORSON WELLES, THE WONDER BOY OF NEW YORK AND POINTS WEST

and three consecutive drinks (a glass of milk, cup of coffee, and shot of brandy!).

"Everybody who writes or talks about you calls you an amazing prodigy," I explained. "How does it feel?"

Orson Welles wasn't sure. A lamb chop disappeared in his mouth.

"I don't know," he gulped, between chews. "I've never really read about myself being seriously called a genius. Instead, authors always write, 'Why in hell is that bum, Welles, called a genius?' Well, the devil! I'd like to know who started it! I'd like to meet the one fan who thinks I'm such a wonder. It would take an expedition to find him—and besides, what's his small voice against thousands who deny it!"

Orson needn't send out an expedition. Maybe I'm the one fan. Maybe there are a million like me, and Orson just hasn't heard of them.

One thing certain: Orson Welles, whose entrance into the celluloid city can be likened only to the coming of an earthquake, tornado, World War or any other natural phenomenon, has been remarkable enough to confuse Hollywood. That's something.

Because it's this way with Hollywood. Here they bandy high-powered adjectives about, and pluck geniuses off trees. If a man can get together a swing band that is as acrobatic as a Holy Roller meeting, or invent a new egg-beater, or concoct an original hair-dress, or produce a picture better than "The Great Train Robbery" for under \$250,000—he's labeled a genius.

Consequently, during the latter part of '39, when a real word-baiting, super-talented youth, with Cyrano in his corpuscles and Hamlet in his heart, came along—Hollywood was confused. And Hollywood is still confused. Orson Welles, who knew diction before da-da and could jump a cue before he emerged from diapers, has been only twenty-four years out of the cradle, yet he has conquered the stage, the radio and the writing field.

Today, he is facing movieland's skepticism and challenge. Today, because he likes the sound track medium and a minor item amounting to a quarter of a million dollars, Orson is working on two movies for RKO. The first will be Nicholas Blake's hair-lifter called "The Smiler with the Knife," the weird story of an American murder

society plotting the overthrow of the nation. Orson, sleek and suave, will be the gangleader. His second picture will be Joseph Conrad's "Heart of Darkness."

These movies will be different. Not arty—but new and original. Orson Welles possesses the backbone genius is made of—fearlessness. In these, his first two movies, he's willing to experiment and take chances. In his twenty-four years he's never met failure and, if I know Orson, he never will.

"I'm going to attempt several new things," he stated. "In 'The Smiler' I'm going to use a different method of story-telling. In 'The Heart of Darkness' I intend a different use of the camera. Something that hasn't been done yet, not even by me. I'd like to explain these new techniques of mine, but aw—they just wouldn't sound good on paper.

"Here's my attitude in a nutshell. Movies should move. Do you understand? They should be animated, packed with action. Too many big-shot New York people come out here and shoot movies like stage plays on celluloid. No good. The medium is different, bigger. I believe the sound track should be kept at a minimum. Action should speak for words. That's why John Ford is such a tremendous director. He kept most of 'The Informer' silent."

Welles dipped into the glass of milk. "I'll confess one thing. I've been here only a short time, but I've worked very hard. I think I have an instinctive feeling for films—what's right and what's wrong. Besides, I've studied and learned much. If my first efforts lay an egg, fail—well, it will be because I got lost in a strange country, that I didn't know quite enough."

Evidence of his energy and toil lay strewn about the dining-room. Hundreds of loose script pages were penciled symbols. Jagged balls of paper in corners. All representative of writing, planning, figuring, for long hours—physical proof that Thomas Edison's old saw was correct, "Genius is 99 per cent perspiration; 1 per cent inspiration."

The necessity of finishing breakfast muffled Orson's sincerities and witticisms for a moment, and I sat watching him. I realized his critics and the general public had two terrible misconceptions of him.

First, his appearance. Most people think he is short and fat. He is neither. He is (Continued on page 62)

By George
Benjamin

The beard, which tickles Lucille Ball, is out-and-out publicity bait.

Orson, divorced in February, finds solace with recently-freed Fay Wray.



MAKING IT PAY

OFF-SCREEN OCCUPATIONS PUT EXTRA

CHANGE IN HOLLYWOOD POCKETS

TEN BUCKS ain't hay," chirps our cousin from Quincy Corners when he works on Sunday. "You're darned right," respond our friends from Hollywood town when they start a little business of their own. And so it goes. From hinterland to Movieland, money's money, and no matter how much you have, it's always nicer to have some more. Ask us. Or ask Bing Crosby, Allan Jones, Greta Garbo, Joel McCrea or Clark Gable. These stars have watched their fortunes fatten before the kindly California cameras—but has that stopped them from raking in additional chips of prosperity? Not on your life!

Probably the most vivid proof of our point is Bing Crosby. Bing must have pinched the cheeks of the gods, or chucked them under their chins, or done something equally cute because he certainly is their baby! Every time he goes into a business it becomes a bonanza. In fact, Bing's money-making enterprises are so numerous, he had to incorporate himself to keep his income from running wild!

Crosby, Inc. is the buzzing organization which handles his interests exclusively. It occupies a swanky suite in a three-story, \$10,000 Los Angeles office building (owned by Crosby) and shares its roof with such respectable tenants as a doctor, a dentist and a radio production agency (rent collected by Crosby). Its officials are President Bing, his brothers, Everett and Larry, and his father, Harry L.

Bing, the only cash investor, rarely visits the office. He prefers to leave the supervision of details to the other directors, each of whom works long hours on a straight salary basis and has his own specific share of the work. Everett handles the radio contracts which bring the singer \$3,500 a week, the movie contracts which have an annual yield of \$540,000 and an actors' booking service which is not operated as a hobby. Larry keeps the music department under his talented thumb, and it's a full-time job just sticking to the control of Crosby sheet music and record sales and the firm's own music publishing outfit. The senior Mr. C. is Chief of the Fan Mail Division—and to those parents who think it's fun reading their offsprings' letters, let us say it's nothing like it when they pop in to the tune of 7,500 monthly.

Besides this capable trio, the firm employs about fifty other people, many of whom bear the name of Crosby and are of the second-cousin and great-uncle variety.

Bing, himself, spends what spare time he has at his million-dollar Del-Mar race track, where he can keep an eye on his quarter of a million dollars worth of horses—who frequently do win races. Although speculation has it that the Crosby fortune runs between \$4,000,000 and \$5,000,000, after appraising his Midas-touched activities, we're inclined to ask, "Is that all?"

Another of Hollywood's Golden Boys is Charles Ruggles. Charlie's in the dog-house—and he loves it. His See-Are (C.R.) Kennels are the snootiest canine hotel on the Pacific Coast. They house 150 guests and are complete right down to "maternity ward" and air conditioning system. On the register have appeared the impressive names of Robert Taylor's boxers, Herbert Marshall's cocker spaniels and a half-dozen of Martha Raye's "best friends." Charlie's rates are reasonable and are figured on a daily basis. A scottie costs 50c, a medium-sized shepherd, 75c, and a great Dane, \$1. The charge depends entirely upon the dog's size and appetite, but every pooch is entitled to the services the establishment offers: elegant baths, indoor runs for use in bad (Continued on page 75)



Reginald Denny Industries, Inc. manufacture and sell miniature airplanes, racing cars, submarines and battleships. The model on the table is a typical product.



Charles Ruggles' See-Are Kennels are the Beverly-Wilshire of the canine world. They offer amazing facilities and even have a "maternity ward" for guests who need it.



Bob Young and Allan Jones bought a few old stalls in Bel-Air, intending to park their own mounts therein. From that purchase has grown the ultra-ultra Bollen Stables.



Joel McCrea draws profits from his 1000-acre ranch. It's stocked with horses and cattle and includes 400 acres of grain.



This isn't Santa Anita. It's Victor McLaglen's private race track built on his ranch at Fresno. Vic's a comparatively new rancher but he stumbled into a bit of luck. Shortly after acquiring the place, he had to hire fifty men to harvest his very marketable grapes.



Constance Bennett doesn't deal in dimes. Her cosmetic company employs nearly three hundred people and is still growing. Connie doesn't divulge the extent of her profits but admits she's doing well enough to meet the payroll.



The most fabulous of Hollywood success stories is that of Bing Crosby, who got his start with a throbby voice and now gets richer and richer without even trying.



Dolores Del Rio lends her lovely self to a Santa Monica pottery shop, and in return receives a share of its grosses.



Clark Gable raises more turkeys than he and Carole can eat, so M-G-M buys the surplus for use in the studio commissary.



Our gorgeous Greta is just "Garbo, the landlady" to the tenants of several model apartment houses in her native Stockholm.



Bette Davis married Bandman Harmon Nelson in 1932. Though they've been divorced for more than a year, they write each other every week.

KEEPING UP WITH BETTE

A SIX MONTHS' LEAVE AND THE
QUEEN OF THE MOVIES COMES
BACK WITH A NEW DOMAIN TO RULE

By Gladys Hall



YOU'VE BEEN away from Hollywood for six months," I said to Bette. "Everyone is asking, 'What's happened to Davis? Why did she go away? What did she do when she went away? What happened to her while she was away?'"

Bette answered, "A very strange thing happened to me—peace. It seems I have always been a rather intense person, violent in my emotions, violent in my work. Well, I have had a non-violent six months, how's that?"

I remarked that I guessed it was all right, though probably not headlines.

"Ah, but that's where you're wrong," said Bette. "What's happened makes headlines in my life because nothing so important has ever happened to me before."

"You see, I found myself. Over the horizons I looked at while I was away I found the outline of my future. I have bought a home in New Hampshire. I have gone back to the land."

"Look, it was like this. Six months ago something had to happen to me. I was overfull of acting. I was gorged with it, surfeited with it and exhausted with it. And I was wearing myself out, thinking of one thing."

"Ham?" I asked.

"Ham," said Bette, with her uncompromising honesty. "And the break-up of our marriage which never should have happened in my life because I wasn't—well, let's say I wasn't the type. So, I needed to get away, to get away from me."

"I got away. I put the old station wagon on the train and took it along. I stayed only a few days in New York, saw a couple of plays, a few friends, saw Ham once or twice, and found that I was happy to see him contented with and successful at what he is doing. Then I went up to New England."

"With Mrs. Ogden, a friend of mine, I started off for a two weeks' jaunt in the station wagon. This was something I've been dying to do for years. I saw all of my old friends, all of my old teachers. I saw all of the old landmarks, or the places where the landmarks had been. I found out one thing on that trip. I thought I wanted to go back to 'the scenes of my childhood.' No. There were gas stations in backyards where I used to play. Strange faces looked out of windows where familiar, friendly faces used to welcome the small Ruth Elizabeth Davis. All the pictures of my childhood I'd expected to see again were gone. What I'm trying to say is that we can't go back. There isn't any 'back.'"

"But that trip did me good in other ways. I was very self-conscious when I met my old teachers, for instance. I felt the same, though in somewhat lesser degree, with my old school-friends, girls I hadn't seen since we were in grade school together. I was wondering whether I was still a human being or whether I was a kind of painted shadow, Hollywood model, full of automatic mannerisms and false gestures."

"At first the girls were rather shy with me, so the conversation wasn't exactly fluent. And at first the teachers were just very polite. But then they began giving me bits of advice again, 'You must read so-and-so, Elizabeth,' or 'Haven't you your galoshes on, child, whatever are you thinking of?' in quite the old authoritative way. The girls were soon telling me what had happened to them, quite as eagerly as they asked me questions about myself. Soon we were all on the old basis. The values between us hadn't changed and I stood acquitted in my own eyes. And probably in theirs."

"It made me think," said Bette, slowly, "that if I can graduate from Hollywood, cum laude, as a human being, it doesn't matter what kind of a diploma I get as an actress."

"Well, after the two weeks' excursion in search of

my youth, I was pretty tired. My mother, Ruthie, knew a place, an old and charming Inn called Pecketts, in Franconia, New Hampshire. Before I left Hollywood she said to me, "If you find yourself falling to pieces, go up to Pecketts." I went to Pecketts intending to stay a few days and stayed ten weeks without once leaving the neighborhood. My friend Robby, who is staying with me this winter, you know, went with me.

"We read, walked, ate and slept. I gained pounds. I weighed 130 pounds when I got back to Hollywood. I had to live on boiled eggs and lettuce leaves for days. I'm down to 110 now. I never felt better in my life than when I was, for me, fat. I've always heard that fat people are jolly people and now I know why it's true. You feel so padded and comfortable when you've got some flesh over your nerves. I'm positively looking forward to the day when I can be a fat, sloppy little old lady."

"Well, I went to all the high school and country dances roundabout and was pretty excited when the boys asked me to dance."

"There are not many homes up there and I felt awfully flattered that the Yankees would take an actress in. After all, they belong there. They didn't leave their heritage; I did and I was flattered that they let me come 'home' again without asking any questions."

"Nope, I never once got bored. I, who once said, and believed, that I couldn't stop working for more than a month without going nuts. I was so contented away from Hollywood and pictures that I felt I must be two people and that one of me had shed her skin, like snakes do. I imagined it was waiting for me, here in the Brentwood house or in my dressing-room at the studio."

"It's an easy way to live, up there. No one expects anything of you, except the fundamental decencies. No one gives a damn what you do or how you look. I wore old dungarees or overalls, old sweaters and skirts, no hats, not a smidgin of make-up. Not a care about 'what people will think!' And they weren't thinking about me. They had the land to think about, whether the livestock was fed and watered and whether the woodpile was well stocked against the deep white New Hampshire winter."

"How we in Hollywood need something like that!" Bette all but cried out. "How I needed it."

SO, THEN, one day, the Pecketts took me up the road a piece, about two miles up Sugar Hill. They showed me an old house and barn on ninety acres of land. 'Butternut,' they called it. 'Home,' I called it. I bought it. Ninety acres of solid woods, birches. You have never seen such trees in your life."

"Of course I couldn't have bought it if my contract difficulties had not been straightened out by that time. Only three pictures a year for Miss 'Beetie' Davis from this time forth. I keep smacking my lips over that as a child smacks them over a lollipop. Four months off—at least three of them consecutive, with one thrown in somewhere along the line. These months I shall spend at Butternut, home-making. I, who never wanted a home here in Hollywood," laughed Bette. "I, who had never owned a blade of grass before!"

"The day after I bought the place I walked up there, alone. I looked at my acres, I felt them under my feet, and it was too exciting. I'd stayed with some friends in New Hampshire for a few days before I went to Pecketts. One night I was sitting on the porch with my friend and her husband and he said, 'You know, Bette, I've worked hard all my life. We've owned this place for fifteen years and yet I never sit down, as I am doing now, and look out over my land, that I don't get a lump in my throat and say to myself, "This is my land." It's (Continued on page 102)

Most "un-swelled" head in Hollywood! On a questionnaire he denied having even one famous ancestor. Well, his grandchildren will have at least one!



ROBERTA MET John Garfield for the first time at a friend's house. That was long before the movies had changed Jules to John. It was even before he'd gone on the stage. He was only sixteen, and she was younger.

She didn't know what to make of him. He fascinated and terrified her. He wore his hair in the Barrymore fashion and wore a queer collar, which should have been enough to make him a laughing stock in the Bronx. But it wasn't easy to laugh Julie off. His eyes were beautiful, his smile was wicked. He'd walk into a room and, as Roberta put it to her mother later, "the walls would begin to dance."

This was partly due to the vigor of his personality. He had a need to assert himself and gave it free rein. He talked loud and continuously. He banged away at the piano, producing sounds which were painful to the ears of Roberta, a musician's daughter. In an off moment, the hostess mentioned Shakespeare, whereupon Julie rose and spouted every line he knew. It seemed to Roberta that he knew them all. She'd never known another like him.

Though they lived in the same neighborhood and traveled with the same crowd, Roberta's background had left her unprepared for anything like Julie. Her childhood had been trained to a decorous pattern. At home, you spoke when spoken to, minded your business and kept out of your elders' hair. Abroad, if someone offered you an apple, you looked at your mother first for permission to take it.

Julie's mother had died when he was seven. Neighbors took care of him while his father worked at the sweatshop. The streets became his playground. By the time he acquired a stepmother, he was old enough to resent her control, and not old enough to value her qualities. His father's conventional ideas provided no basis for an understanding of his stormy son. Julie's individuality craved recognition, which he got by becoming ring leader of his gang and enemy to the well behaved. Good boys, told not to play with him, crossed to the other side of the street, and generally got tripped up for their pains. He was expelled from a dozen schools and finally landed in Angelo

SHAKESPEARE'S SHREW HAD NOTHING ON
GARFIELD. JUST LOOK WHAT THE TWO
WOMEN IN JOHN'S LIFE HAVE DONE TO HIM!

THE TAMING OF A TOUGH GUY



Few people reprove the Garfield, but Roberta has no qualms about wielding an occasional verbal rolling pin. Says it does him good.

By Ida
Zeitlin

Patri's school for problem boys. Here he met a friend.

That experienced psychologist soon diagnosed his trouble, and uncovered in him a gift for oratory. He began winning contests, and with them the approval of a society he had pretended to scorn, to prove that he didn't give a damn for their scorn of him. Boys who had avoided him, courted him. Teachers who had eyed him askance, now beamed congratulations, and he liked the sensation it gave him. He found he could make an impression on the world other than as a rebel. He discovered, in school plays and debates, a satisfying mode of release and self-expression. He had made up his mind to be an actor.

Besides, he was bursting through his earlier existence as a rapidly growing child bursts through his clothes. He was discovering music and literature and his own capacity for thought, with an excitement which required others to share it. Rebuffs hurt him, but eagerness swept him on. He'd stick out his neck again and again for the buffets of those who considered his enthusiasm naive. The fact that he was unsure of himself made an assumption of assurance all the more necessary. Hence the Barrymore get-up, the swagger and the showing off.

To Roberta Mann, all this was like a story she'd never read. She knew Julie Garfield was a chum of the boy with whom her friend was going. Now that she'd met him, she didn't like him. She shrank from his violence. There was something disturbingly attractive about him, but there was more that repelled and made her uneasy. She was paralyzed with fright when he asked if he could take her home. Behind him, her friend was shaking her head in an emphatic no.

"No," echoed Roberta in a small, scared voice.

"Okay," said Julie, and they went their separate ways.

Twelve months later Roberta was rejoicing with a friend who had just been admitted to the company of Eva Le Gallienne's Civic Repertory Theatre. Together they

gloated over her name in the list of apprentices. Then Roberta's eye was caught by another name. "I think I know that boy. What does he look like?" The friend described Jules Garfield. "That's the one all right," said Roberta. "Is he still so crazy?"

One night she went down to the theatre to call for her friend and met Julie again. She began seeing more of him. The girl at whose house they'd had their first encounter was still going with his pal, and they begged Roberta to make it a foursome with Julie.

"I don't know why I said yes," she stormed to her mother. "I don't even like him."

"For a boy you don't like, you talk an awful lot about him."

"Well, that's because he's so different from anyone I know. He's wild, but he's free. He's been through so much, he makes me feel like a lily."

"Why don't you invite him to dinner some night?"

"If I do, it'll be only because I'm sorry for him. He reminds me of a puppy that's looking for a home."

That was something that must have shown itself all over him, for they called him Julie the Orphan. Which argues a certain perspicacity among his young friends, for self-pity was no part of his emotional makeup. Nor could it have been caused entirely by his motherless state. Roberta says she still feels a loneliness in him, and always will.

Whatever its deeper-lying source, it must have been caused by a search, unconscious perhaps, for human warmth. With Roberta's parents, Julie became a person she didn't know—responsive, natural, the chip dropped from his shoulder. Their feeling about him was as simple as the daughter's was complicated. They liked and trusted him. Mr. Mann was especially drawn to him. He had longed to devote his life to music, and been thwarted by economic necessity. He could understand this boy with his passion for another of the arts. More, (Continued on page 93)

OF MOUSE AND MEN



By Frank T. Farrell

HOW ONE LONELY RODENT CAUSED

AN AVALANCHE OF ACCUSATIONS

AND NOW ALICE FAYE TELLS WHY

FIVE HUNDRED drinking, smoking, talking men and women jammed in the Perroquet Suite of the Waldorf-Astoria. Movie critics, trade paper reporters, editors, sob sisters, magazine writers, columnists, people from the censor boards, movie executives, flunkies, phonies—they were all having a jolly time of it, working up their appetites on Darryl F. Zanuck's free liquor.

It was one of those super-colossal Hollywood cocktail parties for which, by some weird paradox, everybody turned out, even the guests who were invited. What is more, everyone displayed strange symptoms of being anxious to meet the stellar guests of honor, a pair of compellingly popular young people named Tyrone Power and Alice Faye, whose future on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot seemed magnificent. It was three years ago.

Tyrone Power was forty-five minutes late. For a half-hour of that time Alice Faye trembled and paced the floor in a nearby room. She downed several glasses of champagne, but it gave her no courage, no warmth. The thought of marching into that army and captivating it froze her. She tore her handkerchief to shreds in emotion.

"I can't do it. I just can't do it," she whispered helplessly, when a studio press representative told her to buck up, that it would be easy once she set her foot inside the suite, that merely her presence would make worshippers of them all.

Finally she squared her shoulders and did it. She met them all. They toasted to her beauty and success. Some there were who actually slapped her on the back. And before Tyrone Power arrived she had taken over her army.

Her triumph was not long in flourishing, however. A lowly little mouse upset all the major strategy, a canape-eating Waldorf mouse who joined the party and seemed mighty desirous of meeting a star. For, when Miss Faye happened to turn slightly from one of the groups of newspaper people with whom she was conversing, there on the floor a few feet from her was the rodent.

No expert would be required to predict what almost any other actress in the same circumstances would do, but Miss Faye obviously is made of different stuff. In the height of good humor she pointed to the little rascal and remarked:

"I haven't met that one."

Since that day New York's press is made up of two schools of thought, according to Miss Faye, those who construed her jest to be a personal insult, and those who thought it as funny as she meant it to be. And since that day she has avoided both schools for fear of saying the wrong thing again. She has not consented to a personal interview in two years.

Call her the most misunderstood woman in Hollywood. Advise her that hordes of people consider her strange shyness to be pure, unadulterated Tenth Avenue snob-bishness. Insist that she could have the world at her feet, if only she would receive its ambassadors and let them know what she is really like—and Alice Faye will shrug her pretty shoulders, sigh and sum it up:

"What's the use? I've learned not to plan, not to count on things."

She gazed out the window of the Sherry-Netherlands' cocktail balcony. She wore a smartly cut black dress with white lace at the neck. Her little black hat and veil left just enough platinum hair and Alice Faye showing, and set off her watery blue eyes and the extravagant star sapphire pendant which her husband, Tony Martin, had given her for Christmas. Underneath the table she nervously tugged and twisted her handkerchief.

"It's no use," she confided in this exclusive interview with Modern Screen. "Every time I try to plan things at the studio so that I can get together somewhere with Tony for a week, things get all messed up and immediately there's a flood of divorce rumors in the papers. And every time I head for New York, I vow that I'll get no cold. Invariably, I wind up with something just this side of pneumonia."

"I don't know what the New York writers have against me, but I'll bet you if I made all sorts of plans to convince them that I am a nice person I'd probably still say the wrong thing. Either that or I'd go hysterical with this terrific inferiority complex. No, (Continued on page 88)



Alice loves Husband Tony Martin, and Tony loves Alice, but neither of them loves all of the people who have been predicting a break-up.

Franco-British War Relief Dinner Dance
Ambassador "Cocoanut Grove"

MENU

Canape of Fresh Lobster, *Georgette*
Hearts of Utah Celery, *Ripe Jumbo Olives*
Essence of Tomato *Madrilene en Tasse*
Grilled Filet Mignon, *Maitre d'Hotel*
Breast of Capon Saute with Virginia Ham
and Fresh Mushrooms, *Colbert*
Parisian Potatoes, *Fresh String Beans, Julienne*
Endive and Grapefruit Salad, *Lemon Dressing*
Individual Bombe Glace, *Malba* *Petits Fours*
Demi Tasse



They huff and they puff
and they bring the house
down—Scotch Canadian
Legionnaires.



Maureen O'Sullivan
collects some money
for cigarettes. Regi-
nald Gardiner col-
lects, too!

Hollywood

THE GOOD CITIZENS OF MOVIE TOWN EAT, DRINK AND

WITH THE biggest charity blowout in its lively career, Hollywood subtly told Herr Hitler where to head in. One thousand strong, the movie colonists turned up at the Ambassador Hotel's Cocoanut Grove and willingly threw nearly \$15,000 into the Franco-British War Relief pot, proving once and for all that picture people do not think the world is bounded by the Pacific Ocean and the Rocky Mountains.

The party was pulled by the British and French War Relief Associations of Southern California, a pair of organizations which boast the active membership of Ronald Colman, Alan Mowbray and Charles Boyer. These gentlemen worked so hard to put the affair over that such patriots as Chamberlain and Daladier look like slackers beside them. Incidentally, Boyer's (we just can't seem to call him "Charlie") very genuine labor should silence those who say he's in this country merely to squirt charm in the faces of American womanhood and thereby win sympathy for war-time France. There was nothing soulful about the job he did.

The greatest problem to confront the party-givers was the seating



Mickey Rooney and
Judy Garland panic
the crowd and each
other with their in-
imitable high-jinks.



Pat Paterson and Charles
Laughton break through
their British reserve and
laugh with Frances Robinson.



The Misses Oberon, Robinson, Loy, Fox and Annabella peddle cigarettes. Wendy Barrie puts in a hand.



Ronald Colman, wearing decorations received in first World War, escorts his wife —naturally.

throws a party

MAKE WHOOP-LA FOR FRANCO-BRITISH WAR RELIEF

arrangement. Everyone knows that big-timers like ringside tables and, when they pay \$10 apiece for their dinner, as they did on this occasion, perhaps they have some right to express a preference. Unfortunately, the Coconut Grove was not built to accommodate a thousand "names" at a single shot. Some were forced to take back seats, but that didn't make them inconspicuous. Two million dollars worth of talent can't be expected to hang around like schoolmarms and, after downing their desserts, about a million dollars worth hustled forth to entertain.

Adolphe Menjou and Bob Hope, acting as m-cees, introduced Reginald Gardiner, Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland and Jan Kiepura, among others, and, for the grand finale, ushered in a chorus-boy lineup consisting of Charles Laughton, Herbert Marshall, Laurence Olivier, Ronald Colman, Ian Hunter, Charles Boyer and William Powell, who delivered a screech-owl rendition of "The Man on the Flying Trapeze." The boys were plain awful and so, amusingly, a great evening enjoyed for a worthy cause ended on a sour note!



21-year-old Diana Lewis snuggles dreamily in the arms of her husband, William Powell.



Maybe Charles Boyer and Annabella are translating the evening's "take" into good old francs and sous.



Very English Brian Aherne offers a smoke to his orchid-trimmed spouse, Joan Fontaine.



In "The Primrose Path," Joel McCrea falls for Ginger, a street-walker's daughter, who masquerades as a child of the rich.

NO TIME FOR LOVE



**FOLLOWING CLOCKWISE, OR OTHERWISE,
THE AFFAIRS OF GINGER ROGERS, YOU'LL
DISCOVER WHY SHE'S SHELVED ROMANCE**

EVERYTHING IS wonderful!" beamed Ginger Rogers. "I'm happier-right now than I've been in years and things are right as rain on a roof. Why? I don't know. I just woke up one morning, took a deep breath and said to myself, 'Gee, but life is certainly swell!'" Ginger did a neat handspring to prove it and plopped up beside me on a big set parallel with the afterthought, "And I hope I never change."

Well, that was just the point. The last few months have brewed a puzzling suspicion in some quarters that Ginger *has* changed. You don't see her around much any more. And when you do, something always seems to happen to kick along a rumor that Ginger has gone exclusive. That she wants to be alone. That she's getting hard to handle. Even that, Lord forbid, she's taking herself too seriously.

Now I can imagine plain, natural, easy-going Ginger cooling off like that about as much as I can picture Garbo holding open house. But in Hollywood strange things do happen and you never can tell. Certainly, tagging Ginger Rogers for a talk, is something like trying to bag a bat with a BB gun. She's forever darting here, there and everywhere, with more things on her mind than a hat peddler.

I finally caught up with her on the set of "The Primrose Path." It's no secret that the dramatic character part Ginger is taking in this one is not even distantly related to the funny, frothy parts that have made her the gay girl friend of half the world. One look, too, at Ginger made those "quick change" rumors seem pretty solid.

She was toggled out in a tacky little dress, fresh from Sears Roebuck for the sum of \$2.98. Not much like the creations she used to wear with Fred Astaire. There wasn't a speck of make-up on her face, which was shiny as a new shoe. Yet she'd just come from the camera. And her hair—well, we have always been used to seeing Ginger with a wavy mop of pumpkin-colored tresses flying in the breeze. Now she was a brunette.

It was this very hair dye, incidentally, that brought about the latest pair of Hollywood happenstances for the raised eyebrow department. The first came about at La Conga, the night Steffi Duna opened there.

Ginger and one of her old pals, Billy Bakewell, arrived



Here's Ginger with her brunette tresses. The wags say that the color of her hair is not the only change in Miss R. these days.



Ginger with Designer Walter Plunkett after she attended her first premiere in two years. See how she kept her new coiffure a secret?

for a round of rhumbas on one of her rare stepping-out nights. Usually, according to Ginger, "I'm too darned tired at night to dance even with Arthur Murray, and Heavens knows Hollywood men are no Murrays!" Ginger, by the way, thinks Hollywood two-steppers could stand a lesson or two; she thinks she's a very tame ballroom twister, but the men! All they do is go round and round until she gets cross-eyed! Anyway, Billy is better than most dancers and everything was swell until suddenly a photographer, lurking behind a palm or something, peered at Ginger, did a double-take and then popped off a flash bulb.

Ginger's hands were too late in covering her face. So she kicked back her chair, chased the picture-snatcher across the room, collared him and extracted a promise to kill the shot.

A few days later, dancing again at the Beverly-Wilshire, Ginger almost scared the wits out of Cesar Romero (a guy who can really dance) when she suddenly yipped, grabbed his arm and pulled him off the floor. Yes—it was one of those camera-men again. Again Ginger had to run him down and ask him to sail the plate out the window.

Now, of course, such shy shenanigans are strictly temperament to Hollywood. They are filed away under the headings of Hepburn, Garbo and company—those who have always played hard-to-get as a matter of business policy. But it didn't ring true with Rogers, who for years has shown about as much temperament as a turnip. The cameramen were duly confused—until the mystery was explained to them by RKO's perspiring publicity gentlemen.

They were trying to keep Ginger's new raven locks a photographic secret, they said, until "The Primrose Path" was released. So they'd asked her to keep away from news pictures. Ginger said she would, and what Ginger says, she does. That was all. She shouldn't have stuck her neck out with the double-dyed deception in public cafés if she didn't want to get lensed up a little, the cameramen grumbled. But Ginger said she thought she'd never be recognized, and the clickers admitted it took a little time. So all was well—except that nobody explained

to the rest of Hollywood. To them, it all linked up with a hideaway legend which had been following Ginger Rogers around for over a year.

That legend started in New York with the Winchellian crack, "If anyone wants to know where Ginger Rogers is hiding, she's at the Waldorf." But the prologue took place right in Hollywood, where Ginger practically vanished from the ken of mortal men for months.

That sounds like a mystery, but the trouble was, it wasn't. Everyone knew Ginger hadn't been slugged by the Ape-Man or spirited off by the men of Mars. She was right around town, everybody knew. But so exclusive! No dances, no premieres, no parties, no nuthin'. Was she playing cover-up? Well, like all mysteries, the answer is so simple you could kick yourself. Ginger was so darned busy all that time she could barely powder her nose; so darned tired, she didn't care.

Right after "Shall We Dance," a foot-killer with Fred Astaire, Ginger made "Vivacious Lady," you'll recall. Before that was even finished, she'd started "Having a Wonderful Time." And because Doug Fairbanks was doubling up, too, on a picture at Universal, she had to start work at seven o'clock in the evening and continue through the night!

Well, retakes for that were finished up one Sunday at five o'clock in the morning. Ginger went to bed for twelve deep hours of dreamland. At five o'clock Monday morning she was back at the studio, rehearsing dances with Fred Astaire for "Carefree."

In fact, it wasn't until after "Fifth Avenue Girl" that Ginger had time to notice whether it was a sunny day or not. She took a swift trip to New York after "Carefree" and crammed in some shows. But she didn't have time for any press pictures, interviews or anything expected of a visiting star. And so—the word got around that Rogers had gone Garbo and the columnists made cracks.

When she returned to Hollywood, "The Castles" certainly was no vacation, with costume fittings far into the night, and Irene Castle McLaughlin kibitzing on every tuck and gusset that Ginger wore. And when Ginger finally polished that off and (Continued on page 68)

By Kirtley Baskette

STYLE YOUR LIPS

IT MAY sound odd to talk about fashions in lips but you have only to get out the old plush-covered family album to see for yourself how lip styles have changed. When grandma was a girl, a rose-bud mouth was her ideal and many a lip was pursed and puckered into at least a semblance of that shape. When mother was a flapper, lip rouge, as we know it, was just getting its start and "painted faces" were regarded with more than a mite of suspicion. It wasn't quite "lady-like" to give nature such an obvious boost. And no wonder, when you think of the crude methods used in applying the stuff. At that time, few women knew how to use lip make-up. Then came the movies, and even in your own memories you may recall the grotesquely exaggerated lips of the early Joan Crawford, or the almost too perfectly outlined lips of the original Great Garbo.

However, just as soon as methods could catch up with inventions, a whole new art was born. It's been developing ever since until now it is practically perfect. The present trend in all make-up is toward naturalness. Artificiality is no longer good taste. Art that conceals art is the present fashion in lips. But how to achieve it? Where to begin? Nowadays, you can safely take your cue from the movies for their stars have become acknowledged leaders in make-up as well as in fashion.

Look at these pictures of June Lang, Ann Sothorn, Vir-

ginia Bruce, Jane Wyman and Ginger Rogers, for instance. Each one of these girls illustrates an excellent example of the correct lip make-up for her individual type. But let's start at the beginning. Lips are very important because not only their size and shape but also their make-up reveals your character and disposition as well as your personal habits.

Try to visualize your lips as a structural part of your physiognomy, to be fitted and related to the rest of your face, as well as to your individuality. They're not just two horizontal lines that separate your chin from your nose, and that are to be loaded with enough color to stop a line of traffic. Neither were they made to look like a million other pairs of lips from here to Hollywood. Let your lips express the best side of you.

Girls who live by the lens in Hollywood may not know it but they have a decided advantage over the rest of us in the business of acquiring and keeping soft, mobile, expressive lips, for they must forever be practicing their diction. This keeps mouths plastic and flexible and wards off those tight, set, prejudicial lines which add about ten years to anybody's appearance. No mumbling and mouth-ing of words for them. To keep their precious lips kissable these lassies practice laughing, smiling, puckering, whistling, blowing, chewing and all kinds of plain and fancy mouth exercises. With their facial (Continued on page 73)

By Carol
Carter



If you have a broad chin and cheeks with a narrow forehead like the lush Ann Sothorn, make up your lips to be both wide and long, with a slight upward tilt to the corners.

If your face is heart-shaped like the beautiful Virginia Bruce, your lips should be gracefully heart-shaped too, and your lip rouge should be medium, never heavy, in color.

The gay, piquant face of Jane Wyman needs a wide upper lip to balance her retrousse nose and her somewhat square jaw calls for full, graceful lips. Are you this type?

Ginger Rogers has a long narrow face so she rouges her lips fairly wide, especially the lower one. Then she carries plenty of color right out to the corners to give her face width.



June Lang's lovely face is the ideal oval which should have full natural-looking lips. If you are this type avoid lip rouge and other make-up which is either too bright or too heavy.

WITH SHOULDER TO THE WHEEL AND NOSE TO THE GRINDSTONE,

CASHING IN ON



Children who used to go to school to study history now go to the movies to study Ameche. But that doesn't perturb Don. He loves it!



With Andrea Leeds in "Swanee River" he portrayed Composer Stephen Foster's life as it might have been, but actually was not, lived.

By Elliott Cobb

NEXT TO Donald Duck, the screen's most frequently employed actor is probably Don Ameche, but you never hear any squawks from Don, and nobody ever saw him, in a fit of outraged temperament, jumping up and down on his hat or a movie script. No matter how discouraging the dialogue may be, and even the luckiest actor is bound to get stuck with a few choice specimens of ham (Don's dilemmas, of course, are all Class A, premium Smithfields), Ameche always speaks his piece like a member of that heroic British unit which Tennyson called the Noble Six Hundred. And meanwhile, his unwavering sense of discipline under the most withering fire of continuous assignments has marked him out as probably the most versatile, most tireless and most adaptable actor in Hollywood.

In baseball terms, Don would be defined as a general utility man, in diplomatic language, as an ambassador-at-large, in journalese, as a correspondent with a roving assignment. In the jargon of the movies, however, there is no verbal handle to fit his

special case, although in the future, actors who can take practically any role and do a good job may be known as "donameches." For Don's very lack of specialization has finally become stamped on the consciousness of producers as a particular kind of specialty! On the strength of that he is beginning to be much in demand for loanouts to other studios, in addition to being kept busy, as usual, by his own grateful and appreciative Twentieth Century-Fox.

So highly does his own home studio rate Don's varied talents, that they have been known to revise great men's biographies in order to give greater scope to them. In the recent "Swanee River," in which Don appeared as the immortal Stephen Collins Foster, America's greatest song-writer, the studio thriftily utilized Don's rich baritone voice by letting Foster render a few vocal selections from among his own beautiful plantation melodies. There is, of course, no historical evidence that the author of "My Old Kentucky Home" ever publicly plugged his own compositions, but it was a sweet thought and even those tiresome people who make a business of spotting "boners" in pictures probably forgave it, on the ground that the alteration, after all, made for a more romantic and touching story.

Don is a practical person who always does what the script says, as we remarked before. But if his attitude toward his work is eminently workmanlike, at least there is nothing dull or matter-of-fact about it. He has a way

OBEDIENT DON AMECHE PLUGS CONTENTEDLY ALONG

NATURALNESS



In "Alexander Graham Bell," Don immortalized the great inventor. Some day, an historical character may act "The Life of Don Ameche."



Here's Don and his wife returning from a brief vacation. The studio felt he needed a rest after putting in a solid season of hard work.

of looking as if he likes every role he tackles, and he will tackle anything, from the sad Indian lover of "Ramona" to "Alexander Graham Bell," the admirable but hardly romantic telephone tycoon.

Even when Don's vehicle suffers an artistic breakdown, he himself usually manages to draw a friendly nod or even a laudatory personal notice from the press. Other screen actors are considered no better than their last picture, but Don makes pictures so fast, no one can remember what his last one was.

Don seems to manage both of his careers, screen and radio, with remarkably little internal traffic congestion. He rushes from radio rehearsal to film studio to broadcast to interview—like the one we had with him the other day in his hotel in New York—but he seems to have a curious, self-conserving knack of being able to rush calmly. He even reminded us of that producer who is said to possess the unique faculty of running amuck while sitting down. Besides, this strenuous double life earns him the sympathy of lazy people like us, and makes it easier to forgive him whenever he is late for an appointment.

We spent the few minutes he kept us waiting in admiring the view of Central Park from his window, and finding out from the studio press agent why his apartment was on the eleventh floor, instead of in that lofty penthouse atmosphere below which movie stars usually can't breathe. It seems the location was not a result of modesty, though we take it that Don is as retiring as the next actor. Nor

was it due to thrift, for Don's hereditary background contains no Scotch, unless you want to make something of the fact that the elder Ameche used to run a saloon back in Kenosha, Wis. (Don actually is of mixed Italian, German and Irish extraction).

The fact is, that Mr. Ameche suffers from a mild case of whatever that phobia is which means a dread of high places, though why it only sets in above the eleventh floor is one of those details which the press agent could not explain. Anyway, that is why, in a vertical city like New York, where the relative importance of a movie star can practically be gauged by an altimeter, Don Ameche—who is certainly one of the most important—was skulking far down on the eleventh floor, practically below sea level—a traitor to his income group. We thought you might be interested to know.

When Don did arrive, he arrived suddenly, unannounced, like Jimmy Durante in the lingerie department. Urgent radio matters, involving Al Jolson and a whistle double, had held him up. It seems that whistling is about the only thing Don can't do on the radio, so the NBC people had to send out and get an emergency whistler. On consulting our
(Continued on page 86)

ON THE SET



Above: Madeleine Carroll is subjected to an exposure meter, an instrument which records the degree of light thrown on her face.



Right: Laraine Day, who gets a swell break in "My Son, My Son." Producer Small paid \$50,000 for screen rights to the book.



The story spans twenty-five years. Brian Aherne is shown, left, with Josephine Hutchinson who dies early in the tale.


"MY SON, MY SON," A

BEST-SELLING ENGLISH

NOVEL, ACQUIRES FLESH


AND BLOOD IN A FAR-

AWAY HOLLYWOOD STUDIO



Director Charles Vi-dor, left, instructs his stars. "My Son" is his reward for suc-cessful handling of Class B pictures.

Below: Aherne, some-what aged, orders cof-fee for Laraine. The stand is a private con-cession so drinks were not on the house.

Howard Spring's novel kept 180,000 American purchasers wide awake, yet Louis Hayward dares to doze over his copy of the script.

WHEN the devils of war began to scar the face of Europe, Producer Edward Small sat in his Hollywood home and shuddered. Long-distance cowardice, perhaps? Or extensive foreign holdings? Nothing of the sort. Producer Small was just feeling lowdown because it looked as though World War II was going to black out his filming plans for Howard Spring's novel, "My Son, My Son." The tale of this corking best-seller is laid in England and extravagant arrangements had been made to shoot the picture in its native locale. With the coming of the catastrophe, however, Small had discomfiting visions of bombs bursting in the balmy British air—an eventuality which was bound to hinder production. For a few bleak moments it seemed that "My Son" would never be more than a gleam in Edward's eye.

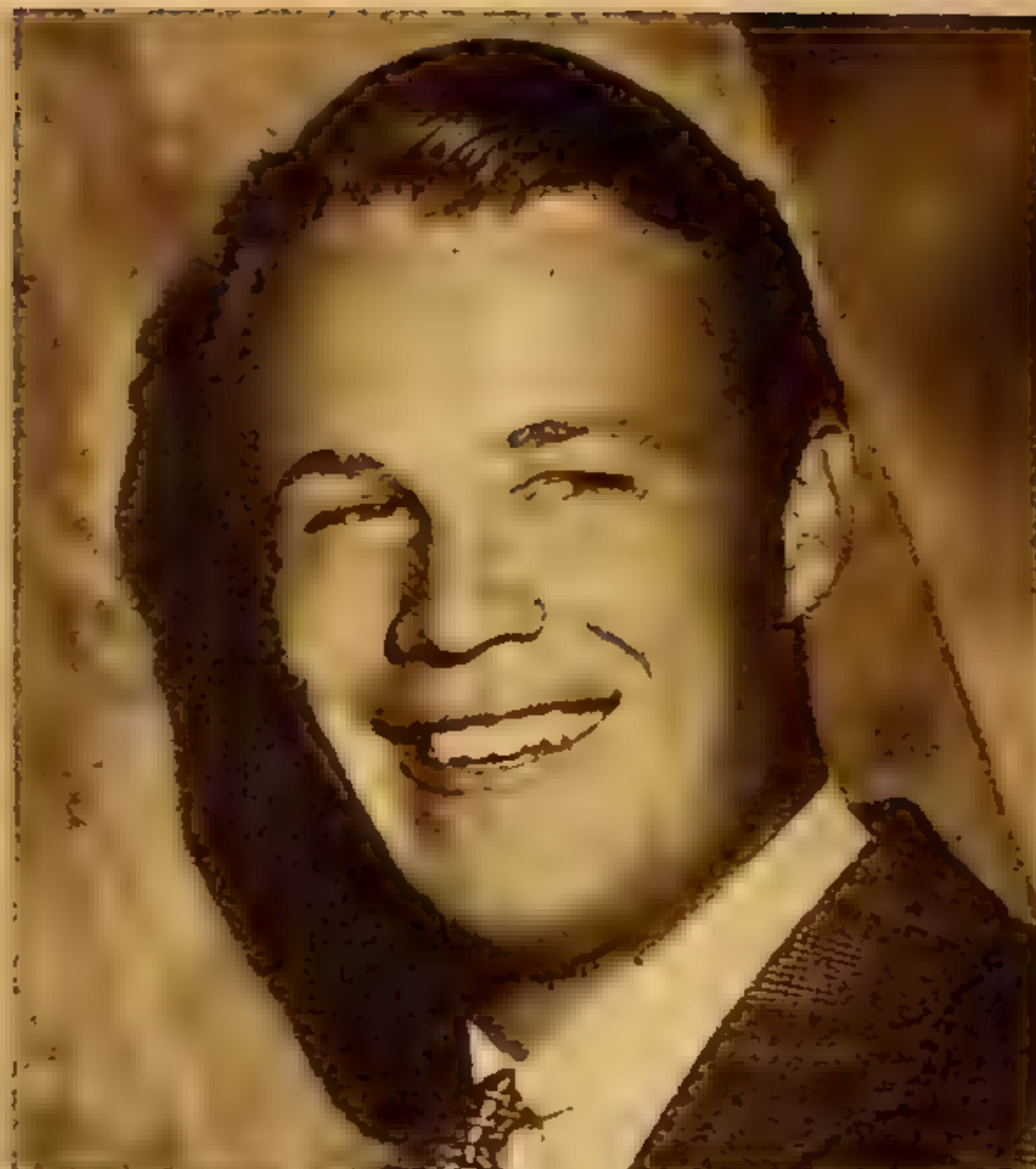
Suddenly he perked up. War, he realized, may tangle the affairs of dictators and dairymaids—but movie moguls? Never! Summoning his brilliant art director, John DuCasse Schulze, Small cheerfully announced that since he couldn't go to England, England was to be brought to him! Schulze didn't tumble off his seat. He had traveled widely in the British Isles, and if the boss wanted the "seat of Empire" to rise on the Pacific, he was the man to arrange it.

Acting promptly, Schulze engaged hundreds of skilled workmen and a corps of research workers to assist him in securing absolute perfection in every detail of set and costume design. So tremendous was his job that in addition to recreating London's Victoria Station and the slums of Manchester, he also constructed two complete houses, with interior sets built beside the exteriors. Rather than risk delay caused by bad weather, he ordered the houses erected indoors, on a massive sound stage, then went so far as to have the pounding breakers of the English sea-coast roll up on thousands of square feet of sand before one of the buildings! When the fruits of his labor reach the screen, movie-goers will see nearly forty individual sets, costing a total of \$180,000!

To this elaborate setting, Mr. Small brought 1,500 performers whom he had clothed in costumes worth \$67,000 in good U. S. cash. At their head he placed such delightful children of the Crown as Madeleine Carroll who plays a vivacious woman in love with her own stepson; Brian Aherne who appears as her husband; and Louis Hayward, third corner of the triangle. And if, as the cameras turned, he mentally thumbed his nose in the direction of the war-makers, who is humorless enough to blame him?

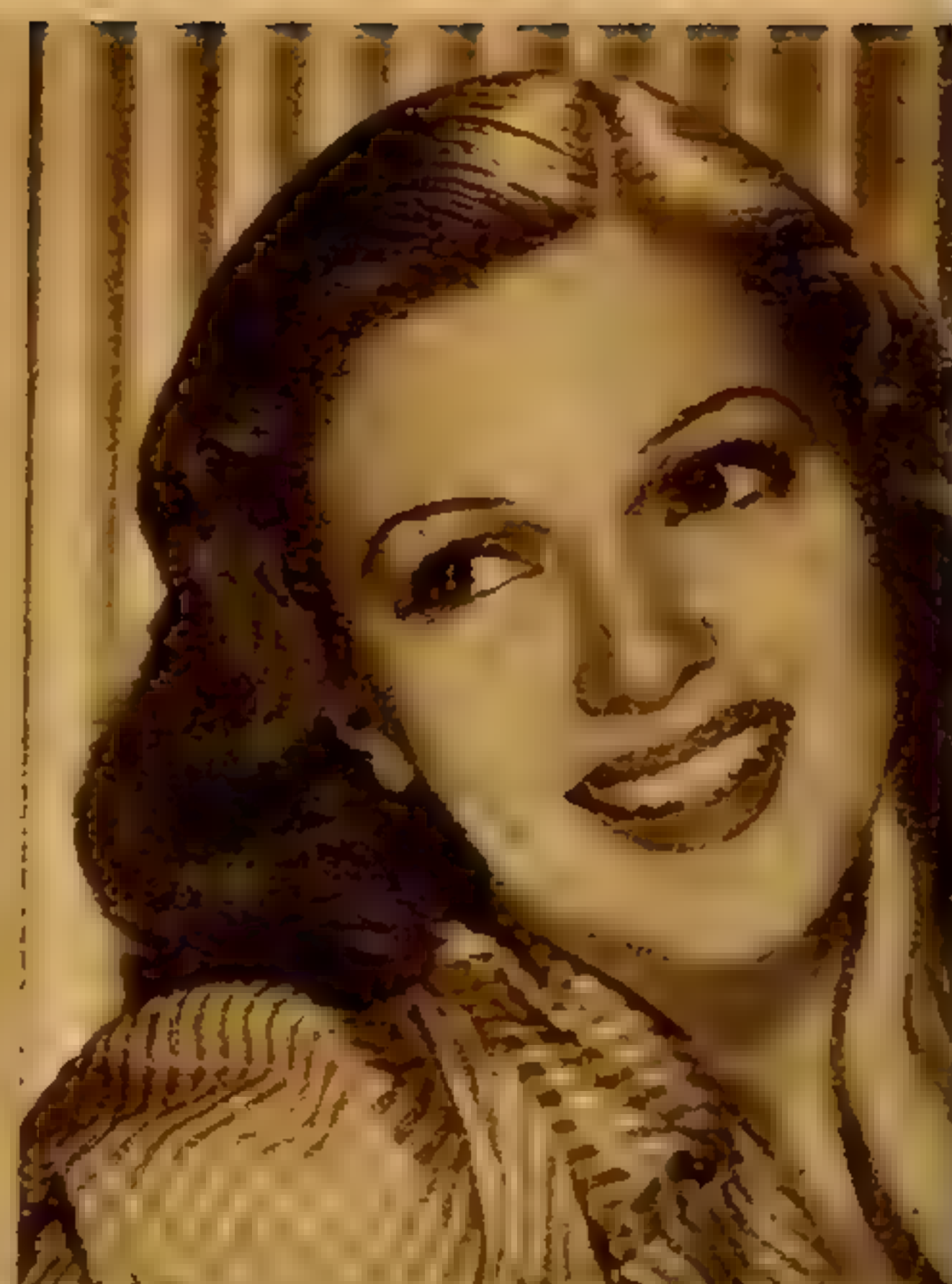


There's a reason why Eleanor Powell was found. It happened in an Atlantic City rehearsal hall.



Wayne Morris was spotted while emoting in the Pasadena Playhouse.

A talent scout bought his wife some stockings and unearthed Lana Turner.



SCOUTIN' AROUND



OF COURSE, you'll think he's getting a bit fresh with you.

He'll glance at your face, figure and legs. It won't be the first time it's happened to you, but you'll be annoyed.

Suddenly, he'll approach you. The nerve of the fellow! He'll inquire about a good place to eat or the location of the city hall—and you'll answer coldly. He'll continue talking, smoothly, cleverly—but you've met his type before. Just as he begins asking you for your telephone number—wait! Please wait! Don't slap him in the face! Because—

"He may be me," says Solly Baiano, ace Warner Brothers scout.

"Or me," admits Billy Grady, famous M-G-M sleuth.

"Or even me," confesses Julius Evans, RKO's new talent expert.

So be a good girl. Give him your phone number. Because he wants to make a date with you—not for a drink and a dance, but for an agonizing and thrilling session before a motion picture camera in Hollywood or New York.

If he shows you his studio employee's card, or proper credentials, you may believe in him and trust him. He's not a masher and not a racketeer. He's one of Hollywood's crazy undercovermen, a two-legged bloodhound ferreting out potential stars.

There are numerous steps in becoming a star. You have to make a screen test. A producer has to like that test. You have to deliver the goods. You have to have your options lifted. But first of all—before anything—you have to be discovered.

Discovery by a scout, like love, can happen at first sight. And in the most peculiar places. Cary Grant, a reformed stilt walker, was having lunch when he was found. Anthony Averill, a reporter on the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, was delivering an after-dinner speech when he was spotted. Gloria Dickson was emoting in a WPA show, and she mistook the scout for a masher. Ann Miller was dancing in a San Francisco night club. Mozella Milla, a newcomer, was first sighted collecting autographs of stars in front of the Brown Derby on Vine Street. Lucille Ball was a mannequin, Olympe Bradna romped in a chorus, Vincent Price was studying in England, and Frances Farmer took a free ocean voyage. That's where they were found!

So don't slap that talent scout in the face. And if he's legitimate, and tries to make a date, don't worry about the sex angle. It'll be entirely busi-



A tip from a relative and a sleuth dug up a radio announcer. You know him as leading man, Ronald Reagan.

It was in faraway Vienna that Ilona Massey charmed the man who was to make all her dreams come true.



FOR TALENT

ness. Talent scouts are not fiends. They are usually gentle married men, who love nothing more exciting than a snappy game of checkers or a taffy-pull, and who grow petunias in the backyard. They get twenty-four hours of glamour a day, and are very, very bored by beautiful women and handsome men.

"Don't worry about talent scouts," insisted Solly Baiano, as he moved restlessly about his office. "We are reputable men. I don't know of one case on record, in the last years, where a scout has even bothered to make a pass at a cute girl.

"In fact, it's the other way around! Nowadays, after I've discovered a new girl and have her come to the studio, I keep my office door open. To call for help! I swear by that. Recently, several girls became, well, overly affectionate. Their friends told them the easiest way to get into the movies was by being cheap and loose. They thought the best technique was—stripping.

"That's out. The minute a girl cheapens herself in any way to try to influence me, I'm not interested in her. I've been in this business twenty-two years. In that time I've seen enough attractive girls to make me dizzy. In that time my feelings have not once upset my judgment. When I travel, I study girls impersonally, coldly. They're not human, they're talent; products to be developed and exploited.

"The only time I'm interested in sex is not when a girl acts it, but when she radiates it. Is that clear? Lew Golder and myself are the two official Warner Brothers scouts. We go hunting for women. We don't search for Grecian profiles and de Milo shapes. We search for women with spark and warmth, for women who, even when they're asking for a glass of water, get across oomph and sex!"

Solly Baiano, dark-haired, dynamic, perched on a corner of his desk, and told me exactly how a studio bloodhound goes about his work.

"A short time ago I took a trip through the West. I was looking for leading men and women. I was searching for tall men. None under six feet. A George Raft, Jim Cagney and John Garfield would be exceptions. That's because they're characters. We get that kind from Broadway. But anyway, I was looking for big leading men, fellows who looked husky enough to lick Dempsey—hero types. And as for women, I repeat, I searched for oomph.

"I visited, mainly, colleges and little theatres. I like college actors. They're not juveniles, and they're usually more intelligent, mature, and speak better English than the average. For example, I visited the University in Seattle. I spotted a boy and a girl. I thought the girl was the better, but I brought them both down to the producers. And the producers liked the boy! (Continued on page 77)



If he looks you up and down with a curious eye, don't get pugilistic—he may be your fairy godfather.

**SIGHTING THE
STARS WITH
JULES BUCK, OUR
RAJAH OF THE
RAPID SHUTTERS**



All set to make a killing is Walter Connolly checking in at the Santa Anita race-track. But his horse refused to cooperate.



Randolph Scott and the Fred Astaires were contributors to the house purse, too. The day's heaviest loser was Mr. Scott, who placed all of his bets on long shots.



Basil Rathbone and his button-nosed Ouida arrive at a preview, accompanied by Mrs. R.'s rich-looking jewels, mink and velvet.



There are those who say that Carole is not too well, but she does look radiant before the health-giving smile of "old man" Gable.



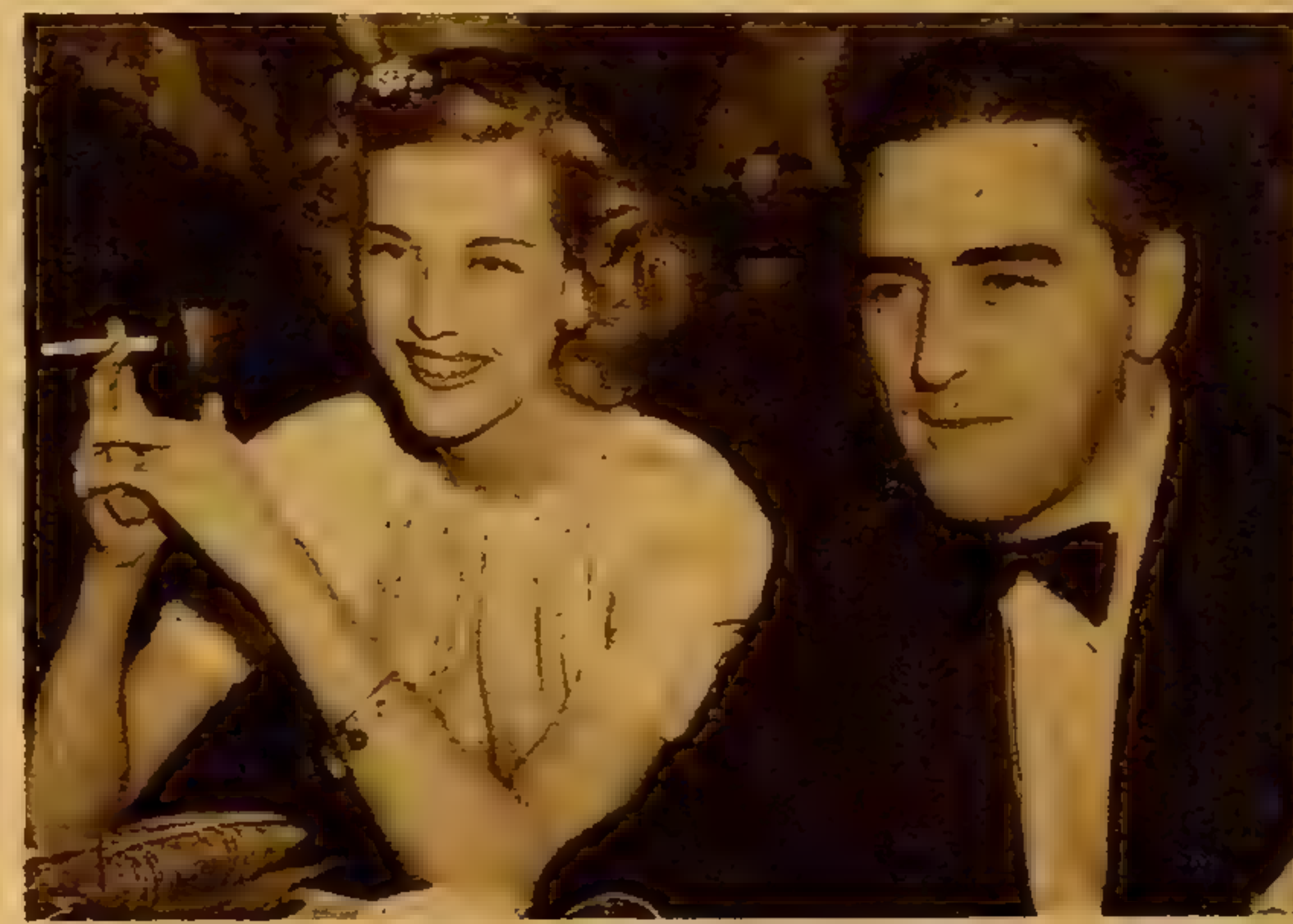
Richard Greene shows his fiancée, Virginia Field, how to nab that mysterious prowler who has been annoying the film folk of late. Wendy Barrie was the last victim.



With "The Dictator" nearing completion, Charlie Chaplin steps out for an evening of frivolity with his lovely missus, Paulette Goddard.



Rhumba dancers, Ida Lupino and Reginald Gardiner, perform for Ann Sheridan, Frances Robinson and Lloyd Pantages at La Conga.



Anita Louise returns to boy-friend, Buddy Adler, and Hollywood after a successful personal appearance tour with her famous harp. Is she glad to be back? You bet!



Luck's with Mickey Rooney! First he's named top of the box office heap. Now Sidney Miller points out his horse is leading the race.



It's Fred MacMurray sneaking under the ropes to dodge some determined autograph collectors at a preview. Pretty clever, Mr. M.!



George Raft looks dubious about Norma Shearer's bet on Allergic at Santa Anita. Her lapel pin is a replica of a little black boy. Norma collects lapel gadgets as a hobby.



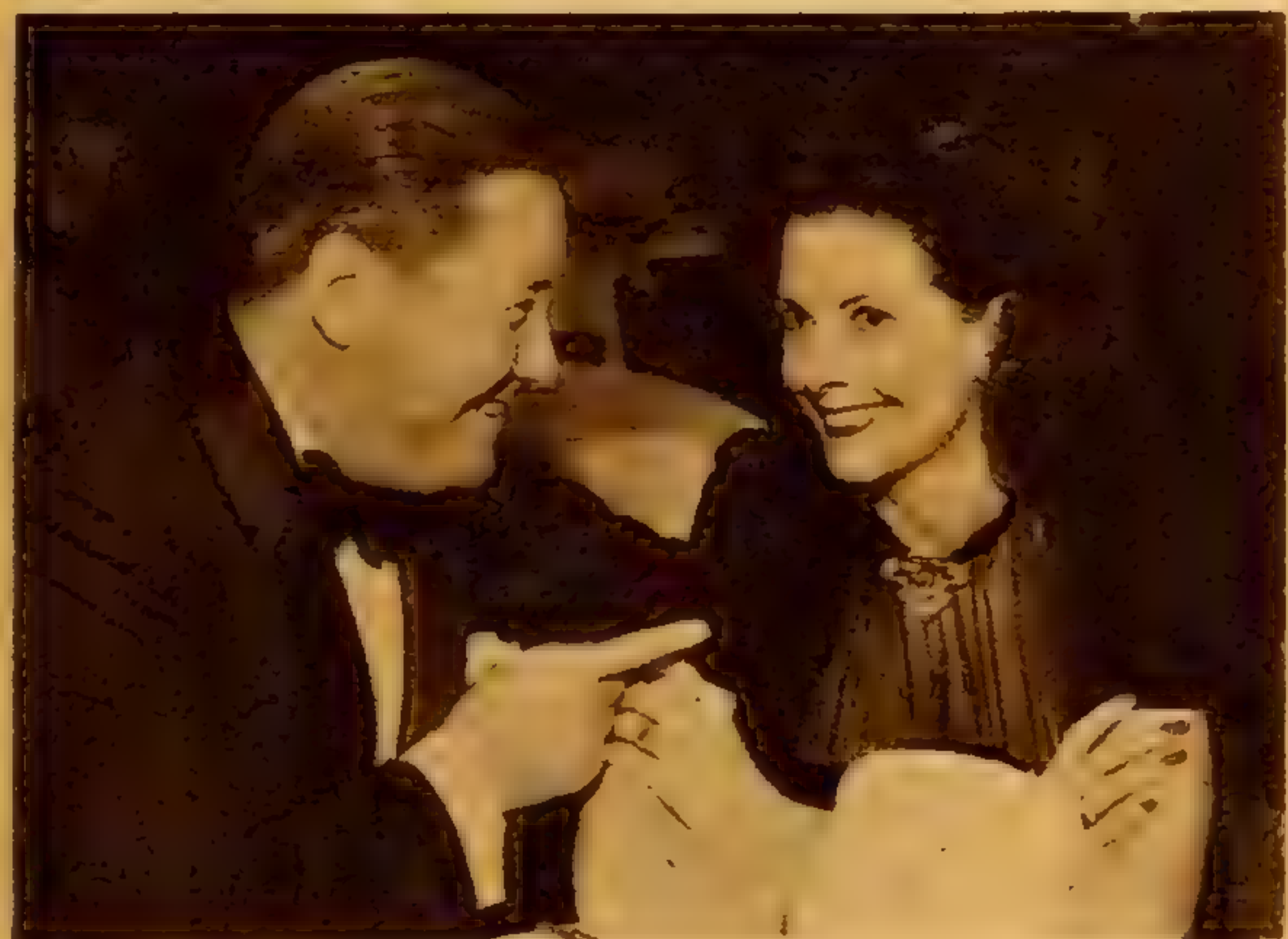
Metallic embroidery in medieval corselet design on Loretta Young's dinner dress, newer than tomorrow's paper. With her is Robert Riskin, Hollywood's top-notch screen writer.



Mrs. Stu Erwin, mother of two children, is as beautiful as on the night the Duke of Kent asked to meet her. She was June Collyer then.



Ralph Bellamy may be one of the screen's best actors, but in "Twenty Questions," filmland's favorite guessing game, his wife is tops.



It's a fourth anniversary celebration for Jack Oakie and his attractive wife, Venita Varden. Mrs. O. gave up her career as an actress when she married the comedian.



It must have been a bang-up affair to bring Irene Dunne and her husband, Dr. Francis Griffin, out of seclusion. They're not party-minded.



Joan Bennett and her newly acquired producer-husband, Walter Wanger. Their marriage license gives his age as 45; hers as 29.



Jean Arthur really takes "Grapes of Wrath" to heart, while her husband, Frank Ross, looks on with an appraising interest. Producer Zanuck paid \$75,000 for screen rights.



It was an all-star night at La Conga and the Mexican meteor, Lupe Velez, with Clayton Moore, watches the big-timers perform.



Binnie Barnes and announcer Mike Frankovitch are still "that way" about each other. They've even set the date—September 26th.



The pert Helen Parrish looks on while boy-friend, Forrest Tucker, doles out \$17.35 for the snack they'd just consumed. Without even the batting of an eyelash!



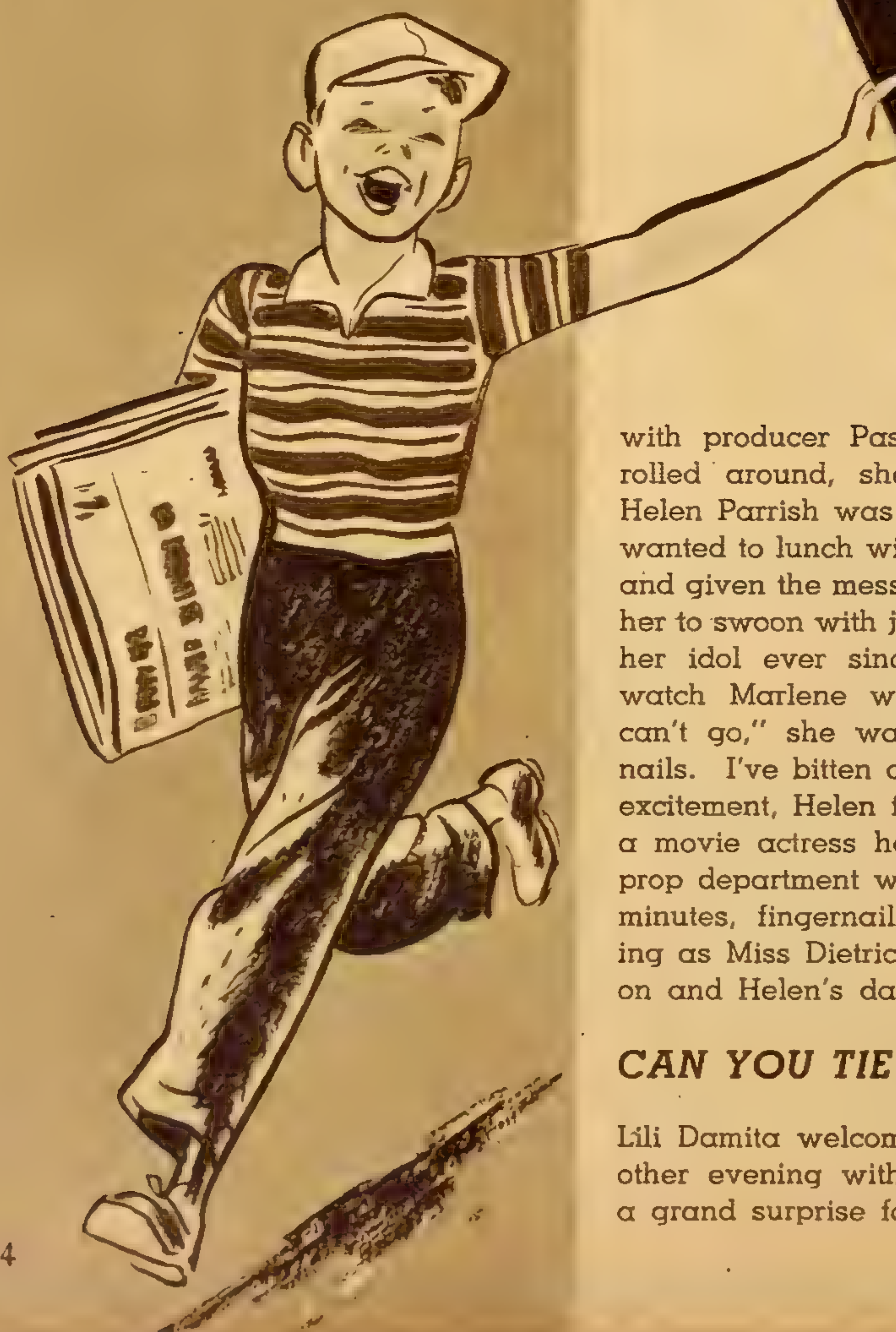
Easiest way to annoy Mrs. John Payne is to address her as Miss Anne Shirley. Says she, "I was Anne Shirley." And meaning it!



Now that their romance is table-talk, Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul are no longer camera shy. They're rid of the chaperon, too.

GOOD NEWS

THE LATEST CHATTER
STRAIGHT FROM
THE WESTERN FRONT



GINGER'S NEW OUTFIT

At a recent party, Ginger Rogers made her appearance in a silver lamé dress and matching turban. Ginger generally manages to steal the center of the stage from any of the glamour girls present, but in this costume she looked more peculiar than appealing. Her escort for the evening was designer Walter Plunkett. Overheard during the evening was the remark, "If Plunkett designed that dress for Ginger, he's certainly not in love with her." (See page 43 for picture).

BETTE BREAKS ANOTHER RECORD

Only one in Hollywood who knew about Jane Bryan's plans to marry was Bette Davis. Jane had gone blithely on letting the studio make much of her romance with Eddie Albert and all the time keeping mum about the fact that she even knew one Justin Dart. "If Janie hadn't eloped when she did," Bette said, "I would have had a complete nervous breakdown. After all, I'm only a woman, and I'd kept a secret for six whole months. That's an all-time feminine endurance record."

PAGING THE PROP DEPT.

Marlene Dietrich dropped in at Universal the other day to discuss her forthcoming picture

into the living-room and pointed with pride to a new tapestry on the wall. "It's beautiful," agreed Errol, "where'd you get it?" "I made it," said his wife, with pride. "Out of all your Christmas ties. See that polka-dot pattern in the middle? That's the one I gave you!"

SO IT GOES!

Bette Davis' recent cocktail party at the Trocadero was a tremendous success. With two hundred guests invited, the Troc overflown with six hundred before the afternoon was long on its way. Hedy Lamarr arrived in a black velvet outfit with a large floppy black hat, and was mistaken for Vivien Leigh by countless people. Must have been a blow for Hedy, after all the girls in town have been trying to look like her, to have people take her for the girl-of-the-moment, Vivien Leigh. Not long back, it was Joan Bennett mistaken for Hedy; now it's Hedy for Miss Leigh. To complete the jigsaw, why not Vivien for Miss Bennett!



with producer Pasternak. When noon-time rolled around, she asked the producer if Helen Parrish was on the lot that day. She wanted to lunch with her. Helen was paged and given the message, which almost caused her to swoon with joy since Dietrich has been her idol ever since she was permitted to watch Marlene work in "Destry." "But I can't go," she wailed, "look at my fingernails. I've bitten off three of them!" In her excitement, Helen forgot that, after all, she's a movie actress herself and that the studio prop department was at her service. In ten minutes, fingernails as gorgeous and glaring as Miss Dietrich's own had been pasted on and Helen's day was saved.

CAN YOU TIE IT?

Lili Damita welcomed Errol Flynn home the other evening with the news that she had a grand surprise for him. She ushered him

BILL POWELL'S BRIDE

No one was any more surprised at the Bill Powell-Diana Lewis marriage than Diana herself. She and Powell had just returned from a week-end with friends at Palm Springs and were having dinner at the Powell home when Bill popped the question. The bride admits that the wedding-ring purchased by the groom just before the ceremony had to be taped in order to stay on her finger and that she had a terrific run in her stocking, besides. But she also admits that being Mrs. William Powell is too wonderful for words.

CRASHING THE MOVIES

On the set of "New Moon," Jeanette MacDonald was just going into a scene when her scarf slipped and fell to the floor. Rose, her maid of many years, picked it up and rushed right into camera-range exclaiming

By Lois
Svensrud



"You dropped your scarf, Miss MacDonald." Overcome with embarrassment at her mistake, Rose burst into tears. Nothing that Jeanette said seemed to comfort her. But Director Robert Z. Leonard fixed it up in one moment. "I didn't realize what a grand speaking voice you have, Rose," he said. "We'll run the rushes tonight and if you look as good as you sound we'll use you for a bit in the picture." We're happy to report that Rose looked as good as she sounded and was rewarded with a small part in the picture.

GUESS WHO?

Into a Hollywood market walked a strange figure the other morning. It was raining and the girl, wearing a fleecy lamb coat, looked for all the world like a drowned cat. Her long blonde hair dripped and even her dark glasses were glistening with water. At the vegetable counter she asked for a bunch of baby carrots and trudged out into the rain again munching on them. Yah, Garbo VAS the girl.

DRUMMER BARNES

Binnie Barnes walked into the "Gulf Screen Guild Theatre" rehearsal with all the customary dignity of a British-bred lady—until she saw the drum in Oscar Bradley's band. Then she started to "beat the hides" like a typical jitterbug. Binnie admitted that she's an amateur drummer and plays in Ben Hecht's band composed of movie folk who are amateur musicians.

JUDY'S LOVE LIFE

Folks around the studio were pretty much agog when Judy Garland showed up the other day wearing Jimmy McCartney's fraternity ring. "Nothing romantic," said Judy. "I just like Jimmy and I like the Kappa Sigma ring." It's a foursome every time Judy and Jimmy date, for Sue Garland, Judy's 21-year-old sister, goes along with Jimmy's older brother. "I don't see how anyone could get romantic," sighed Judy, "when every date is such a family affair." The truth is that Judy still thinks Mr. Rooney has what it takes when it comes to romance. But Mickey never seems to take her seriously, regarding her as a child who should be taken to the badminton courts or the bowling alleys for an evening's diversion. The other evening Judy decided that she would get all "done up" like a glamour girl for Mickey. She thought he'd be so pleasantly surprised that he would suggest an evening of dining and dancing at the night-spots. Mickey arrived and surveyed the beauteous vision of Judy in white tulle and silver sequins. "Listen, toots," he said kindly, "that's not the kind of get-up sophisticated girls wear to bowl in. I've reserved an alley for eight sharp, so you'd better change in a hurry."

TOUGH COMPETITION FOR TRACY

Spencer Tracy came out of the projection-room at Metro the other day looking pre-occupied. As he was getting into his car, Mickey Rooney strolled by and Tracy called out, "Wait a minute there, Mickey." "You know," he said as Mickey came up to him, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself. I've just seen 'Young Mr. Edison' and my next picture, in case you've forgotten, is 'Edison, the Man.' Believe me, you're making the competition pretty tough for an old guy like me." Incidentally, even the crews on the two pictures are making bets as to which picture will win the heaviest plaudits.

AT FARMER'S MARKET

Carole Lombard debating about the selection of hot buttered nuts at Magees, and sampling each kind before okaying the

wrapping . . . Boris Karloff looking very domestic and not scaring a soul as he helps the Missus do the Saturday marketing . . . Mary Brian buying violets and saying "hello" to Dolores Costello as Mary chooses the reddest roses at Watanabe's Flower shop . . . Paulette Goddard trying to look unconcerned as she ignores the fans staring in open-mouth adoration at Charlie Chaplin . . . Comedian Bob Burns amusing the merchants as he queries how "this here co-op" is run.

WEST VS. FIELDS

On the set of "My Little Chickadee," Mae West and W. C. Fields struck up such a friendship that they have been seeing each other regularly since the picture was completed. With the whole town predicting that spontaneous combustion would result from teaming these two rugged individualists in the same picture, Mae and W. C. provided the surprise of the century by ending up fast friends. Oh, they had their words, but they also had their laughs. And now they get together for more of the latter at least once a week.

CLARK'S CHICKENS

The Clark Gables are spending every evening pouring over maps of South America. That's going to be their next trip—and they hope in the very near future. Only thing that's bothering Gable about leaving Hollywood for such a long time is the possibility of his chickens not getting the right care. For four months now he's personally taken care of them, night and morning, according to detailed instructions in the best government pamphlets. "I don't want to sound conceited," he told co-workers on the "Strange Cargo" set the other day, "but I wonder if anyone else would give those leghorns the unstinted devotion that I've lavished on them every day."

HE DOESN'T MISS A TRICK

A visitor of importance was being taken around the Goldwyn Studios the other day by no less a personage than Sam Goldwyn himself. They came to a large set and Mr. G. launched into an explanation of the scene. "See those steps over there?" he asked, pointing out a tremendous flight of stairs to the right. "Down those steps will come one hundred dancing girls. And down that flight of stairs on the left will come one hundred men on one hundred beautiful horses. From those woods over there will come two hundred fairies and elves. Imagine all that—all in one scene! And with a symphonic accompaniment of wood winds and singing violins too!" The beaming producer clapped his hand on the visitor's shoulder. "Colossal, isn't it?" he enthused. "But say," he added, looking at the man's lapel with a marked drop of enthusiasm, "what a lousy job the tailor did on that button-hole!"



FAY Bainter

IT'S A TOUGH WORLD

The other day our photographer went out to Bobby Breen's house to take some pictures. Bobby greeted him with such a long face that our camera-sleuth said, "Hey, there, where's that customary Breen grin?" "I don't feel so good," said Bobby. "Jeepers, I thought if I had my picture taken I could get out of going to the dentist. But that guy's just called and said he'll take me later. Gleeps," he added drearily, "wouldn'tcha think a fellow'd get a break once in his life?"

CHIPS OFF THE OLD BLOCK

When Bing Crosby goes on his daily morning jaunt to Santa Anita to look over the horses, he's accompanied by all four of his sons. The boys aren't allowed around the races, but Bing lets them wander around and admire the horseflesh at the stables. No doubt about it, all the boys have inherited their pappy's love of horses. Each of the three older ones has a horse. Even the youngest son, Lindsay, jogs around the family backyard strapped to a saddle.

GETTING AWAY FROM IT ALL

Character actor Charles Trowbridge and his wife took a trip to Mexico to get away from the familiar faces of Hollywood. In the tiny hillside town of Taxco, far away even from cosmopolitan Mexico City, the Trowbridges ducked into a quaint little bar. From a corner booth they heard American voices which they seemed to recognize. Then they went over to greet—Myrna Loy and her husband Arthur Hornblow! Agreed that it was quite impossible to get away from Hollywood, they all sat down to a dinner of enchilados and a good gab-fest about—you guessed it—Hollywood!

AROUND TOWN

Autograph hounds catching Jimmy Stewart just outside the Westwood Village Theatre, and making him sign their books in the pouring rain . . . Helen Parrish and Forrest Tucker holding hands at La Conga, but denying any early marriage date . . . Linda Darnell looking pretty as a picture in a tulle evening dress and dancing with Robert Shaw at the Cocanut Grove . . . Reggie Gardiner having the time of his life escort-

ing both Frances Robinson and Ida Lupino to La Conga. Louis Hayward had to work that night . . . Ann Sothorn and Roger Pryor dodging the fans at a Pantages Theatre preview by sneaking under the ropes . . . Ann Sheridan at the Brown Derby advising her escort, Jean Negulesco, that she wants a medium rare steak with



PAT O'BRIEN

French fries . . . Barbara and Bob Taylor mounting the balcony steps at the Village Theatre preview of Barbara's new picture. They like upstairs best not only because of the view but because they can smoke up there . . . Dietrich bowing to her fans with a queenly grace as she exits from an important premiere. It's always quite obvious that Marlene loves the applause . . . Binnie Barnes proudly displaying her five-and-a-half-carat diamond ring to Gregory and Gus, co-headwaiters at the Beverly Brown Derby, and grinning at Mike Frankovitch as the boys "oooh" and "ah" . . . Mickey Rooney patting a small boy on the head and saying "You're welcome, Sonny," after scrawling his name in the kid's autograph book.

THE MENACE RELAXES

On the set of "Black Friday," the new Lugosi-Karloff shiverer, a scene had just been played wherein the tenth murder was committed. Actually, there are twelve and a half murders in this picture, since one of the victims is half dead when Mr. Lugosi finishes him off. However, the tenth murder we were witnessing was lurid enough. The victim was lying on the floor breathing his last, with Mr. Karloff leering down at him, when someone from the sidelines called, "Four o'clock, Mr. Karloff!" The leer disappeared like magic and the Karloff countenance was benign as he left the scene and settled down in a chair drawn up to a tea-table. "Four o'clock," explained Mr. Karloff, "is my tea-time, and nothing can keep me from it. Yep," he said, noting our amazement, "it's tea—not TNT."

LOVE WITH SHOES

Gail Patrick thinks that "My Favorite Wife" is the most wonderful picture that has ever fallen to her lot. "Oh sure, the story's all right, the cast is fine and all that," she said, "but what's so wonderful about it is that I

can keep my shoes on!" Gail, you know, measures five feet eight in her stocking feet and most leading men can't beat that record. "For the first time in my life," she sighed blissfully, "I can keep my spike heels on as I look adoringly up at the leading man." Cary Grant, the leading man in question wandered by and said, "Gail, an adoring glance would look good from you any time—even in stocking feet."

NOT A BAD IDEA

The story is going the rounds about an amusing incident in the filming of a Cecil B. DeMille picture. It was a typical DeMille mob scene with a thousand or so extras lined up for directions. Mr. DeMille's assistants and assistant assistants had given orders for complete quiet before the director would



ANN SHERIDAN

talk. A hush fell on the crowd at once, but Mr. DeMille's eagle eye spotted a girl in the last row whispering to a companion. "Will you," he blared through the microphone, pointing at the girl, "come up on the platform at once?" The girl, shaking in her boots, made her way through the mob and up to the platform. "Now," said Mr. DeMille, "if what you have to say is important enough to tell your friend at a time like this, it is important enough to tell all of us." The girl shook her head, mumbled that it wasn't important, that she was sorry, and please, she didn't want to repeat it. Mr. DeMille was adamant, "Just say it right here into the microphone," he insisted. So the girl stepped to the mike and said, "I just said I wondered when this so-and-so was going to let us go to lunch." Mr. DeMille gulped, then stepped to the mike. "Lunch!" he announced.

NO PEACE FOR THE FAMOUS

At a Hollywood drive-in, Pat O'Brien and his wife, Eloise, sat down at the counter and ordered hamburgers and coffee. By the time the order arrived, a dozen fans had congregated, some begging for autographs and the rest just ready to stand by and get a good look at the actor. But Pat pulled a fast one on them. He shook hands all around, then picked up his plate and coffee cup and adjourned to his car at the curb. There he consumed his lunch in peace and quiet behind locked doors.

AUNT JOAN

Joan Crawford took her six-year-old niece to see "Ninotchka" at a neighborhood theatre the other evening. When the scene where Garbo gets a bottle of goat's milk flashed on the screen, Joanie, Jr., stood up and yelled, "Goat's milk built me up, too!"

IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE!

The other evening Hedy Lamarr noticed that one of Bette Davis' pictures was playing at a neighborhood theatre, so she and her housekeeper started out to see it. A long line was waiting at the box-office so Hedy and her companion lined up with them. However, the show wasn't going on for another half-hour, so they finally decided to go around to the side-door and see if an usher would let them in. An usher came to the door all right, but on hearing Hedy's proposition, said, "Say, listen, the only one who ever went in this side door was Shirley Temple. Who in heck do you think you are?" Hedy reports that she and the housekeeper sulked away and rejoined the line in front of the theatre.

ALONG SUNSET STRIP

Alice Faye smiling as Maurice, the florist, calls her "Mademoiselle" then hastily changes it to "Madame" when he remembers her real name. Whereupon Alice bought an extra bouquet of pink carnations . . . Ed-

up the proceedings. They call it their parcel-post home, since contractors sent them pictures and plans every week while the stars were in New York. Now that Alice has returned to the coast she still refuses to go near the house until every stick of furniture is in place. "I just couldn't go through the disappointment again of seeing the house and then having something happen to it before we moved in," she says. That's what happened a few months ago, you know, when the Martin home burned to the ground before there had been time for a legitimate house-warming. We wish the Martins better luck this time!

THE MEN HAVE THE FLOOR

On the set of "Too Many Husbands," Jean Arthur, Fred MacMurray and Melvyn Douglas were staging a free-for-all-three fight. The studio had constructed padded walls and floors for the scene, to make sure that such valuable property as Arthur, MacMurray and Douglas would come out of the fracas undented. After a few rehearsals, Jean complained to the director that neither of the men would hit her hard enough. "It isn't fair," she said. "They've got an agreement to knock each other down every other time, and me, I never get a chance to rest on that padded floor."

JUST IN CASE

From Sun Valley, Idaho, comes the news that Claudette Colbert is the best woman skier who ever hit that famous resort. Claudette admits that she's taken lessons for years and has really concentrated upon becoming an expert. "I suppose I am pretty good," she admits, "but you'll note I never go on a skiing jaunt without my husband. And believe me, I never take off for a jump without making sure that my doctor is right on the job at the foot of the slide."

cabin to dancing teacher Arthur Murray . . . Mae West says she's looking forward to her next picture. Her leading man will be Wally Beery . . . Jimmy Stewart has bought a lot in his home town, Indiana, Pennsylvania, and says he's going to build a home on it for himself . . . Dorothy Lamour does her first dancing on the screen in "Dance With The Devil," and says she was scared to death the day they shot the scene . . . Edgar Kennedy is trying to find somebody who wants to buy \$200 worth of ski equipment. Says he'll never learn how to keep both feet where they belong, and is going to give up trying . . . Lindy's Cafe is featuring Scarlett O'Hara and Rhett Butler cocktails . . . Anne Shirley is part owner of a local dress shop . . . Gladys George is writing an autobiography . . . Bette Davis now owns a home in Hollywood on Los Feliz Boulevard, and wouldn't move in until she had designed all the furniture and drapes . . . M-G-M has given Ann Rutherford a \$1000 bonus for behaving so beautifully while on her personal appearance tour.

IT WORKED

Movie stars have thought up a new idea to dodge the candid camera's eye. At the Brown Derby the other day, Norma Shearer, Dorothy Lamour and Madeleine Carroll were lunching together. Three such lovelies made a grand picture prospect so a couple of cameramen rushed up and asked the girls to strike a pose. "Sorry," said the stars, "but look!" They pointed to their heads—all full of hair curlers. Seems there is something about hair curlers that will scare any man—even a cameraman—and the two photo-sleuths left without an argument.

WHY, MR. FIELDS!

W. C. Fields was so hesitant about encouraging friends to drop by his dressing-room at Universal that word got around he was "getting difficult." "Difficult, my grandmother," said Fields, when a pal dropped him a hint. "I'm just extremely nervous. What would my fine-feathered friends say if they dropped in and saw me smoking on a peach satin chaise longue beside a dressing-table bending under thirty bottles of perfume?" Marlene Dietrich's former dressing-room, it developed, had fallen to the lot of poor Mr. Fields. (Continued on page 103)



GAIL PATRICK



ROBERT TAYLOR

ward G. Robinson speeding along in his green coupe and puffing on a very big seegar . . . Fanny Brice rehearsing her Baby Snooks routine and sitting up in front with the chauffeur while the back seat of her swanky town car is entirely empty . . . Eddie Cantor carefully choosing his smallest daughter's favorite candy bar at Tobey's Drugstore . . . Gracie Allen waving and yelling at some friends as she drives by, and causing plenty of horn tooting behind her as she holds up traffic.

PARCEL-POST HOME

Incidentally, Alice Faye and Tony Martin won't be staying long in their rented home. Their San Fernando house is slowly but surely nearing completion, though neither of the Martins has been on hand to speed

SHORT SHOTS

Deanna Durbin gets kissed twice in "It's A Date." The lucky man is Lewis Howard . . . Wally Beery has transformed the back seat of his new car into a nursery on wheels for his new adopted daughter, Phyllis Ann. There's ever a heater for her bottle . . . Betty Grable sold her Arrowhead



JOAN CRAWFORD

HEART THROBS IN THE HEADLINES



Gable's a backward boy compared to Vivien Leigh's real heart interest, Laurence Olivier. They've been in love for years but at Selznick's request their romance was kept quiet till the completion of "GWTW."

THE EXCITING ROMANCE OF LAURENCE OLIVIER AND VIVIEN LEIGH BLAZES BRILLIANTLY ON THE HOLLYWOOD HORIZON



THERE ARE three important steps in every love affair. I see you, I know you, and I want you. Laurence Olivier took them all at a leap—and landed in the arms of Vivien Leigh.

Laurence first met Vivien in the summer of 1936 during the production of a British film in which they both appeared. The instant his brooding brown eyes lit on her fiery green ones, he was smitten by that powerful something which stops men cold. Now, love is all right in its place but its place, he knew, is not in the heart of a man who is supposedly the devoted husband of another woman. Laurence had been married to Jill Esmond for six years and she had borne him a son. He didn't want to hurt her. Neither did he care to upset Leigh Holman, his beloved's spouse and father of her little daughter, Suzanne.

But Vivien's fascination was greater than Laurie's good intentions. He found he couldn't live without her. And he wasn't a bit angry when he found she couldn't live without him. Before long, they left their mates and their children for each other. There was no alternative.

Vivien and Laurence are a likable, honest pair. They have never attempted to conceal their romance. Perhaps their mutual "we'll-do-as-we-please-and-drat-public-opinion" attitude has played a huge part in holding them together. For example, it is no secret that Vivien left London and followed Laurie to Hollywood because she couldn't endure the separation caused by his work in "Wuthering Heights." Nor is there any mystery about her "chance" meeting with Agent Myron Selznick, and her eventual "Scarlett" assignment. Laurie arranged that. He pulled every string he could find to keep her by his side and, when the omnipotent David O. awarded her the most discussed role since Bernhardt played Camille, it was his off-the-set encouragement which led her to a magnificent performance.

Some months ago, Jill Esmond Olivier filed suit for divorce, and more recently Leigh Holman took similar steps. Before the year is out Vivien and her inamorato will be free to head for the altar—and it's a cinch they'll waste no time getting there.

Miss Elizabeth Stuyvesant Fish, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Fish of Washington, D. C., is a popular debutante. Here, she and some of her deb friends primp between dances.



Making Her Debut

**BUT BOTH HELP
KEEP THEIR SKIN FRESH
AND YOUNG LOOKING
WITH POND'S**

Miss Janet Holden of Cleveland, Ohio, has been working for almost two years in one of Cleveland's leading department stores—is ambitious to be a buyer some day.



Writing Sales Slips

QUESTION TO MISS FISH:

Miss Fish, when do you believe a girl should begin guarding her complexion with regular care?

ANSWER: "The younger the better! I think if you want a nice skin when you're older, you have to take care of it when you're young. That's why I began using Pond's 2 Creams when I reached my 'teens. Every girl wants a lovely complexion! Using both Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream every day helps to keep *mine* clear."

QUESTION TO MISS FISH:

Would you describe what each Pond's Cream does for your skin, Miss Fish?

ANSWER: "Yes, of course. Every morning and evening I use Pond's Cold Cream to freshen up my face. These regular cleansings help keep my skin looking soft and healthy. Pond's Vanishing Cream serves an entirely different purpose. I use it before powdering to give my skin a soft finish that holds powder smoothly for hours."

QUESTION TO MISS HOLDEN:

In your opinion, Miss Holden, what things help most in a career girl's success?

ANSWER: "Interest in her job, willingness to work and a *good appearance!* But nothing cheats your looks like a dull, cloudy skin, so you can bet I'm always sure to use Pond's Cold Cream to keep *my* skin really clean and soft. I can count on it to remove every trace of dirt and make-up!"

QUESTION TO MISS HOLDEN:

Doesn't the wind off Lake Erie make your skin rough and difficult to powder?

ANSWER: "Well, Cleveland is mighty breezy, but little skin roughnesses don't worry me a bit. I just use another Pond's Cream to help smooth them away . . . by that I mean Pond's Vanishing Cream. And besides smoothing and protecting my skin, it's perfect for powder base and overnight cream because it's absolutely non-greasy!"

Washington's smart young people take an active interest in national affairs. Miss Fish shows out-of-town guests some of the city's historic landmarks.



A Sunday ride in an open car is fun—but chilly! When her young man suggests stopping for "franks" and hot coffee, Miss Holden thinks it's a fine idea.



Miss Holden entertains. The rugs are rolled back, she takes her turn at changing the records, and it's "on with the dance" to the tune of the latest swing!



Life for a Washington debutante means a constant round of parties—this spring Miss Fish is having the busiest season she has ever known.



POND'S, Dept. 9MS-CVD, Clinton, Conn.

SEND FOR TRIAL BEAUTY KIT Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of Pond's Vanishing Cream, Pond's Liquefying Cream (quicker-melting cleansing cream), and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

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MODERN SCREEN

(Continued from page 6)

NAME	PREVIOUS OCCUPATION	FIRST FEATURE- LENGTH MOVIE	YEAR	FAVORITE SPORT	HOBBY	PRESENT STUDIO	ADDRESS
Barrymore, John	Newspaper Cartoonist	The Sea Beast	1926	Hunting	Agriculture	P	Home—1116 BaLagio, Bel-Air
Barrymore, Lionel	Stage Actor	Friends	1909	Fishing	Composing Music	M G M	Home—802 N. Roxbury Drive, Beverly Hills
Barthelmess, Richard	Business Man	War Brides	1916	Sailing	Carpentry	C	Home—501 Sunset Blvd., Beverly Hills
Bartholomew, Fred	Student	David Copperfield	1935	Swimming	Stamp Collecting	R K O	Studio—780 Gower St., Hollywood
Baxter, Warner	Insurance Agent	Her Own Money	1922	Riding	Wood Carving	T C F	Home—688 Nimes Road, Bel-Air
Beery, Wallace	Animal Trainer	Behind the Door	1920	Golf	Photography	M G M	Home—816 Alpine Drive, Beverly Hills
Bellamy, Ralph	Stage Carpenter	The Secret Six	1931	Tennis	None	C	Home—10401 Wyton, Los Angeles
Benchley, Robert	Author	Headline Shooter	1933	Riding	Collecting Collar Buttons	M G M	Home—Garden of Allah, Hollywood
Bennett, Constance	Student	Cytherea	1924	Swimming	Playing Bridge	T C F	Home—280 N. Carolwood Dr., Holmby Hills
Bennett, Joan	Interior Decorator	Bulldog Drummond	1922	Badminton	Interior Decorat- ing	U A	Home—515 S. Mapleton, Holmby Hills
Benny, Jack	Doorman	Hollywood Revue of 1929	1929	Golf	Impersonating Celebrities	P	Home—1002 No. Rox- bury, Beverly Hills
Bergen, Edgar	Ventriloquist	Goldwyn Follies	1938	Football	Making Home Movies	U	Home—9876 Beverly Grove, Beverly Hills
Bergman, Ingrid	Stage Actress (in Sweden)	Intermezzo, a Love Story	1939	Badminton	Blending Perfume	U A	Studio—1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood
Blondell, Joan	Salesgirl	Sinner's Holiday	1930	Tennis	Dress Designing	C	Home—711 N. Maple, Beverly Hills
Bogart, Humphrey	Prop Boy	Up the River	1930	Polo	Collecting Fire- arms	W B	Home—9787 Shoreham, Holmby Hills
Boland, Mary	Stock Player	Secrets of a Secretary	1931	Hiking	Sculpture	P	Home—Plaza Apts., Beverly Hills
Boles, John	Bank Clerk	Loves of Sunya	1927	Boating	Short Story Writing	U A	Home—257 S. Roxbury, Beverly Hills
Bolger, Ray	Salesman	The Great Ziegfeld	1936	Dancing	Collecting Records	M G M	Home—513 N. Martel, Hollywood
Boyd, William	Hotel Clerk	Bobbed Hair	1922	Riding	Photography	P	Home—22048 Roosevelt Hway., Bel-Air
Boyer, Charles	Teacher	Big House	1930	Tennis	Collecting Muse- um Pieces	U	Home—9955 Beverly Estates, Beverly Hills
Bradna, Olympe	Dancer	Three Cheers for Love	1936	Swimming	Dancing	P	Studio—5451 Marathon St., Hollywood
Brent, George	Diamond Miner	Rich Are Always With Us	1932	Yachting	Fashioning Wrought Iron Furniture	W B	Home—704 N. Palm Drive, Beverly Hills
Brice, Fanny	Dancer	My Man	1927	Dancing	Knitting	M G M	Home—312 N. Farring Rd., Holmby Hills
Brook, Clive	Newspaperman	Christine of Hungry Heart	1924	Baseball	Script Writing	M G M	Studio—Culver City, Cal.
Brooks, Phyllis	Model	I've Been Around	1935	Tennis	Embroidering Tapestry	R K O	Home—962 Manning Ave., West Los Angeles
Brown, Joe E.	Acrobat	Crooks Can't Win	1928	Fishing	Managing Baseball Team	C	Home—707 N. Walden Drive, Beverly Hills
Brown, John Mack	Football Coach	The Bugle Call	1927	Hunting	Taxidermy	U	Home—1119 Calla Vista Drive, Beverly Hills
Brown, Tom	Stage Actor	Little Red School- house	1923	Fencing	Collecting Pipes	U	Home—3950 Longridge. No. Hollywood
Bruce, Virginia	Showgirl	The Love Parade	1929	Bridge	Sketching	M G M	Home—618 N. Rodeo Drive, Beverly Hills
Bryan, Jane	Stock Player	Case of the Black Cat	1936	Swimming	Crocheting	W B	Home—324 S. Medio, Brentwood
Burke, Billie	Stage Actress	Peggy	1916	Tennis	Designing Hats	M G M	Home—607 N. Elm Dr., Beverly Hills
Burnette, Smiley	Rancher	In Old Sante Fe	1934	Hunting	Collecting Hotel Letterheads	R	Studio—4024 Radford Ave., N. Hollywood
Burns, Bob	Night Club Entertainer	The Singing Vaga- bond	1936	Riding	Inventing Anec- dotes	P	Home—1021 Stone Can- yon Rd., Bel-Air
Burns, George	Vaudevillian	Big Broadcast of 1932	1931	Golf	Saving Pennies	P	Home—720 N. Maple Dr., Beverly Hills
Butterworth, Charles	Reporter	The Life of the Party	1930	Squash	Collecting Dictionaries	P	Home—400 Parkwood, Holmby Hills
Byington, Spring	Stock Player	Little Women	1933	Deck Tennis	Painting	T C F	Studio—Box No. 900, Beverly Hills
Byrd, Ralph	Singer	Hell-Ship Morgan	1936	Flying	Arranging Music	R	Studio—4024 Radford Ave., N. Hollywood
Cabot, Bruce	Seaman	Roadhouse Murder	1932	Football	Dog Breeding	W B	Home—Riviera Country Club, Santa Monica
Cagney, James	Dancer	Sinner's Holiday	1930	Golf	Farming	W B	Home—621 Hillcrest Rd., Beverly Hills

THE MAIN STREET FORUM AGREES—

"Babies take to Clapp's!"



1. The Young Thing with her first baby starts it off by remarking, "I'm starting Barbara on strained foods next week. I suppose it won't matter to her which brand I buy, will it?"

The chorus of protest rises loud and emphatic. "Oh, doesn't it?" "...why, there's all the difference—" "...if my baby could talk, he'd tell you—" "My Wallie *can* talk—he's on Chopped Foods now—and he—"

One speaker finally gets the floor...



2. The energetic ex-business girl says, as she tucks a week's groceries away at the feet of her offspring, "Babies are very choosy about flavor. And Clapp's are so fresh-tasting. They seem like vegetables right fresh out of a garden. You just ought to open up all the brands of strained or chopped spinach some time and taste them yourself. Clapp's would win in a walk!"



3. The former schoolteacher who has read up on infant diet gets in a word: "Clapp's vegetables are specially raised for baby foods. Clapp's aren't ordinary canners, you know. They made baby foods long before the others, and they don't make anything else. They've spent years working with plant-breeders to develop vegetables full of vitamins and minerals and flavor."



4. The comfortable mother of four says, "Listen! It's texture, too. Some foods are too thick for a baby's tongue, and some are so thin he doesn't learn to eat. Clapp's are exactly right. And you'll be glad you started with Clapp's when your baby's older! Clapp's Chopped Foods have the same good flavors, and she'll go on to them so easily—and thrive on 'em for years!"

17 Strained Foods for Babies

Soups—Vegetable Soup • Beef Broth • Liver Soup • Unstrained Baby Soup • Vegetables with Beef • **Vegetables**—Asparagus • Spinach • Peas • Beets • Carrots • Green Beans • Mixed Greens • **Fruits**—Apricots • Prunes • Applesauce • Pears-and-Peaches • **Cereal**—Baby Cereal.



12 Chopped Foods for Toddlers

Soup—Vegetable Soup • **Junior Dinners**—Vegetables with Beef • Vegetables with Lamb • Vegetables with Liver • **Vegetables**—Carrots • Spinach • Beets • Green Beans • Mixed Greens • **Fruits**—Applesauce • Prunes • **Dessert**—Pineapple Rice Dessert with Raisins.



Clapp's Baby Foods

OKAYED BY DOCTORS AND BABIES

**I TOLD THE
CONDUCTOR
WHERE TO GET OFF**



**BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN GUM**

"Where's your fare?" the conductor wants to know—and me without even a dime. "Right here," says I, passing him a stick of Beeman's. "Spent my last nickel for it. And is it a treat! Taste that keen, fresh flavor, that delightful tang—"

"Beeman's!" says he, looking mighty tempted. "I've been hankering for a chew of that smooth, tasty gum. Beeman's flavor rings the bell with me every time. Always fresh, always peppy. And just to show you I appreciate it—by golly, I'll lend you your fare myself!"

**BEEMAN'S
AIDS DIGESTION**

THE CRADLE GENIUS

(Continued from page 31)

tall, a giant of a man, six feet three inches in all. He is not fat. He is big-boned, shaggy, loose. The most arresting feature about him are his eyes. A woman would call them "soulful." Maybe "expressive" would be more accurate. They are flexible, quick, talkative eyes, and when he is silent, they speak.

The second misconception concerning Orson Welles deals with his ego. The popular idea being that he is a trifle too cocky. The public has been told he is overly egotistic. Which is actually as accurate as back-fence gossip. The trouble is not with Welles, but with those who write about him. He is clever, a magician with words. Interviewers, trying to match their own blunt personalities against his keen one, are annoyed. They resent, also, his youth. They compensate by "getting even" in their articles. They twist his words. Sensationalize innocent phrases. Poke fun at him.

THIS, then, is officially for the record. Orson Welles is not an ego maniac. He's a charming, affable, quiet-spoken young man—naively frank, pleasantly colorful. He's the kind of guy you'd like for your big brother. You know, the brother who got some place. That's Orson Welles, a swell egg. A brilliant one, too.

And now, while he was putting away the remnants of his half-hour breakfast, he charged verbally into the subject of movieland.

"To begin with," he said, "there are two Hollywoods—the Movie Town and the Social Town. Speaking of the former, of the working town, I love it. People here, right down to the smallest prop man, are more alive than anywhere on earth. Even the most minor workman on the lot knows all about the movies. He could be a producer overnight. He is vital and learned. He is interested.

"But on Broadway it's different. The fellow who pulls the curtain doesn't even know the name of the play he's on. I hate Broadway! I hate the theatrical Broadway! Ever since the day I broke in, I have been at odds with it, because I consider that Broadway and its theatre utterly stagnant, and bankrupt of originality and spine. My preference runs to the cheesy Broadway. At least it's honest."

Orson Welles exhaled, loosened the belt of his grey gabardines a notch or two, and continued:

"As for Hollywood, the Social Town, well, I haven't been here long, but I

feel I understand it. To date, I've been to only four parties. You know, the big obvious ones, where even I could get in. I've been working too hard for night life.

"But I'm sure Hollywood isn't what it used to be. Once it was what people expected, a wild boom town, where a new gold had been discovered, and actors, naturally a crazy and vagabond ilk, ran loose.

"Today that's gone. Hollywood is horribly respectable. The actors are too sober. They play cricket and polo; they read books and build big homes and do the right things. It's all very middle class. That is because Hollywood is now in its second generation. It's behaving, maturing, and the actors are busy being cultured and making money. Well, God knows, I don't blame them for wanting to make money. I'm a dreadfully commercial creature myself.

"But in brief, Hollywood is socially disillusioning. Like a million actors toiling in a factory, which indeed they are. The weakness of the town is not that it hasn't the best people, because it has. The weakness is that the best people aren't doing their best work. All very amazing!"

At this point, I sneezed. I had a cold. Two publicity men hurried through the dining room, coughing. The maid, taking out the dishes, went achoo.

Orson Welles scowled, and tugged nervously at his beard.

"Everybody seems to have a cold. I'm susceptible. And now, if I get a cold—listen, I'm not a hypochondriac, but I can't afford a cold. Let's get out in the sun!"

IT was better in the sun. Orson settled his big bulk in a chair by the small blue swimming pool, and contemplated his beard—a blackish Assyrian item which he started growing in November of 1938 for his stage play, "Danton's Death."

The beard got him on the subject of big moments and thrills, and he began talking about the most thrilling moment in all his life.

"It was the greatest, most glorious few seconds in my career," he recalled. "It was the first night I played on a professional stage in Dublin. I enacted the Duke in 'Power.' The role was an actor's dream, what with a seduction, a murder and a deathbed scene. In that role I received the most heart-stopping, terrific ovation of my life. I've never had a bigger one. (Cont'd on page 64)



These three Daniel Boone-ish lads are Walter Brennan, Spencer Tracy and Robert Young. They make Kenneth Roberts' best-selling "Northwest Passage" one of the most thrilling screen experiences in many a day.



GIRLS WHO KEEP SKIN **SWEET** WIN OUT! I USE **LUX SOAP** AS A BATH SOAP, TOO. **ACTIVE** LATHER LEAVES SKIN FRESH —DELICATELY PERFUMED

THE SCREEN STARS ARE **RIGHT!** I NEVER DREAM OF GOING OUT WITHOUT A NICE **LUX SOAP** BATH TO MAKE ME **SURE** OF DAINTINESS!

On OLIVIA de HAVILLAND'S dates — on YOURS sweet, fragrant skin **WINS!**



OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND knows no woman can afford to neglect the charm of perfect *daintiness*. She uses her complexion soap as a daily bath soap, too, because it has **ACTIVE** lather—makes you *sure*. When you step out of a Lux Toilet Soap bath, you're fresh from top to toe. Your skin is sweet, fragrant with a perfume that *clings*.

YOU will love a luxurious daily beauty bath with Lux Toilet Soap—a bath that makes daintiness *sure*! This gentle complexion soap has **ACTIVE** lather that leaves skin *really* clean —fresh and sweet.



The Complexion Soap 9 out of 10 Screen Stars use

WIN A FREE TRIP TO HOLLYWOOD



**3 FREE
VACATIONS
in
MOVIELAND
51 OTHER
PRIZES!**

"Perfume of the Stars"

THREE girls will go to Hollywood this summer absolutely free of cost—as guests of PERFUME OF THE STARS! Think of it! Two weeks of thrilling good times with train, hotel and meals paid for! See film hits in the making . . . meet and be photographed with the Stars . . . visit the Glamor Spots of Movieland!

You might win one of these free trips to Hollywood . . . or a year's tuition and room at Defiance College . . . or one of 50 De Vilbiss Atomizers filled with PERFUME OF THE STARS, in the exquisite fragrance that accents your charm and personality.

Here's All You Have to Do

Beauty and talent not essential. Unknowingly you may be a "movie type." Merely go to YOUR TEN CENT STORE and obtain a bottle of either Joan Blondell or Franciska Gaal Perfume. Follow the easy Rules of the Contest on the back of each card affixed to the bottle. Answer a few simple questions about yourself and send the card, or facsimile, together with a snapshot or photo of yourself, as directed.

Nothing to compose! Nothing else to do. Mail before May 1st, 1940. Winners announced June 1st. Don't delay! Visit your ten-cent store today—it may win you one of 54 prizes! This is something you don't want to miss!

4TH PRIZE:

One Year's Tuition and Room Paid For at

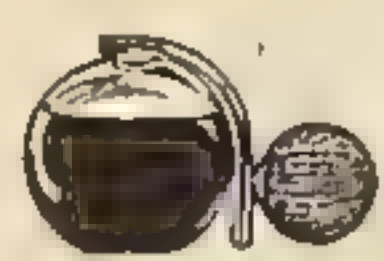


**DEFIANCE
COLLEGE**
Located in
Defiance,
Ohio it has a
record of

94% graduate placements
for past 10 years.

NEXT 50 PRIZES:

Beautifully Designed
DE VILBISS ATOMIZERS



Each filled with 1 oz. of
PERFUME OF THE STARS.
You'll love its fragrance!

IF YOUR 10c STORE CANNOT SUPPLY YOU . . . MAIL COUPON

WARREN-SMITH CO., DEPT. 8-D, DEFIANCE, OHIO

Please send me . . . bottles of PERFUME OF THE STARS mounted on Entry Cards. Check choice:
☐ Joan Blondell ☐ Franciska Gaal. I enclose 10c for each.

Name

Address



I'll never forget it—though it now seems a very long time ago!"

It was only eight years ago. Orson was sixteen. He had gone through his \$500 bankroll and the whole of Ireland on a painting tour, and wound up broke in Dublin. There, he approached the manager of the Gate Theatre, decided a white lie was expedient, insisted he was a veteran star of the New York Theatre Guild—and was immediately offered the honor of being a "guest performer!"

What is the background of this towering child with the man's voice?

He was born on May 16, 1915, in Kenosha, Wisconsin, which has produced automobiles, bed springs, Don Ameche and your author. His full name was George Orson Welles, the George being tacked on for the family friend, George Ade, the humorist. His mother, Beatrice, was a concert pianist. His father, Richard Head Welles, was an inventor who patented a new mechanical dishwasher (which mangled dishes), and a handy collapsible picnic set which was purchased by Washington, D. C., for the doughboys in 1917 (and which, according to Orson, "contributed greatly to the horrors of the World War!")

"My parents died when I was quite young," Orson told me. "I owe everything to the two persons who took care of me afterwards. I refer to Roger Hill and Dr. Maurice Bernstein. I'll never forget their kindness."

Dr. Bernstein, a famous orthopedic surgeon in Chicago, was appointed Orson's guardian. Orson was fourteen at the time. He was already a footlight veteran. At the age of seven he had made his debut on the floor of Marshall Field's in Chicago. He received \$25 a day (non-union wages) and played Peter Rabbit. At the age of nine he was with the Chicago Opera Company. He was fired because he ate too much and grew too fast. Dr. Bernstein saw Orson through those early years—and to this day, though his every minute is at a premium, Orson takes time off once a week to write Dr. Bernstein.

THE other man who aided him, Roger Hill, is now principal of the Todd School, in Woodstock, Illinois, where Orson, at twelve, met Shakespeare.

Schoolmates tell me Orson, despite his youth, dominated the dramatics at Woodstock. He was six feet tall, and his ideas were just as big. He directed "Julius Caesar" for the Drama League competition. Todd School lost because the judges objected to the characters of Cassius, Marc Anthony and the Soothsayer. "The three students in those parts," claimed the judges, "are too old for this competition, too experienced." The three students playing Cassius, Anthony and the Soothsayer were—Orson Welles!

After that, he girdled the globe. From Dublin and London to Morocco and Manhattan. He visited three continents and Jamaica. He tried to crash Broadway, got tired of walk-ons, and took a boat to Africa. There, in Morocco, he lived with a native chief, said he was writing a travel book, instead wrote a text called "The Mercury Shakespeare."

This book, now being published on his own press and being released by Harper Brothers, contained sketches of stage settings, movements, costumes. To date 120,000 copies have been sold! He wrote it when he was eighteen!

He still does his own writing, for stage, radio and movies. "I can't work on a typewriter," he confessed sadly. "If I do, I'm too lazy to make changes. When I'm sure of what I want to say, I dictate. When I'm not sure, and have a

good deal of crossing out to do, I work in longhand. I like to write in bed, or out here in the sun. I'd hate to be a newspaperman at a desk. I prefer my own hours and personal comforts."

Finally, in his drive to the top, Orson Welles turned to radio. He became the anonymous voice of "The Shadow," cavorting in the character of a millionaire playboy who foiled crooks by night and ended his programs with the eerie, skin-pimpling, "The Shadow knows all—ha-ha-haaa!"

Then, quite suddenly, a series of amazing events occurred. Orson Welles met Thornton Wilder, the playwright, who gave him a letter to Alexander Woolcott, the wit, who introduced him to Katharine Cornell, the stage star, who hired him to play Mercutio in "Romeo and Juliet."

That was the end of Welles the Wanderer. The beginning of Welles the Genius. Now, overnight, his legend grew.

ONE evening, a twenty-nine-year-old ex-grain merchant, John Houseman, saw Orson on the stage, and signed him for a poetic play piece called "Panic." It ran three nights. It wasn't a success. But the partnership of Orson Welles and John Houseman was.

They did strange things together: "Macbeth," with an all negro cast; "The Cradle Will Rock," a labor musical, staged in the orchestra and aisles when the union wouldn't permit them to use the regular boards; "Julius Caesar," done in ordinary modern clothes, presented as a take-off on Mussolini's fascism; "Heartbreak House," a three-hour play by George Bernard Shaw, who answered Orson's request to produce it with a typical cable reading, "Who in the hell are you?"

Finally, Orson Welles presented the now infamous Martian broadcast, H. G. Wells' "The War of the Worlds." Orson's version was so realistic that thousands of listeners actually thought the United States was being invaded by men from the planet, Mars. New Yorkers hurried to Connecticut for safety. In Michigan, an entire church was quickly filled with people praying for mercy. Sleepy recruiting officers were awakened by young men who wanted to enlist in the army, to save us from the Mars invaders!

Orson won't discuss that broadcast. "I'm tired of hearing about it. No one has said anything original about it for at least nine months."

Now, in Hollywood, Orson Welles is in his element. In a land of strange characters, he is the strangest, the most unusual, the most brilliant. He thinks the greatest geniuses in Hollywood are Charlie Chaplin and Walt Disney, and as he whispered to me, "three directors whose names I had better not mention." He eats all his meat broiled, won't touch Scotch, is on a careful diet, and has temporarily given up seventy-five cent cigars for a briar pipe.

He sleeps on his stomach. He doesn't snore. He can snooze for thirty-six hours at a stretch. "I've only got two bedrooms," he explained to me, proudly. "You see, nothing pretentious." He devotes many minutes to letting his little brown spaniel in and out of the house. "She's so much bother," he sighed. "But her eyes are so damn pathetic. I love her!" He has tender feet, and he abhors exercise. He fences occasionally.

He doesn't go out on dates much. Too busy. He was married six years ago to a Chicago society girl. There is a child, feminine gender, named Christopher. About her, Orson (Continued on page 66)

MODERN SCREEN

(Continued from page 60)

NAME	PREVIOUS OCCUPATION	FIRST FEATURE-LENGTH MOVIE	YEAR	FAVORITE SPORT	HOBBY	PRESENT STUDIO	ADDRESS
Campbell, Louise	Dental Assistant	Wild Money	1937	Dancing	Playing Piano	P	Studio—5451 Marathon St., Hollywood
Cantor, Eddie	Singing Waiter	Kid Boots	1926	Hiking	Dealing in Antiques	M G M	Home—1012 Roxbury, Beverly Hills
Carlson, Richard	English Instructor	The Young in Heart	1938	Skiing	Play Writing	U A	Studio—1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood
Carradine, John	Quick-sketch Artist	Prisoner of Shark Island	1936	Riding	Painting	T C F	Home—1127 N. El Centro, Hollywood
Carrillo, Leo	Cartoonist	Viva Villa	1934	Fishing	Writing Poetry	T C F	Home—369 E. Channel Rd., Santa Monica
Carroll, Madeleine	Teacher	The World Moves On	1934	Motoring	Farming	P	Home—118 Ocean Front, Santa Monica
Carver, Lynne	Singer	Penthouse	1933	Tennis	Singing	M G M	Home—1928 Mandeville Canyon Rd., Brentwood
Chandler, Chick	Burlesque Comedian	Sweepings	1933	Hunting	Raising Bees	T C F	Studio—Box No. 900, Beverly Hills
Chaplin, Charles	Dancer	Tillie's Punctured Romance	1913	Swimming	Attending Concerts	U A	Home—1103 Coveway, Beverly Hills
Claire, Ina	Vaudevillian	The Royal Family	1930	Golf	Powder Blending	M G M	Studio—Culver City, Cal.
Colbert, Claudette	Art Student	For the Love of Mike	1927	Dancing	Dress Designing	P	Home—615 N. Farring Road, Holmby Hills
Colman, Ronald	Bookkeeper	The White Sister	1922	Hockey	Historical Research	P	Home—1003 Summit Dr., Beverly Hills
Connolly, Walter	Bank Cashier	The Soldier's Oath	1917	Baseball	None	P	Home—601 N. Camden, Beverly Hills
Cooper, Gary	Cartoonist	Winning of Barbara Worth	1926	Fishing	Building Minia. Steam Engines	U A	Home—11938 Chaparal, West Los Angeles
Cooper, Jackie	Student	Fox Movietone Follies	1929	Aquaplaning	Photography	P	Home—702 Crescent Dr., Beverly Hills
Crawford, Joan	Chorus Girl	Pretty Ladies	1925	Tennis	Knitting	M G M	Home—426 N. Bristol Ave., Brentwood Heights
Cromwell, Richard	Soda Jerker	Tol'able David	1921	Swimming	Sculpture	T C F	Studio—Box No. 900, Beverly Hills
Crosby, Bing	Singer	The King of Jazz	1930	Riding	Horse Breeding	P	Home—10500 Camerillo, No. Hollywood
Cummings, Robert	Roller Skating Instructor	So Red the Rose	1935	Hunting	Wood Working	W B	Studio—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Curtis, Dick	Stage Actor	Trial of Mary Dugan	1928	Boxing	Stamp Collecting	C	Studio—1438 N. Gower St., Hollywood
Dale, Virginia	Dancer	Start Cheering	1938	Bicycling	Photography	P	Studio—5451 Marathon St., Hollywood
Darnell, Linda	Student	Hotel for Women	1939	Roller Skating	Dancing	T C F	Studio—Box No. 900, Beverly Hills
Darro, Frankie	Student	The Rainbow Man	1929	Ping Pong	Collecting Baseball Gloves	M	Studio—4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood
Davis, Bette	Theatre Usher	The Man Who Played God	1932	Golf	Farming	W B	Home—906 Beverly Dr., Beverly Hills
Day, Laraine	Student	Scandal Street	1936	Badminton	Writing Poetry	M G M	Studio—Culver City, Cal.
Dee, Frances	Movie Extra	Little Cafe	1931	Farming	Interior Decorating	P	Home—1802 Angelo, North Hollywood
De Havilland, Olivia	Student	A Midsummer Night's Dream	1935	Tennis	Sketching	W B	Studio—First National Studios, Burbank
Del Rio, Dolores	Housewife	Joanna	1925	Swimming	Collecting Jewelry	M G M	Home—757 Kingman Ave., Santa Monica
Devine, Andy	Lifeguard	The Spirit of Notre Dame	1931	Football	Farming	U	Home—6947 Kester, Van Nuys
Dickson, Gloria	WPA Actress	The Deep South	1938	Hockey	Clay Modeling	W B	Studio—First National Studios, Burbank
Dietrich, Marlene	Extra in German Films	Blue Angel	1932	Tennis	Stamp Collecting	U	Home—716 N. Palm, Beverly Hills
Dix, Richard	Bank Clerk	Not Guilty	1928	Riding	Ship Modeling	T C F	Home—1111 Calla Vista, Beverly Hills
Donat, Robert	Private Secretary	Men of Tomorrow	1932	Fencing	Collecting Fencing Foils	M G M	Studio—Culver City, Cal.
Donlevy, Brian	Artist's Model	Mother's Boy	1929	Football	Blacksmithing	P	Home—936 Reedcrest Drive, Beverly Hills
Douglas, Melvyn	Musician	Tonight or Never	1932	Handball	Social Work	M G M	Home—7141 Senalda Rd., Hollywood
Draper, Paul	Dancer	Colleen	1936	Dancing	Composing	M G M	Studio—Culver City, Cal.
Drew, Ellen	Waitress	Sing You Sinners	1938	Tennis	Playing Bridge	P	Studio—5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood
Dunne, Irene	Musical Comedy Star	Cimarron	1931	Golf	None	C	Home—461 N. Farring Road, Holmby Hills
Durbin, Deanna	Student	Three Smart Girls	1937	Swimming	Stamp Collecting	U	Studio—Universal City, Cal.

(Continued on page 83)

(Continued from page 64)

EX-LAX MOVIES

Big Boy Takes a Tip!



BOB: Say, fellow... are you taking Ex-Lax? Thought that was for women and kids.

JIM: Wrong, Brother! I've been taking Ex-Lax for years. It fixes me up fine!



BOB: Oh yeah! Well, I'm a pretty husky fellow... I need a laxative with a wallop.

JIM: Don't kid yourself, Big Boy! Ex-Lax may taste like chocolate... but it's plenty effective!



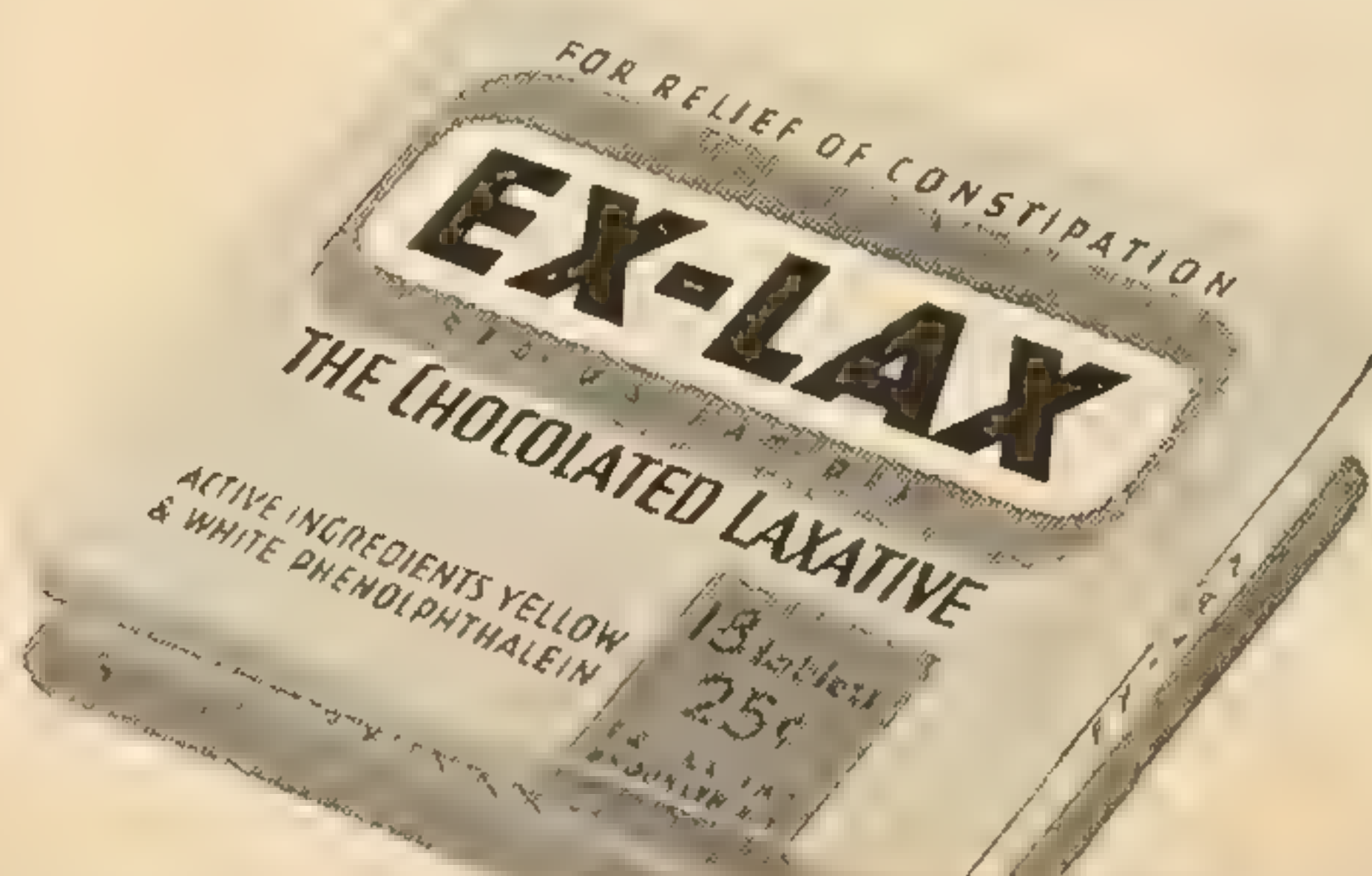
LATER

BOB: Thanks for the tip, pal! I tried Ex-Lax and it's great stuff!

JIM: Right you are! It's the only laxative we ever use in our family.

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet gentle! No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for *every* member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢



says, "She will not be exposed to a theatrical career until she is five. I want her to have a normal childhood. Quite clearly, she is a ham like her father. You should see her pose!"

Orson's mind is always active. Once, driving from RKO to his Brentwood home, he became so engrossed in thought, he forgot where he lived. He couldn't remember and didn't know how to find out. He saw a sign at the roadside, "See The Homes Of The Stars!" He went to the sign, hired a guide to show him Shirley Temple's home. That's how he found his own. He remembered he lived next door.

HIS forte is a technicolored imagination. He's a male Alice in Wonderland. He likes to imagine himself retired to a monastery at sixty, a Grand Llama, perhaps. He admitted that if he weren't Orson Welles, he would like to be a fabulous Maharajah.

"Yes, indeed, I would like to be one of those terrific Maharajahs in India." He lay in the sun, beside the pool, blinking his eyes and puffing his pipe. "Oh, I suppose that's a pretty ordinary wish. I suppose everyone alive would like to be a Maharajah, with all those elephants, women, gold—and no one to boss you!" He was thoughtful, then, "But wait, maybe it wouldn't be so good after all. I'd be too worried about the poor and the untouchables, and then I couldn't be a real Maharajah."

"Gosh, who would I be if I couldn't be myself? I wouldn't want to be Leland Hayward. He's an agent. All agents are unhappy. I wouldn't want to be Louie B. Mayer or any producer. I—sa—ay, I have it! You know who I'd like to be? I'd rather be Gene Markey than any man alive! And don't ask me why—I'm not commenting!"

His booming voice made a quick transition into a queer shrill laugh. A boyish laugh. It's the only physical thing left that's young about him.

We got back to the subject of pictures. He admitted that of all the plays Shakespeare had written, "Macbeth" was the only one suitable for the movies.

"I was actually going to do 'Macbeth' before I changed my plans," he said. "It would have been ideal, and so easy. It's simple. It's short. Unlike Shakespeare's other works, it contains one plot instead of three. But honestly, I'm doubtful altogether about Shakespeare in the movies—for, while the movies do most everything better than the stage, while the movies even improve on stage

plays, they don't do verse better. And Shakespeare is blank verse."

Orson scratched his beard. "But I repeat, 'Macbeth' and its gloomy moors might be grand, a perfect cross between 'Wuthering Heights' and 'The Bride of Frankenstein!'"

I have a hunch Orson's forthcoming "The Smiler With the Knife" will be slow at first in the making. He is a perfectionist, a stickler for detail. He once held up a broadcast rehearsal a half day because a sound effect wasn't right. It was a knock on the door. He spent a half day experimenting with that fractional-second knock.

However, once the picture is rolling, it will move fast. Orson Welles drives hard. All his Mercury Players from Broadway are in it, and he alone coordinates them. "I'm sometimes pretty dictatorial," he will tell.

Anything, though, for a gag. On his set is his famous Report Card, bearing the names of his entire cast. He never bawls out an offender. He merely rings a silly bell, which automatically fires a gun—reporting the offense! He then etches a black star after the unhappy one's name on the Report Card. The black star penalty is given for miffing lines, forgetting the end of a joke, and telling dull stories.

There is another Report Card for people who commit good deeds. However, there is only one requirement for good deeds: "Bring Gifts For Mr. Welles."

IT was noon. Orson Welles walked me to the door, and gave me some advice to pass along.

"If a group came to me serious about acting, I would tell them, not to be. I would give them a Great Speech. I would tell them there has never been a happy actor, that the fight only begins when you get to the top. I would inform them that unless they desired to make an exhibition of themselves all their lives before a large number of people, they shouldn't become actors."

"In my Great Speech I would tell them, brutally, that by turning to acting they would lose happiness, lose friends, lose freedom—and die with fifty cents in their pockets. If they believed my Great Speech, well, hell, they'd never have become actors anyway! If they didn't believe it, and went ahead regardless—well—they might succeed."

Orson's lips curled in a disarming smile. "I never paid attention to anyone's Great Speech—and God, look at me! Look what I got—hayfever!"



It isn't hard to understand why Samuel Goldwyn singled Doris Davenport out of the legion of extras to play opposite Gary Cooper in "The Westerner." Nothing like starting off in the major leagues, we always say.

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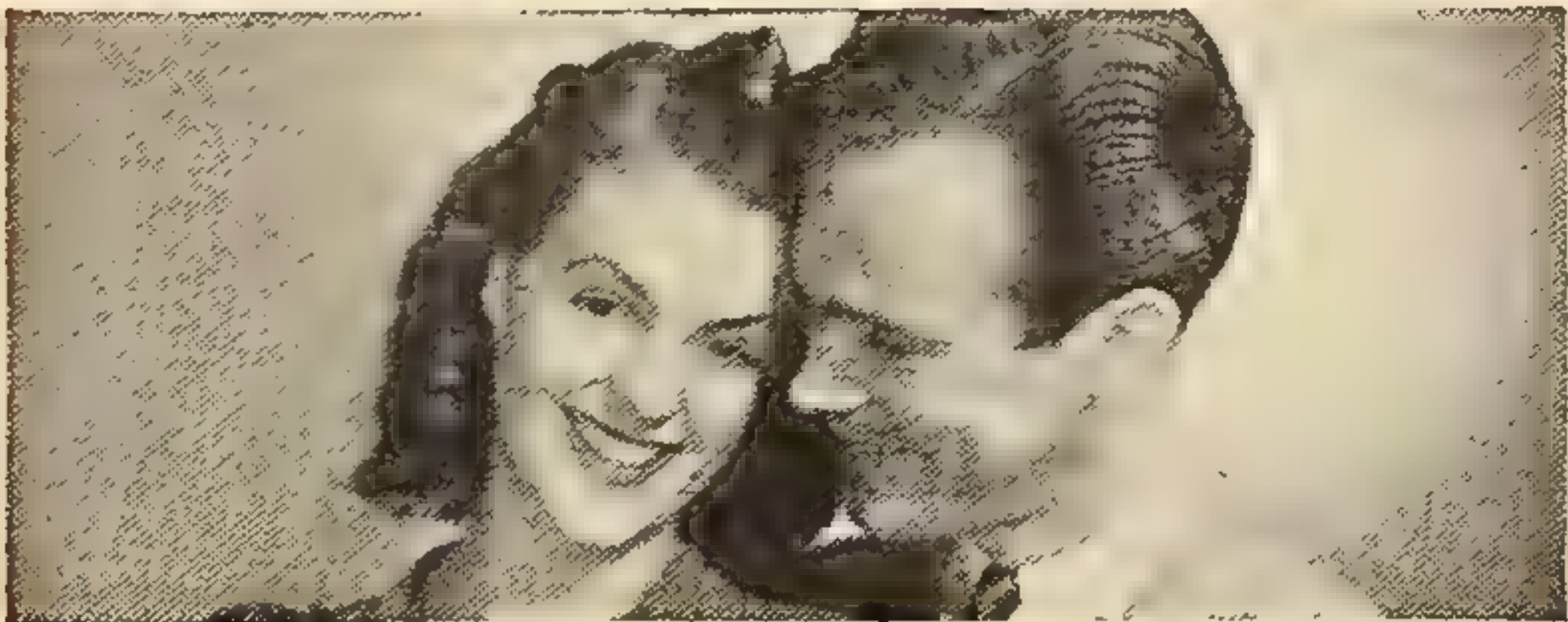
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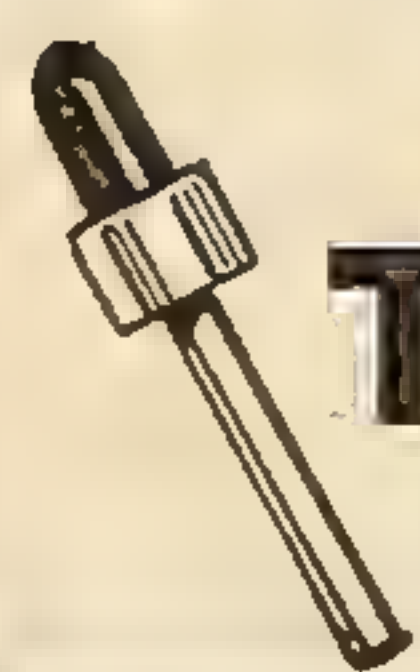
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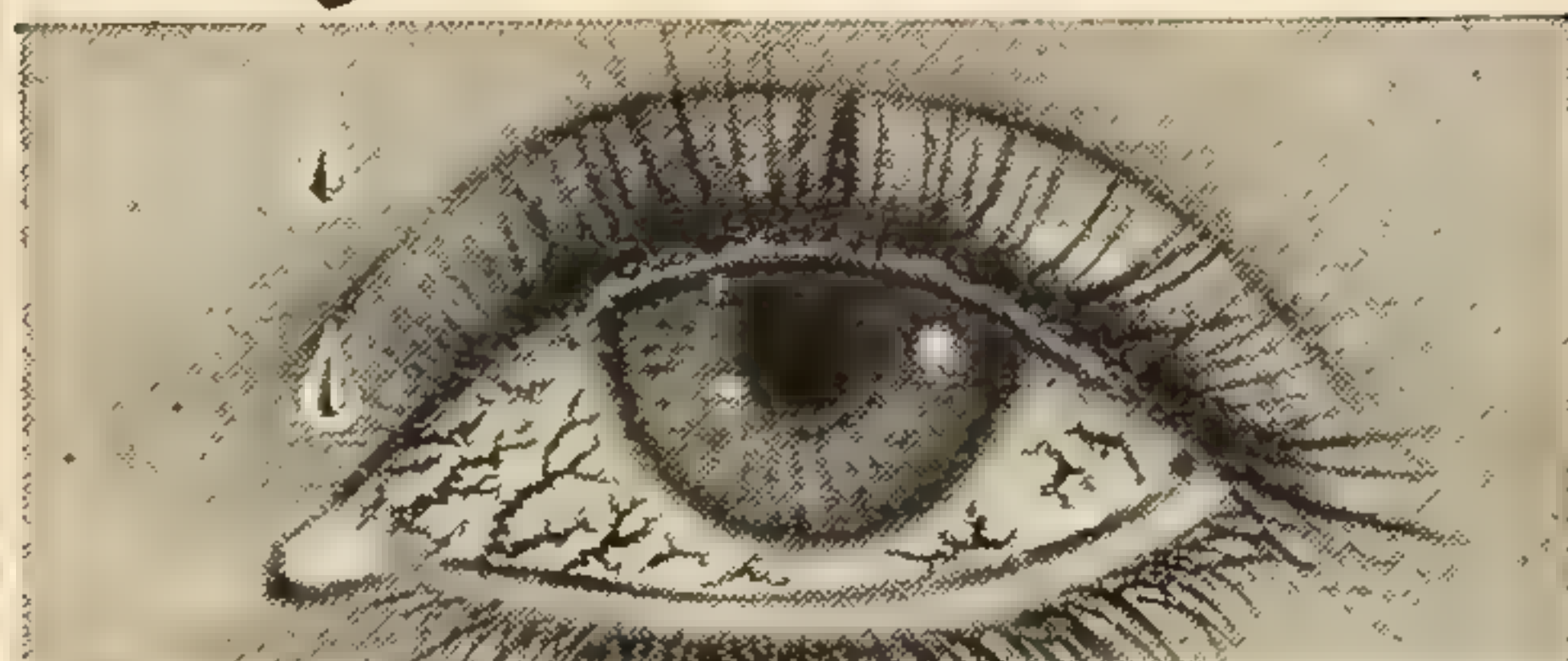
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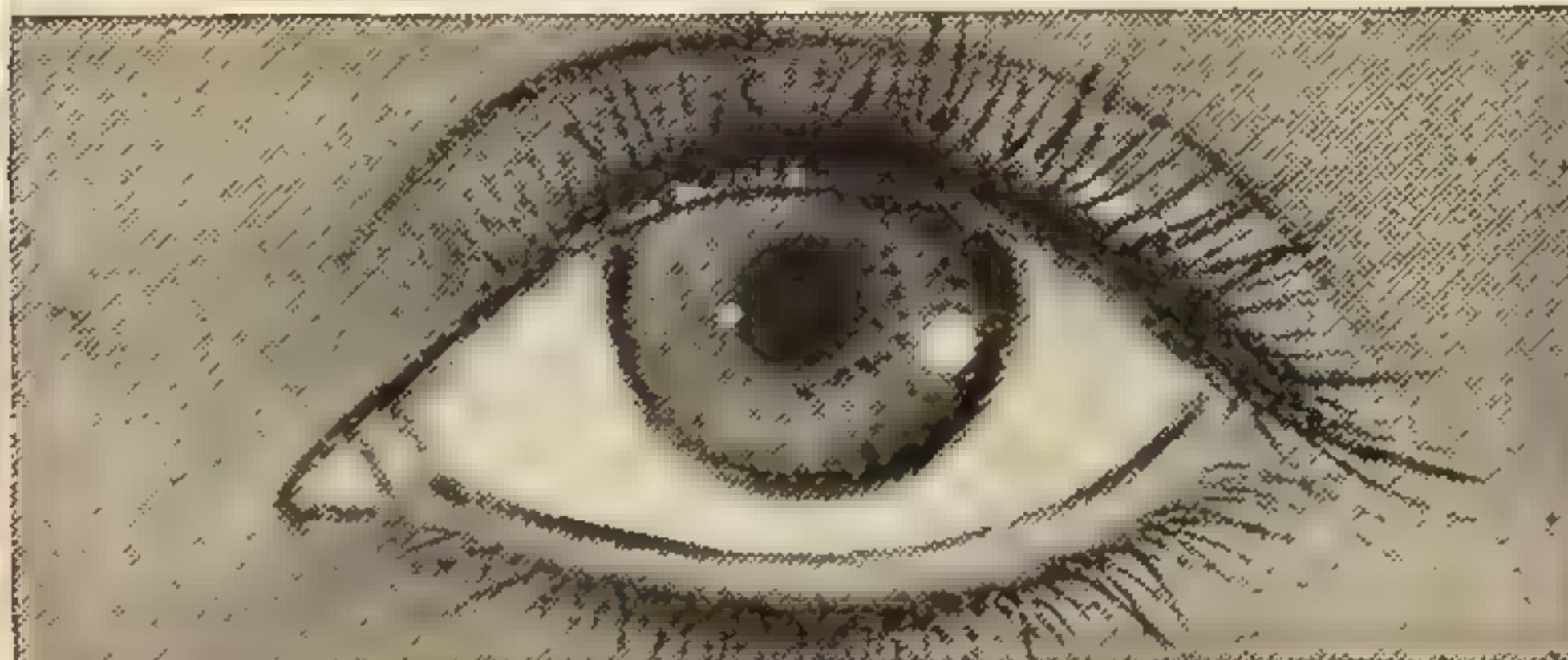
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NO TIME FOR LOVE

(Continued from page 43)

tottered down to Palm Springs for a few days of Vitamin D, Movieland's local rumor rag observed thusly, "If RKO wants to know where Ginger Rogers is—she's in Palm Springs." As if RKO didn't know! As if, again, shy Rogers was on the run!

So it went—and everything, it seems, that Ginger has done in the past year or so has polished up the illusion. Even when she finally shook the old man of the Cinema and sailed for Honolulu on her first real vacation in five years, things happened all along to sew the story even more tightly.

She got panned on the boat for taking her meals in her room. The reason was that Ginger was too weary to dress for dinner, having crawled aboard exhausted. But it looked ritzy to the passengers. Then some travel pests fastened themselves to her in the daytime, and she had to give them the shake in self-defense or go out of her weary mind. They felt a little hurt.

BUT the clincher was her snooting Duke Kahanamoku, Hawaii's hero, in his own home town. The Duke, as you probably know, is a former world's champion swimmer, movie actor and more lately sheriff and pet of Honolulu. He's a strapping, genial Hawaiian, beloved by every Islander, and it's considered almost as essential for visiting celebrities to be greeted by the Duke as to have flowered leis tossed over their coiffures.

Well, Duke Kahanamoku sent a note aboard to Ginger, offering her the key to the city or a peck of coconuts or whatever is the supreme honor Honolulu bestows. But Ginger didn't recall his name. So she tossed the note on her dresser and forgot it. Result: she stood up the Duke at the dock and made a lot of touchy Islanders boiling mad.

Heads wagged gravely, as far away as Hollywood.

"She used to be a swell, friendly gal," they chorused. "But how she's changed!"

On top of all this, the minute Ginger got back from Hawaii came the startling news of her part in "The Primrose Path." Gregory LaCava, the director, got the idea in Ginger's absence, wired it to Honolulu, got her okay, and the day she stepped off the boat Ginger hotfooted it to his office. In a few minutes the news was out: "Ginger Rogers will drop dancing and songs, comedy and cutups for straight drama. She'll wear pigtails, cheap clothes, no make-up. She'll dye her hair; murder the King's English, play a little waterfront floosie. No glamour, no gayety, no gags."

It sounded like Bette Davis. Or Art, or something. It sounded as though Ginger had gone too serious of a sudden.

Now, there is a funny thing about Hollywood. Nowhere is there such a premium on ambition. Yet nowhere are there such tough tethers to tradition. Missouri may be the "show-me" state, but Hollywood demands demonstrations, too.

Since she came to Hollywood, Ginger repeatedly has had to show the world that she could sing, that she could dance, that she could carry fast-paced comedy. Now, shock 'em or not, she resolved to prove she could bring to life Ellie May, who teetered along the Primrose Path, aided and abetted by her street-walker maw. Pretty strong stuff, it is, as you'll know if you read a book called "February Hill."

I asked Ginger, "Weren't you a little scared of the part?"

"The only parts that can scare me," sniffed Ginger, "are Shakespeare! Besides," she went on, "there ought to be plenty of laughs. But, please—don't say I called it 'comedy.' I called my part in 'Stage Door' 'comedy' once, and Gregory LaCava read about it. Did he get me told! He said I didn't know a character part even when I played one!"

But if Ginger doesn't know this character part in "The Primrose Path," then she's certainly putting up a wonderful bluff. She's dug deeper into it than she's



Nelson Eddy is fast gaining a reputation as a sculptor. Here he's putting finishing touches on a bust of Director Van Dyke between scenes of "New Moon."

ever done before for any picture. She's taken personal charge of getting down to brass tacks in a brassy, tacky part.

The no make-up, for instance, was Ginger's own idea. She confided in a screen cameraman she knew; together they shot three tests. Then, keeping their secret, they ran them off for LaCava. One test was minus make-up and that was the one they all picked. Ginger feels pretty proud about that.

The dyed hair was Ginger's idea, too. She knew that minus make-up she'd be flat without dark hair. They fixed a wig for her but, as Ginger says, "It looked like I was wearing a fur hat." She had no illusions. "My face is too small for a wig," she concluded realistically. "I'll dye my hair!" It will take six months before she can hope to regain her fiery top.

For atmosphere, Ginger and the dialogue writer wandered around the waterfront districts of Monterey and the fish cannery centers, picking up the lingo and learning to talk like a toughie. "Which was a cinch," grinned Ginger, "and very natural for me." Still, to whip off a few "I ain't et yets" and "don't care nohows" with the greatest of ease took practice.

The only time Ginger got caught, incognito, was when she bought her "wardrobe" at Sears Roebuck. It all came to \$18.73, with the tax. As Ginger was slipping out of the mail-order store with her modest bundle of factory-cut creations, a girl who had been standing next to her yelled, "Hey, you!"

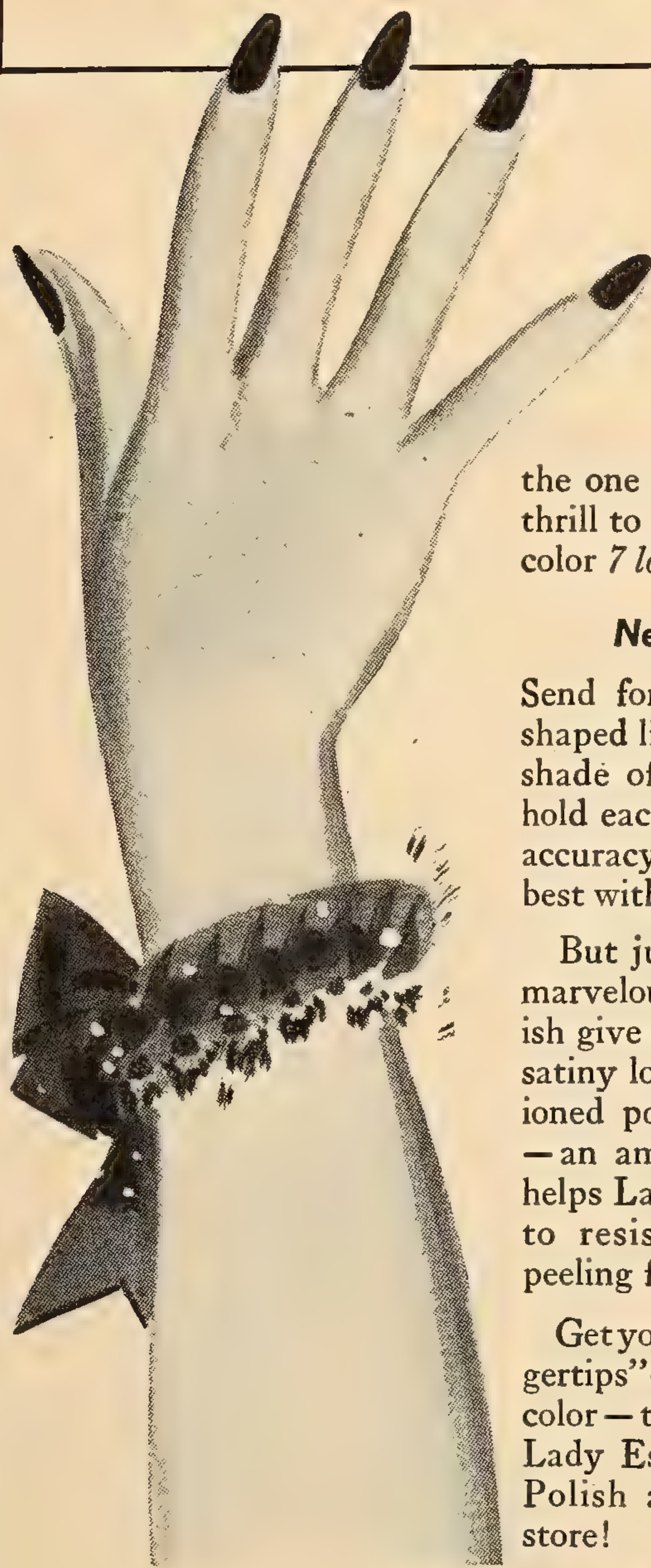
Ginger whirled, along with the rest of the store, as the girl shouted, "Ain't you Ginger Rogers?" Ginger answered, "Yes," in a weak voice, as all the cash customers stared at her and wondered why in the world she had to buy her clothes at Sears Roebuck. The incident stripped her, Ginger swears, of any possible glamour she might have, as far as her public is concerned.

HOWEVER, it isn't glamour that Ginger is after right now, either professionally or personally. And that is one change that she readily admits. After all the repetitious roles in the lavishly staged Astaire pictures, Ginger began to taste glamour in her breakfast food and find it under her pillow at night.

Professionally, "The Primrose Path" makes her happy because it is a new, different job to conquer. Personally, all she's asking for is peace. She thinks she has it, too. "Because," as she said, "I'm not even interested in love or marriage. I haven't a thing to worry or torment me. It sounds like an old gag, but I'm really all wrapped up in my work. There's nothing in the romance department to bother me. And, believe me, it's a great relief," sighed Ginger, meaning it, too, I think.

Because, as everyone knows who knows Ginger, she has always been and still is a kid for comfort. Mentally, physically and emotionally. She slips into

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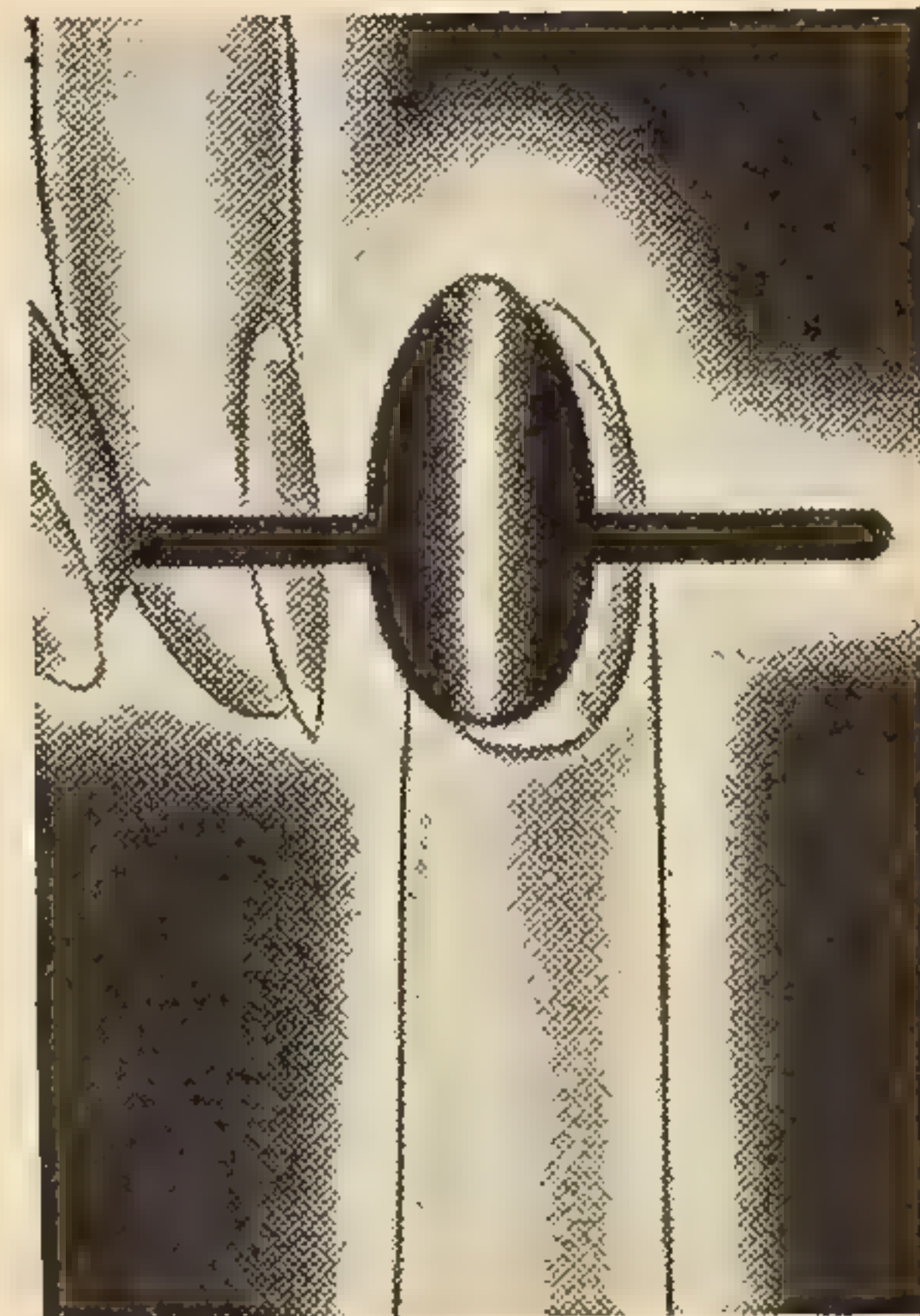
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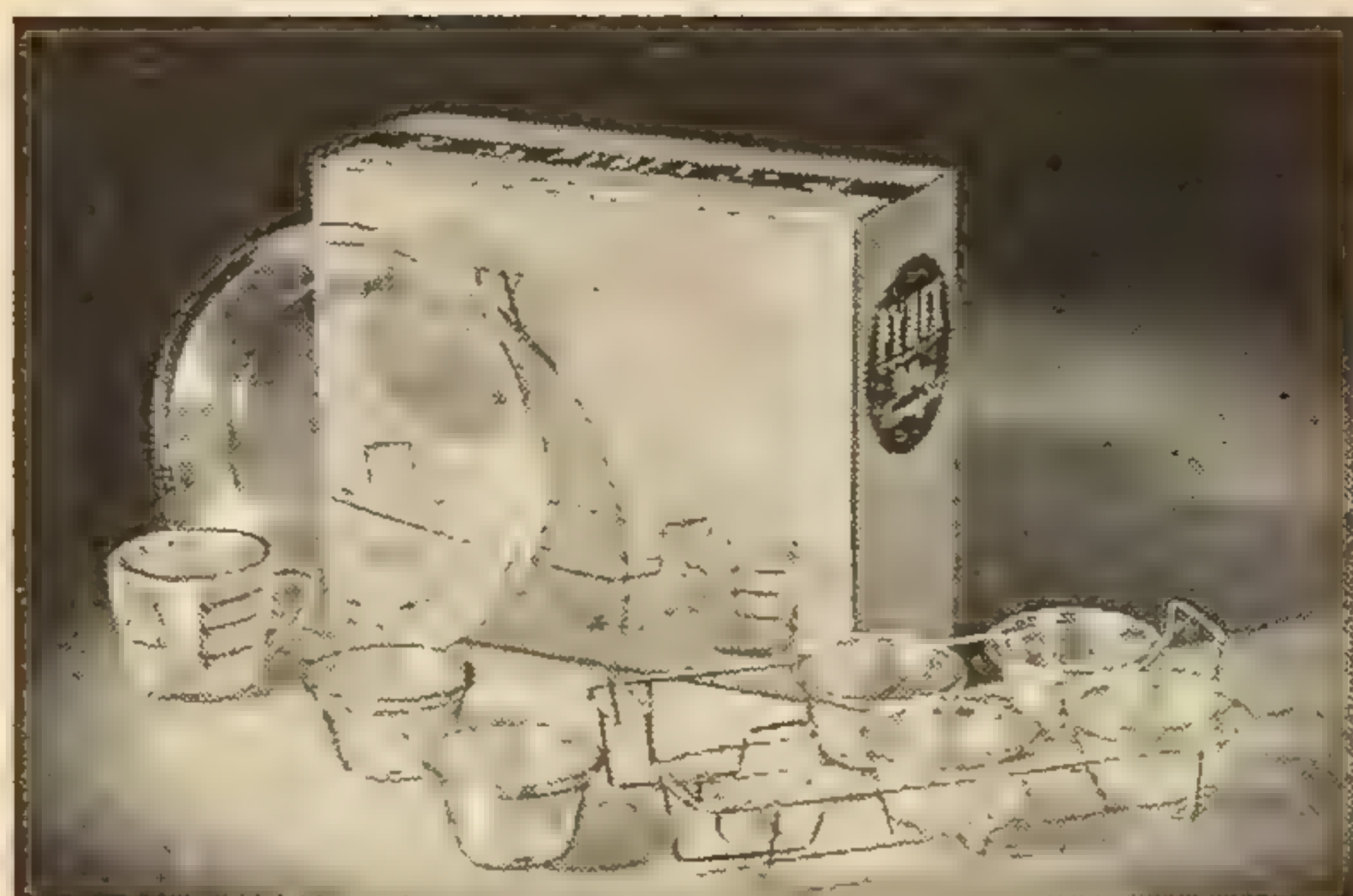
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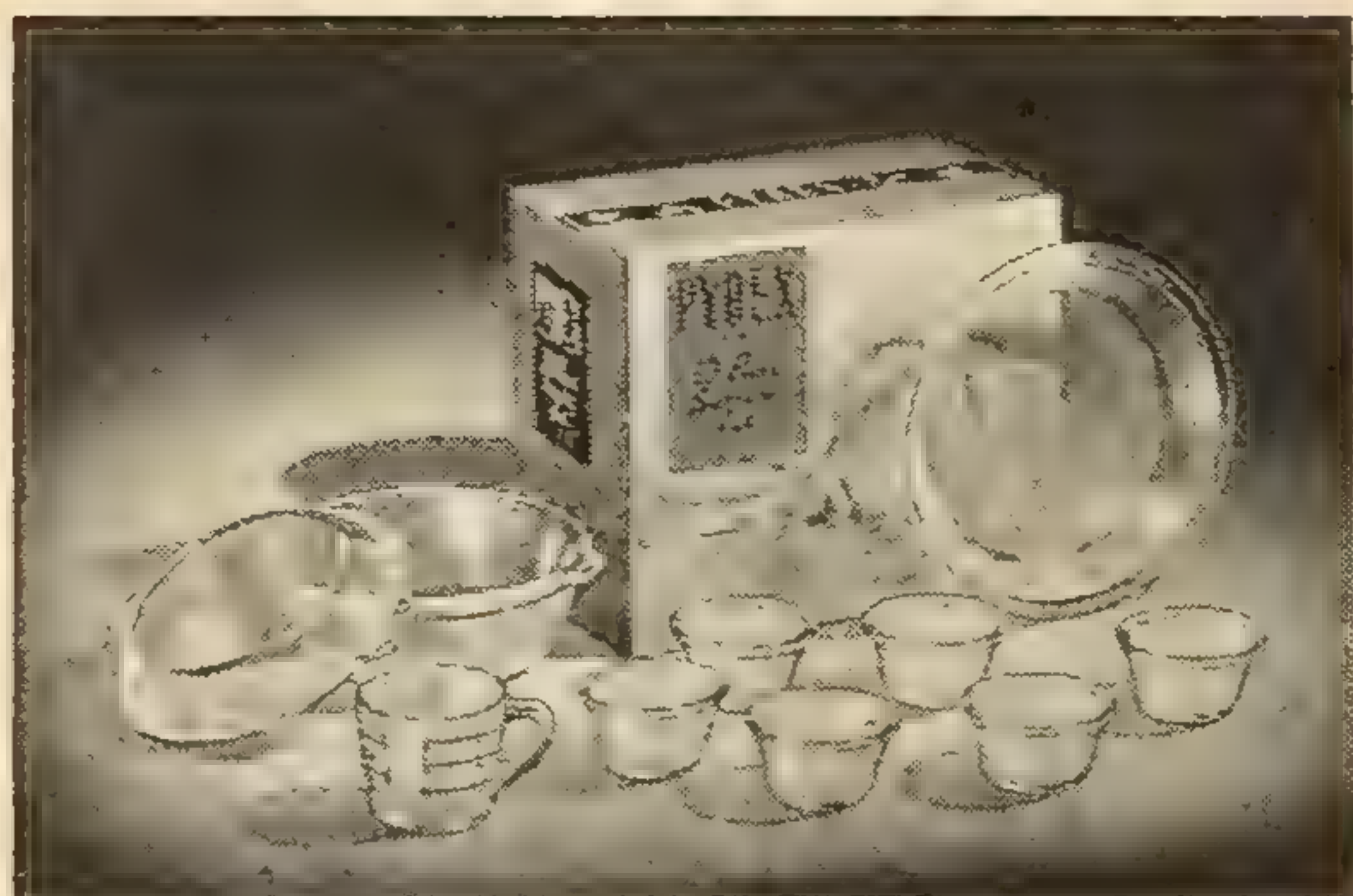
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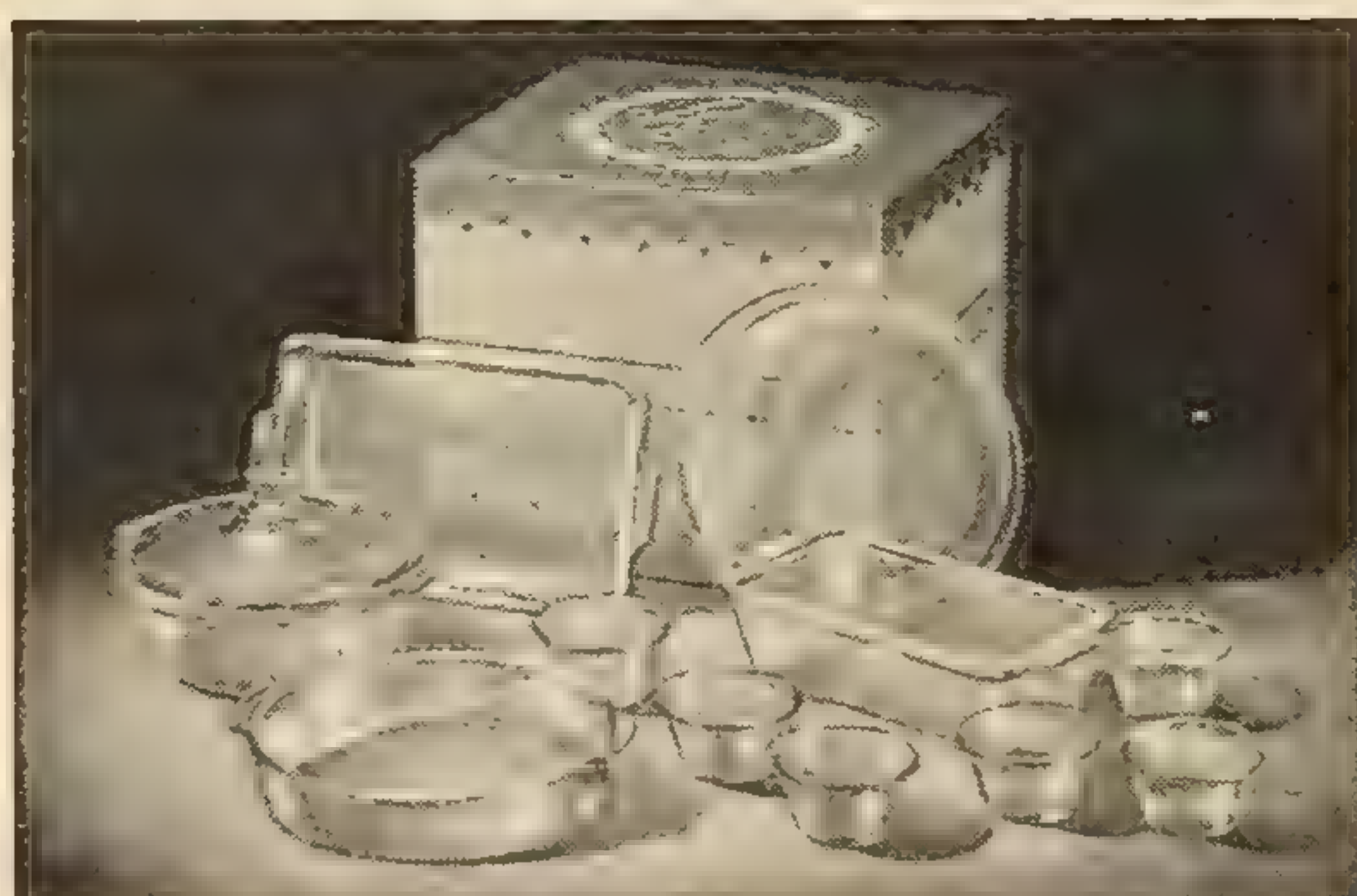
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slacks and an old sweat shirt at the slightest provocation. Even on her honeymoon with Lew Ayres, Ginger shed her Paris gown right after the ceremony and hopped right into beach dungarees, a sweater, leather coat and beret for the motor trip. She used to tear along Hollywood Boulevard in a sailor's navy blue jacket, and still does. She's always hated fussing around or sacrificing comfort for looks. For years, Ginger has been going on shopping sprees, buying gorgeous evening gowns and hanging them in her closet until she finally has to give them away, still unworn.

That attitude toward clothes carries over into every phase of her life—except her career. Ginger will eagerly do anything an acting job demands without a whimper. In her home life, "Well, frankly," confessed Ginger, "I like to take it easy." As for social struttings, the fact is she just doesn't give a darn. Never has given a darn.

GINGER and Lew Ayres were known all their married life as Hollywood's most unexciting couple. They lived a pretty humdrum home life, by Hollywood standards, playing parlor games with their small circle of friends, taking in a neighborhood movie every now and then. Since Lew and she separated, Ginger hasn't altered the formula very noticeably. Her home, perched on the very top of Beverly Hill, where "Gee-Gee" (that's Ginger) lives with "Lee-Lee" (that's Ginger's mother), is more than ever her whole private life.

She manages the household to quiet any domestic urges, looks after her Afghan hound, "Sharma," if she feels maternal. Most of her spare minutes are spent in her current mania for sculpturing. She just finished a bust of her mother. And the greatest thrill she's had in months, she admitted, was when Joyce, Florence Lake's little girl, ran into the parlor, stared at the Rogers work of art and babbled, "Look—it's Aunt Lee-Lee!"

"I knew then," grinned Ginger, "I'd really arrived."

Ginger has the same friends she has always had. Her family group is, of course, Mama Lela, Lela's sister, Jean, and her husband, Jack Arnold, and W. L. Owens, Ginger's grandfather. Next

to the family circle come old friends like Florence Lake, Ben Alexander, Billy Bakewell and then the Ray Millands, the Leland Haywards (Margaret Sullavan), Jimmy Stewart, Cesar Romero, the Henry Potters, the Arthur Hornblows (Myrna Loy), and a few scattered others.

When they get together, which isn't too often, because somebody's always too busy, they usually play games, or read ask-me-another quizzes, run off new movies in Ginger's professional projection room, or hang around her soda fountain to mix giant, jumbo malts and elaborate, sticky concoctions. Or, if it's daytime, the swimming pool and ping-pong table are kept busy, with Ginger knitting furiously during the rest periods.

Ginger's bedtime is 10:30 most nights, and the last hour and fifteen minutes goes to a book, because that's a rigid daily reading rule. Her wiry constitution ticks along as easily as ever. She never gains or loses a pound. She eats everything and anything without a tummy tremor and sleeps like a child. But she never gets enough of Morpheus. "If you would like to know my ambitions for the future," cracked Ginger, "they're a couple of months in bed!"

Well, as a matter of fact, I *had* wanted to know a thing or two about Ginger and her private hopes for the new year. After all, if the professional pattern change of "The Primrose Path" should work too well, how do I know if I'll ever see Ginger in another of those swiny Astaire-Rogers dance symphonies of the good old days? Nor can you tell me that, on the personal page of the future book, it's written that anyone as vital and attractive as Virginia Catherine Rogers is going to keep on living alone and liking it forever. Personal peace or no peace.

Ginger exploded my thoughts neatly, as she swung down from the big set parallel and hurried off at LaCava's call. "I'm planning on playing this next scene as well as I can do it," she said. "That's all the advance plans I've got. I never make plans. The things that interest me are right now. About the future—well, Scarlett O'Hara had a pretty good line about that, "Tomorrow is another day!"

"And meanwhile," shouted Ginger, from the other end of the set, "you can say that all's right with Rogers." And so I do. Because I think it's the truth.



All the women in Eddie Cantor's home seem to have immunized him utterly, even to the advances of these lovely Eves. The beautiful bribers are Bonita Granville, Martha O'Driscoll, Charlotte Munier, and Louise Seider, one tenth of the "Forty Little Mothers." This is Cantor's first movie in two and a half years.

THE ROSALIND ROAD TO SUCCESSVILLE

(Continued from page 29)

been humored. Had she been interested in theology, well, the interest would have been a respectable one. But acting—never!

She went to the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. Her mother thought she was studying to be a teacher. But when she graduated, her eyes had that dreamy, klieg-light look. She kicked over the traces and joined a tent show. Over the back-fences at Waterbury only one comment was made—"Tch-tch!"

Then she rebelled again. She was told she was ready for Broadway. A producer offered her a big lead. Something that might make her overnight. She refused! "I knew I needed more experience. I wanted to start at the bottom of the ladder."

"Too many people have pretensions about acting. I always treated it as a business. When I made Broadway, I heard a lot of nonsense about having to sacrifice or give up something for the theatah! Deah, deah! What baloney! I decided you don't have to give up anything for a stage career. That was the old-fashioned idea. An elderly actress was telling me, the other day that, when she started, her mother told her that she could never marry, that she was wedded to the stage. But that idea went out with horse-and-buggy and bloomers."

"It comes down to a question of moderation. Then you can have your cake and eat it, too. You don't have to cut your friends for your career. You just don't see them as often. You don't have to quit going to night-clubs. You just go once in a while instead of regularly."

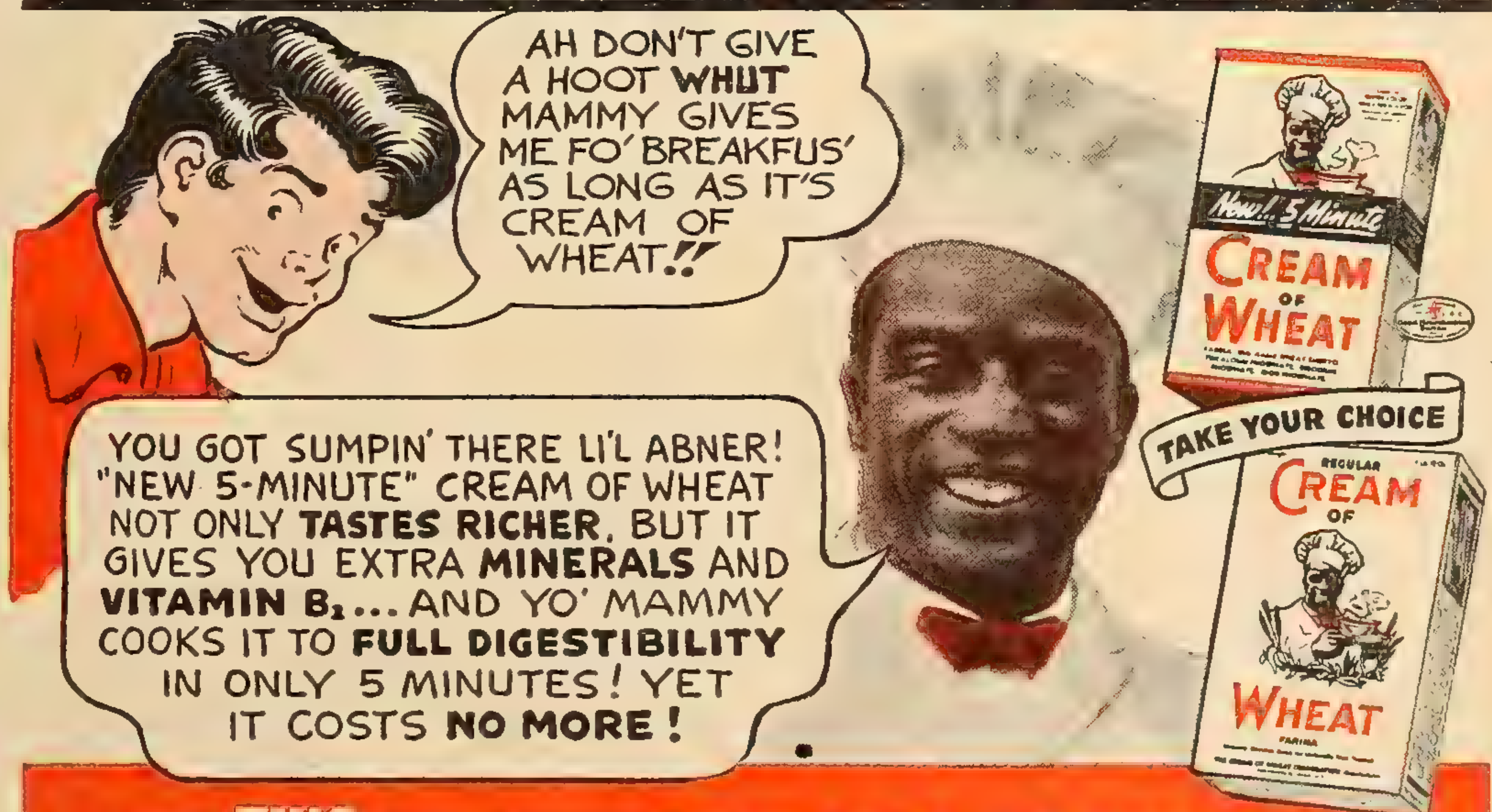
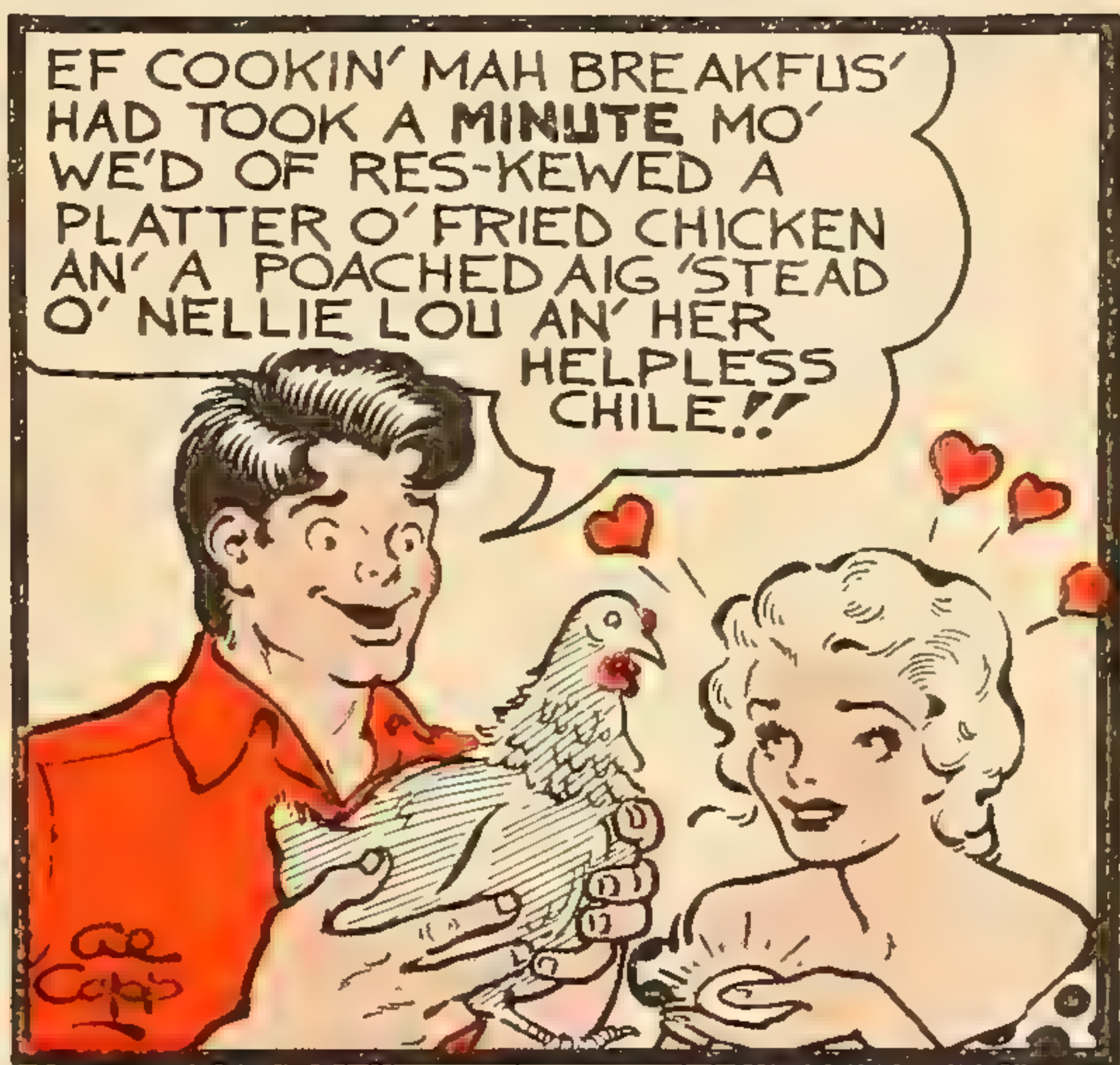
"The night before last, I went out for the first time in three months. That's not much dating. But it was still a date. I wasn't giving that up for the theatah!"

Roz smiled. The outside corners of her eyes crinkled as she smiled. When persons have that gay crinkle, they certainly cannot be the type to rob blind-men, scare little children or hold up trains. People whose eyes crinkle at the corners when they smile are usually awfully nice people. Roz is nice people.

I learned a lot of things about her from our chat. Her favorite actress is Helen Hayes. She thinks Helen Hayes really digs into characters. Roz is a bug on politics. Her house is papered with sheets screaming with headlines. In London she lived in Parliament, chummed with Ambassadors, and rebelled against orders forbidding a trip to Hungary. (P.S. She was shooed out on the first troop train!) If Roz could be any other woman alive, she would be Dorothy Thompson, the political columnist, because—"She's got a head. She's brilliant—and still remains feminine. The perfect combination!"

Roz lives alone in her corner house in Beverly Hills. She goes into the bedroom or kitchen and discusses all sorts of things with her two negro maids. When she isn't discussing her latest role, or the Mittel Europa problem, she is playing the piano or marching around the living-room hunting stray flies. (She hates flies.)

Roz is extremely clever. She doesn't strain for it or depend upon it. Like freckles, it's just there. She owns a wire-haired terrier named "Cracker" whose litter is called "The Crumbs."

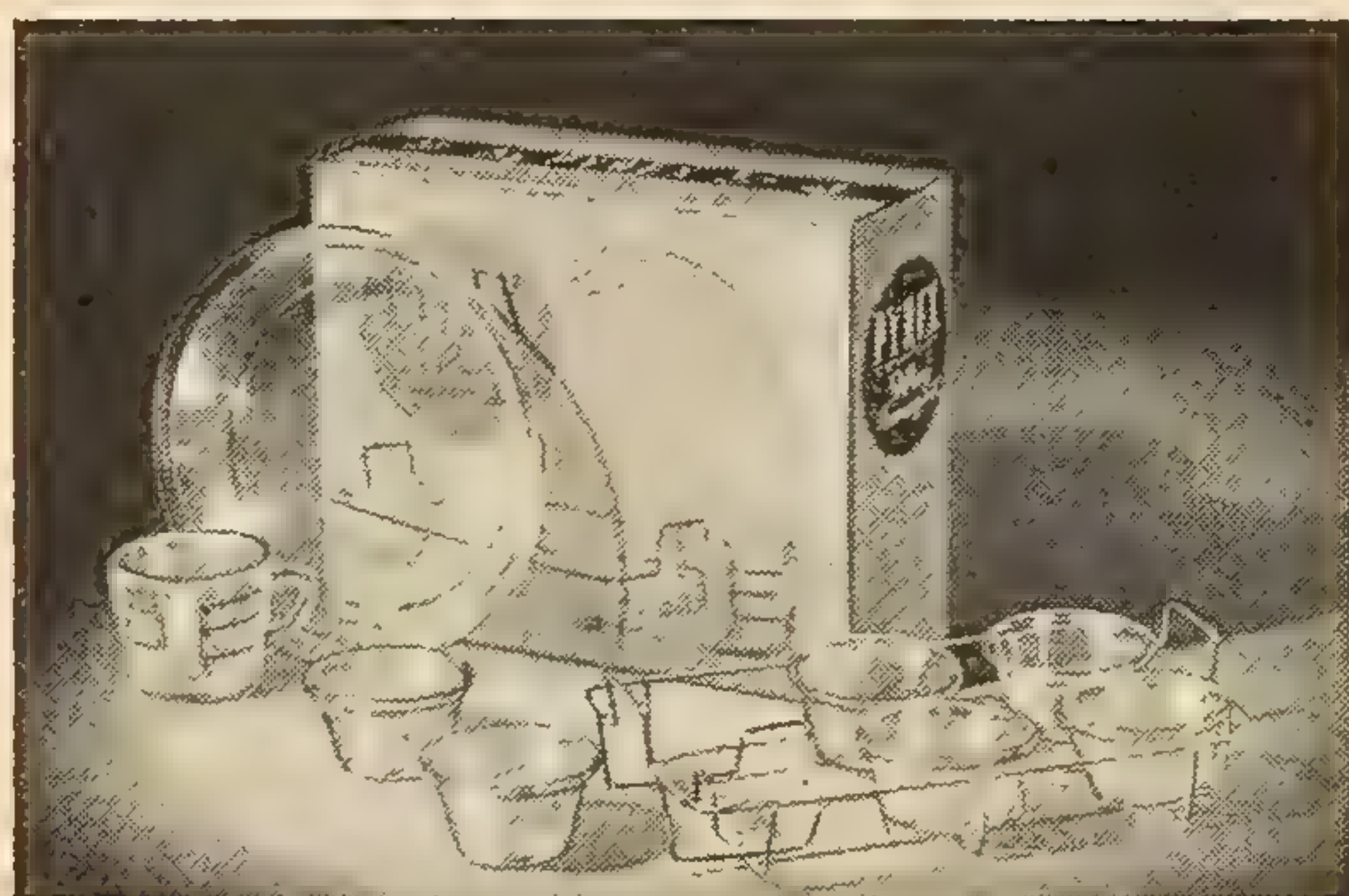


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BRAND FLAMEWARE

slacks and an old sweat shirt at the slightest provocation. Even on her honeymoon with Lew Ayres, Ginger shed her Paris gown right after the ceremony and hopped right into beach dungarees, a sweater, leather coat and beret for the motor trip. She used to tear along Hollywood Boulevard in a sailor's navy blue jacket, and still does. She's always hated fussing around or sacrificing comfort for looks. For years, Ginger has been going on shopping sprees, buying gorgeous evening gowns and hanging them in her closet until she finally has to give them away, still unworn.

That attitude toward clothes carries over into every phase of her life—except her career. Ginger will eagerly do anything an acting job demands without a whimper. In her home life, "Well, frankly," confessed Ginger, "I like to take it easy." As for social struttings, the fact is she just doesn't give a darn. Never has given a darn.

GINGER and Lew Ayres were known all their married life as Hollywood's most unexciting couple. They lived a pretty humdrum home life, by Hollywood standards, playing parlor games with their small circle of friends, taking in a neighborhood movie every now and then. Since Lew and she separated, Ginger hasn't altered the formula very noticeably. Her home, perched on the very top of Beverly Hill, where "Gee-Gee" (that's Ginger) lives with "Lee-Lee" (that's Ginger's mother), is more than ever her whole private life.

She manages the household to quiet any domestic urges, looks after her Afghan hound, "Sharma," if she feels maternal. Most of her spare minutes are spent in her current mania for sculpturing. She just finished a bust of her mother. And the greatest thrill she's had in months, she admitted, was when Joyce, Florence Lake's little girl, ran into the parlor, stared at the Rogers work of art and babbled, "Look—it's Aunt Lee-Lee!"

"I knew then," grinned Ginger, "I'd really arrived."

Ginger has the same friends she has always had. Her family group is, of course, Mama Lela, Lela's sister, Jean, and her husband, Jack Arnold, and W. L. Owens, Ginger's grandfather. Next

to the family circle come old friends like Florence Lake, Ben Alexander, Billy Bakewell and then the Ray Millands, the Leland Haywards (Margaret Sullivan), Jimmy Stewart, Cesar Romero, the Henry Potters, the Arthur Hornblows (Myrna Loy), and a few scattered others.

When they get together, which isn't too often, because somebody's always too busy, they usually play games, or read ask-me-another quizzes, run off new movies in Ginger's professional projection room, or hang around her soda fountain to mix giant, jumbo malts and elaborate, sticky concoctions. Or, if it's daytime, the swimming pool and ping-pong table are kept busy, with Ginger knitting furiously during the rest periods.

Ginger's bedtime is 10:30 most nights, and the last hour and fifteen minutes goes to a book, because that's a rigid daily reading rule. Her wiry constitution ticks along as easily as ever. She never gains or loses a pound. She eats everything and anything without a tummy tremor and sleeps like a child. But she never gets enough of Morpheus. "If you would like to know my ambitions for the future," cracked Ginger, "they're a couple of months in bed!"

Well, as a matter of fact, I *had* wanted to know a thing or two about Ginger and her private hopes for the new year. After all, if the professional pattern change of "The Primrose Path" should work too well, how do I know if I'll ever see Ginger in another of those swiny Astaire-Rogers dance symphonies of the good old days? Nor can you tell me that, on the personal page of the future book, it's written that anyone as vital and attractive as Virginia Catherine Rogers is going to keep on living alone and liking it forever. Personal peace or no peace.

Ginger exploded my thoughts neatly, as she swung down from the big set parallel and hurried off at LaCava's call. "I'm planning on playing this next scene as well as I can do it," she said. "That's all the advance plans I've got. I never make plans. The things that interest me are right now. About the future—well, Scarlett O'Hara had a pretty good line about that, 'Tomorrow is another day!'"

"And meanwhile," shouted Ginger, from the other end of the set, "you can say that all's right with Rogers." And so I do. Because I think it's the truth.



All the women in Eddie Cantor's home seem to have immunized him utterly, even to the advances of these lovely Eves. The beautiful bribers are Bonita Granville, Martha O'Driscoll, Charlotte Munier, and Louise Seider, one tenth of the "Forty Little Mothers." This is Cantor's first movie in two and a half years.

THE ROSALIND ROAD TO SUCCESSVILLE

(Continued from page 29)

been humored. Had she been interested in theology, well, the interest would have been a respectable one. But acting—never!

She went to the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. Her mother thought she was studying to be a teacher. But when she graduated, her eyes had that dreamy, klieg-light look. She kicked over the traces and joined a tent show. Over the back-fences at Waterbury only one comment was made—"Tch-tch!"

Then she rebelled again. She was told she was ready for Broadway. A producer offered her a big lead. Something that might make her overnight. She refused! "I knew I needed more experience. I wanted to start at the bottom of the ladder."

"Too many people have pretensions about acting. I always treated it as a business. When I made Broadway, I heard a lot of nonsense about having to sacrifice or give up something for the theatah! Deah, deah! What baloney! I decided you don't have to give up anything for a stage career. That was the old-fashioned idea. An elderly actress was telling me, the other day that, when she started, her mother told her that she could never marry, that she was wedded to the stage. But that idea went out with horse-and-buggy and bloomers."

"It comes down to a question of moderation. Then you can have your cake and eat it, too. You don't have to cut your friends for your career. You just don't see them as often. You don't have to quit going to night-clubs. You just go once in a while instead of regularly."

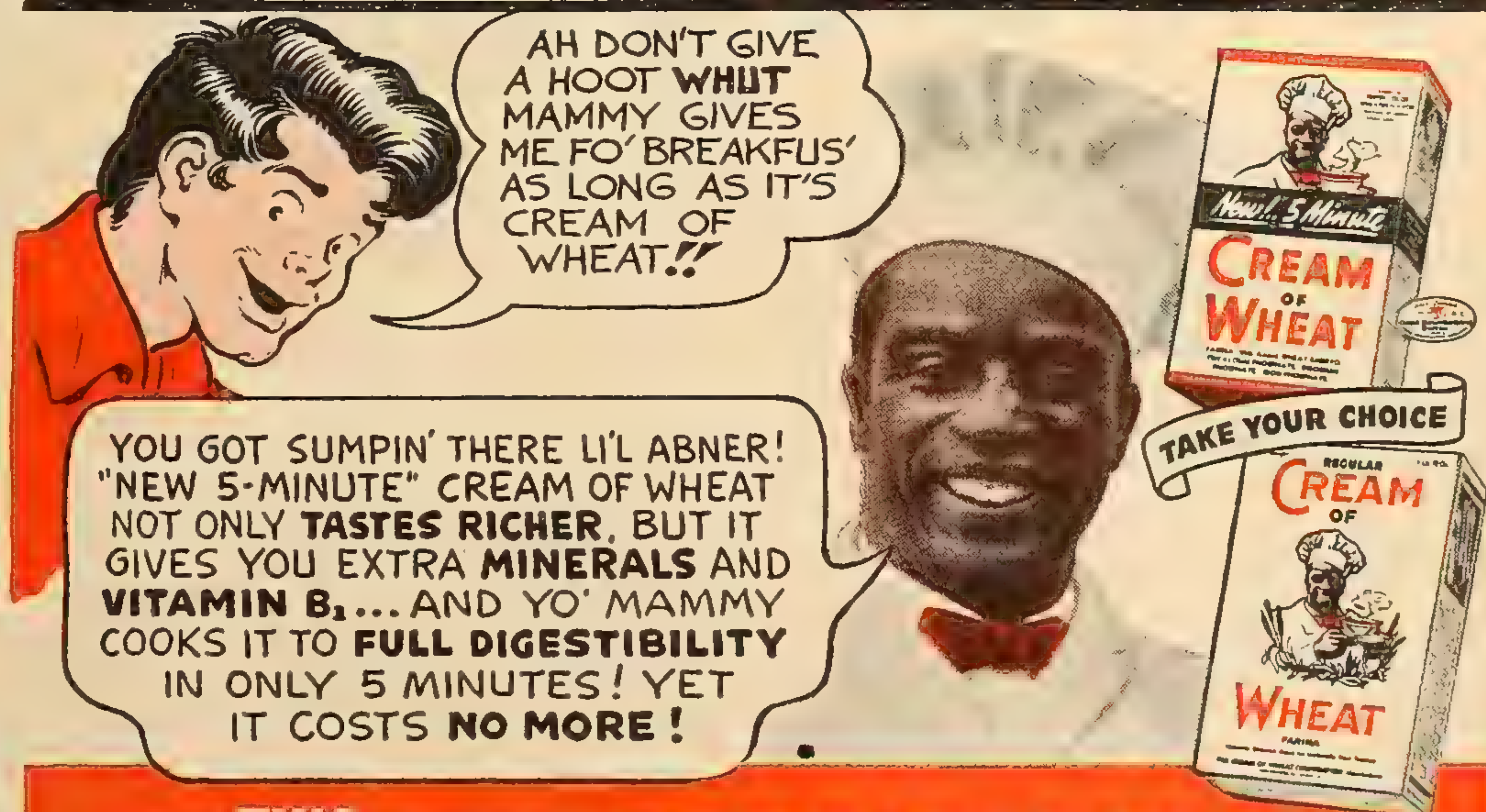
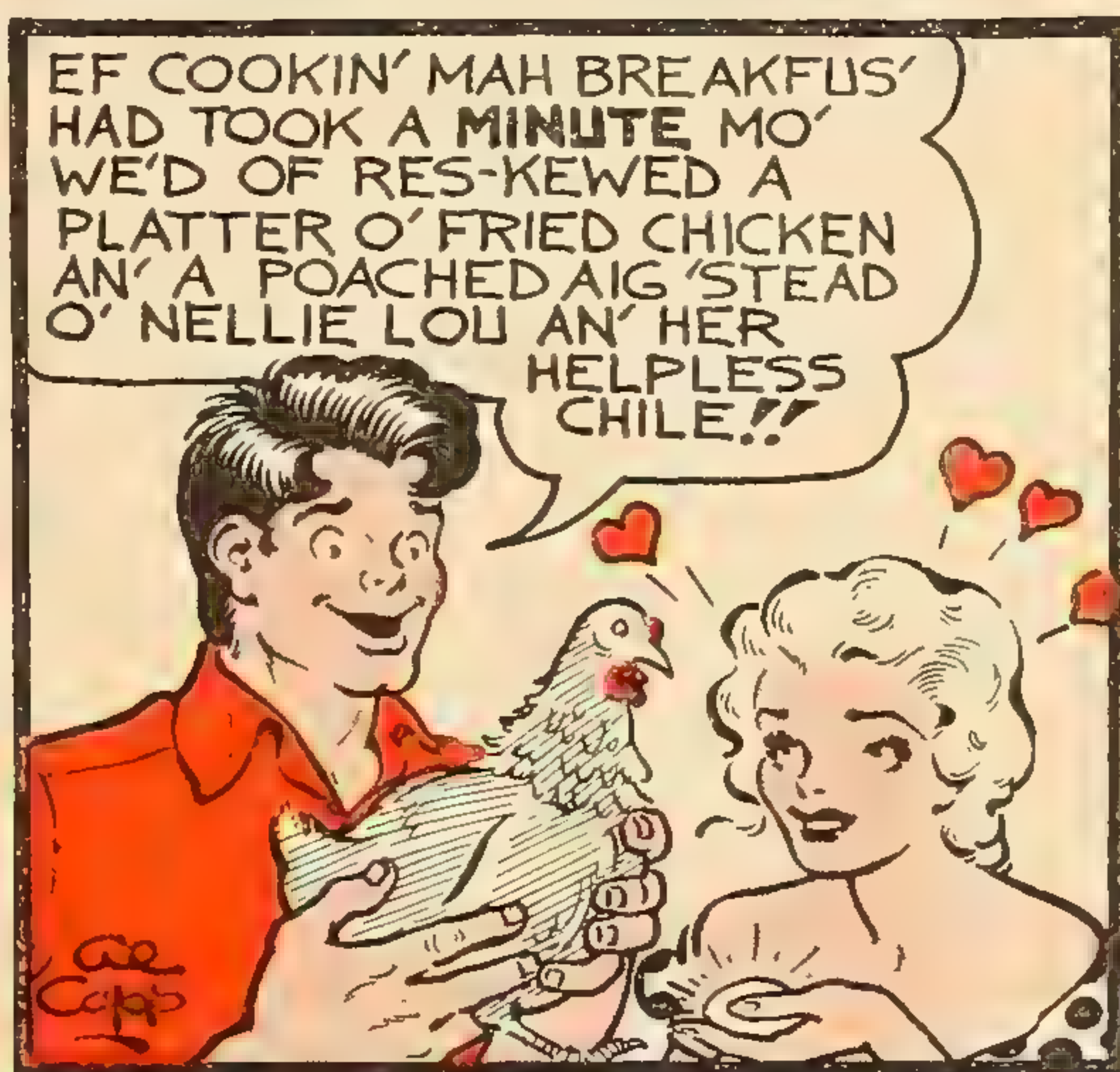
"The night before last, I went out for the first time in three months. That's not much dating. But it was still a date. I wasn't giving that up for the theatah!"

ROZ smiled. The outside corners of her eyes crinkled as she smiled. When persons have that gay crinkle, they certainly cannot be the type to rob blind-men, scare little children or hold up trains. People whose eyes crinkle at the corners when they smile are usually awfully nice people. Roz is nice people.

I learned a lot of things about her from our chat. Her favorite actress is Helen Hayes. She thinks Helen Hayes really digs into characters. Roz is a bug on politics. Her house is papered with sheets screaming with headlines. In London she lived in Parliament, chummed with Ambassadors, and rebelled against orders forbidding a trip to Hungary. (P.S. She was shoed out on the first troop train!) If Roz could be any other woman alive, she would be Dorothy Thompson, the political columnist, because—"She's got a head. She's brilliant—and still remains feminine. The perfect combination!"

Roz lives alone in her corner house in Beverly Hills. She goes into the bedroom or kitchen and discusses all sorts of things with her two negro maids. When she isn't discussing her latest role, or the Mittel Europa problem, she is playing the piano or marching around the living-room hunting stray flies. (She hates flies.)

Roz is extremely clever. She doesn't strain for it or depend upon it. Like freckles, it's just there. She owns a wire-haired terrier named "Cracker" whose litter is called "The Crumbs."



NOW TWO KINDS—**CREAM of WHEAT**
"NEW" and "REGULAR"

How to have EYES MEN ADORE



There I was—spending another Saturday night reading a magazine! I saw the words "Eyes Like Stars—try WINX."



I bought some WINX Mascara and found it gorgeously easy to put on. My lashes looked naturally longer and darker!...



"Why didn't I notice those big, beautiful eyes before!" said Bob the next time we met. "How about a date for dancing?"



GET the new WINX Mascara, also Eyebrow Pencil, Eye Shadow, and Lipstick in harmonizing colors! Good Housekeeping Approved! In the new Pink packages—at 10¢ stores today!

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START \$1260 to \$2100 Year

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Many Appointments Each Year
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Mail Coupon Today Sure
Name.....
Address.....
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Dept. B256, Rochester, N. Y.
Sirs: Rush without charge, (1) 32-page book with list of Government Big Pay Jobs, (2) Tell me how to qualify for one of these jobs.

Now I'm not addicted to repeating goo, so you can take it for the McCoy when I remind you that Rosalind is the most beloved lady in Hollywood. She has never been known to do a mean thing. She's always going out of her way for others. All the technicians, prop men, and cameramen, who have worked with Roz, are mad about her.

A few days before seeing Roz, I had talked with Stanley Dunn, property head at Columbia. We got to chewing it about actresses and I asked him for his favorite. He didn't hesitate.

"I've been here fifteen years," he said. "The finest actress I've ever watched at work, and the nicest woman I've ever met in person, is Roz Russell. She's so regular. Doesn't strain for the common touch. She just has it. There's only one word for her—genuine."

I repeated this to Roz. She flushed. Honestly, she did. "I would rather have the people I work with for my friends than any others on earth," she confessed. "I would rather sit in this room, and spend my time with good honest company, than do anything on earth. But whoa, I better not go soft on you!"

WE TALKED some more about her career. She said that, while few people realized it, she was an extremely thorough person. She dug down into things. In her most recent picture with Cary Grant, the slap-bang newspaper story, "His Girl Friday," she portrayed one of the inky-fingered sect. "I really do try to break a part down. In an effort to get away from Sylvia."

Speaking of difficulties, Roz, wagging a finger in her typical manner, shifting all over the couch, explained her greatest stumbling block. "Weak parts," she said. "It's so discouraging to be burdened with a watered and dull character. There's nothing to sink your fangs into. Remember 'Night Must Fall?' I had the third part in that. However, I consider it one of my best performances."

"An actress really faces a test when she has little to do—and does it well! Take Jean Arthur. That girl should have won ten Academy Awards for what she did in 'Mr. Smith Goes to Washington.' I really mean it, and I'll stand on rooftops and bellow it to the world!"

"Jimmy Stewart did a magnificent job, but remember, his part was the star part. The action and situations centered

on him. But all Jean Arthur was permitted to do was to sit behind desks, typewriters and in the Senate gallery. A secondary role. Yet, she did brilliantly. She gave that part a barrel of charm, motion, sex appeal—oh, just everything. That's what I call trouping.

"Every actress gets a certain quota of those parts. How well she does with them is the measuring rod of her ability. I hope, when those parts come, I can inject flesh and blood into them. I won't rebel against weak roles; they're a challenge. I will rebel against the same type of roles; they're a graveyard of monotony."

Roz made two predictions, concerning (a) feminine independence, (b) the state of matrimony versus R. Russell.

About feminine independence: "It's not here to stay. It'll go the way of wasp-waists, mah jong and yo-yos. I may be a fighter, but I'm not too independent. It's an utterly abnormal thing for women. Tell me, what woman wants to go on paying her own bills all her life. Freedom for women may have helped industry, but certainly not the individual. The girls will get darn sick of being so free one of these days."

About matrimony and herself: "While I'm not stepping out with any special person right now, and while I'm still alone and at liberty, I do expect to marry. When? Oh, eventually. Maybe soon. Just watch and see. I've no special type of man in mind. There's no way to know what you really want. If I swear I won't marry an actor, I'm liable to wind up with the biggest ham in town. Who can tell what'll happen? But this I know—when it happens to me, when I get the glow in my glimmers, I don't give a so-and-so who he is, where he is or what he is—I'll just grab him!"

I had forgotten about Roz the Rebel. I had forgotten about the Roz who would refuse stardom, who would continue toward success evenly and sanely.

Roz the Rebel and Roz the Actress were gone. There was only a beautiful, slender woman, with a jumping-jack voice, who was alone—who didn't intend to remain alone.

I straightened my tie, slicked back my hair.

"I hope you get a great man, Roz," I sighed. She will, of course.

Some gal, that Roz. And lucky guy!



Frank Morgan, turning the tables on the lady stars who wear trousers, can't get a rise out of Ann Rutherford, his pretty daughter in "Hooray, I'm Alive!"

STYLE YOUR LIPS

(Continued from page 44)

features under perfect control they can then portray any feeling or emotion they are called upon to register. Such facial discipline is a great aid to beauty and you don't have to be an actress to practice it. All you need is a little presence of mind and a few spare moments snatched from the routine of every day.

First of all, when you talk, open your mouth and speak out. Make your lips form every syllable separately and clearly. The ancient and time-honored device that was good enough for Demosthenes—the business of trying to talk distinctly through a mouthful of pebbles (modern substitutions permissible)—is still widely recommended by diction teachers for limbering tight cheek and lip muscles.

Chewing gum is a wonderfully simple and effective way to strengthen, shape and improve weak, sagging mouth muscles. And whistling is excellent for loosening tight, unattractive lips. Purse your lips in an exaggerated pucker. Practice blowing gently and vigorously by turns. Even a good, old-fashioned snarl with lips pulled back over your teeth and corners extended as far as possible is a grand beauty exercise, believe it or not. These two latter tricks, though, you'd better practice in the sequestered seclusion of your own room—any one seeing you going through them might get the notion that you are just a mite "tetched" in the head.

Open your mouth slowly, then close it tight. Turn up the corners in an exaggerated smile, then relax completely. If you have a mouth which droops in the corners, place a little finger in each end and pull gently. This won't stretch or injure delicate tissues if done carefully. Hold a bit of fruit or the like in front of your mouth but just out of reach. Then, with puckered lips, attempt to bite it. When you get up in the morning and again at night, with cold creamed fingers, massage around your mouth in a rotary motion. And every day, as often as you can, turn up the corners of your mouth and smile. Let loose a good genuine laugh every once in a while, too. It's good for more than your lips.

IF your lips are soft, mobile and expressive, you needn't worry about their shape. That's where lip-rouge comes to the rescue. A few tips, a few tricks, and a little practice and you'll look like a different girl. First, go to a mirror, pull your hair back and decide what type of face you have: round, oval, long, broad, square, pointed, heart or diamond shaped, and whether your nose is long or short. Then rouge your lips to suit your type. Never, of course, try to change that type. Accent it, dramatize it, play it up to the hilt—but don't ignore it. Nature is a pretty smart old lady and she knew what she was about when she put you together. Be wise, find out what she had in mind, then play up your good features, play down your weak, but don't get silly and try to change your pattern.

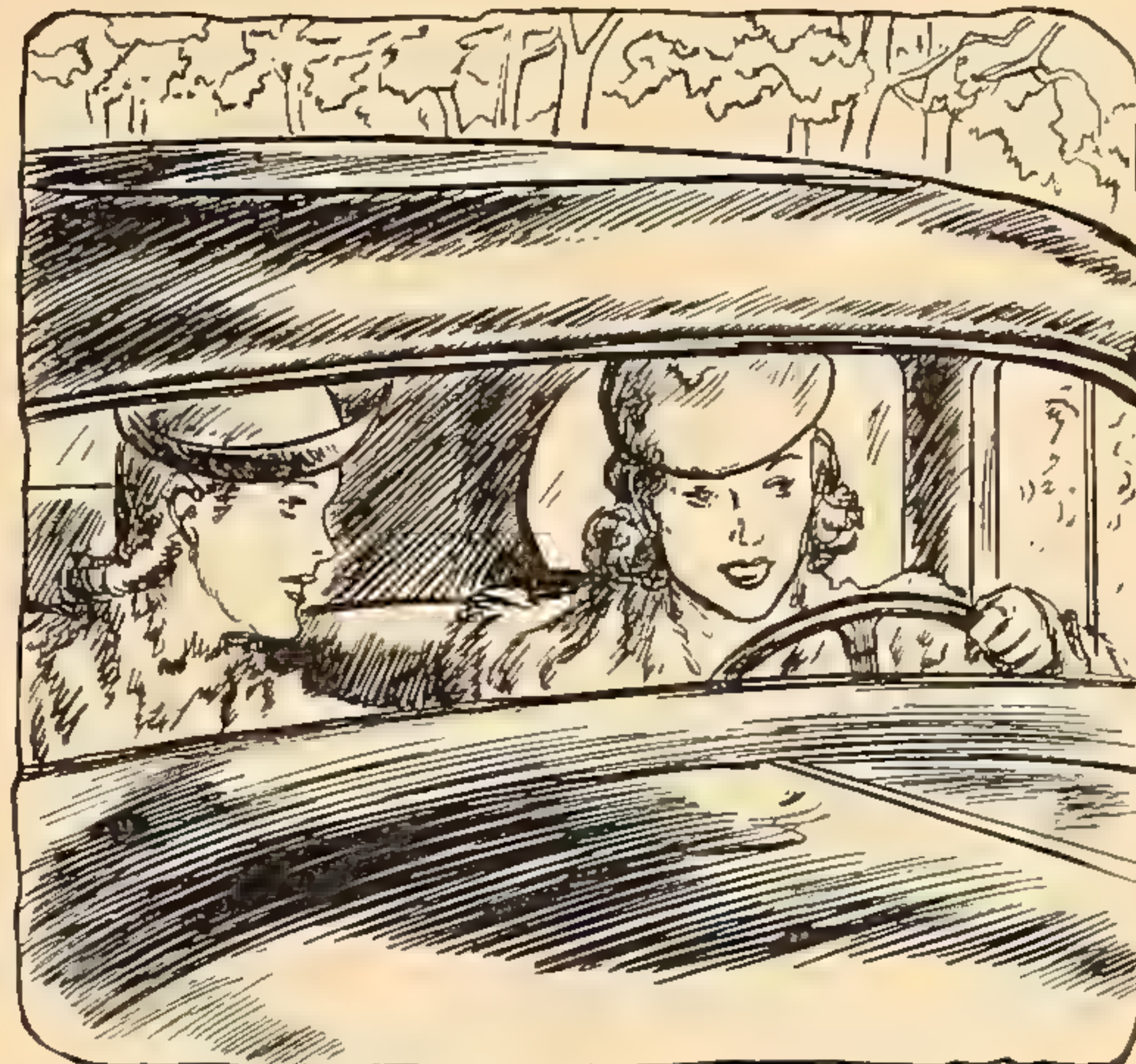
If your face is round like Marjorie Weaver's, your mouth will look best rather wide and gently curved. If your face is oval like Bette Davis', your lips should be full and natural but not too brightly colored. If you have a long, narrow face, like Ginger Rogers or Dorothy Lamour, make up your lips to be fairly wide, especially the lower one, and be sure to carry plenty of color

"I TOLD YOU SHE WAS TOO OLD TO HAVE A BABY!"



1. 1ST FRIEND: Great heavens! Susie's having trouble again!

2ND FRIEND: Well, what can you expect! Raising a first baby at *her* age! She's too set in her ways, I always said.



2. 1ST FRIEND: Don't be silly! Being up-to-date is not a question of age! It's a state of mind. And I'm going to tip her off right now.

2ND FRIEND: She'll never listen. Mark my words.



3. AT SUSIE'S HOUSE.

1ST FRIEND: Susie darling, we heard you were upset about your baby. And we thought we'd show you some of the new things we learned raising our babies.

SUSIE: New things? Name one!

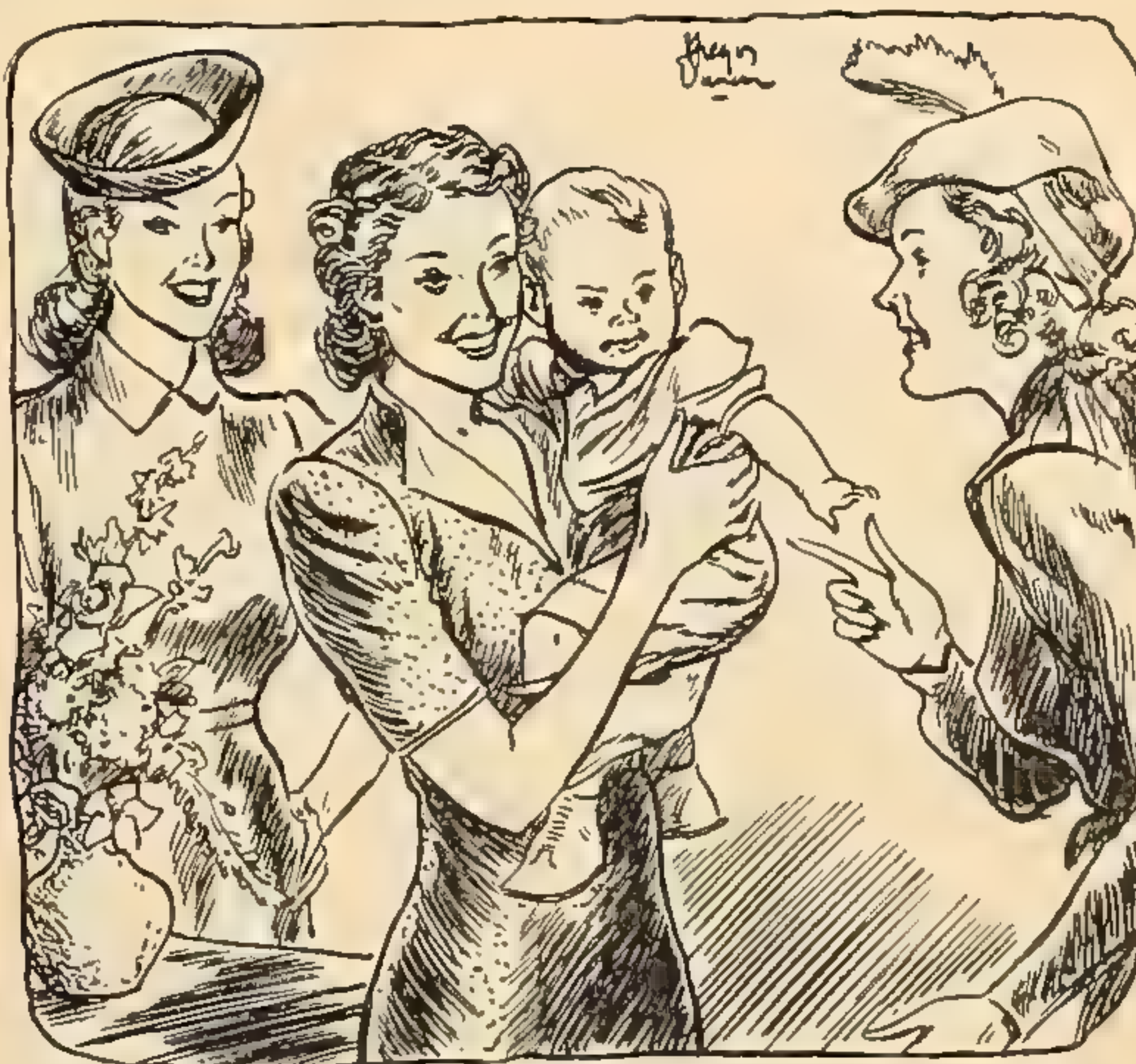


4. 1ST FRIEND: Well, for instance, there's all this *special* care the doctor has been talking about lately. He says a baby's system is too delicate to experiment with. So *everything* he gets should be made *especially* for him . . . from special baby food all the way to a *special* baby laxative!



5. SUSIE: A special babies' laxative!!

1ST FRIEND: Sure! It's FLETCHER'S CASTORIA! And it's designed *especially* for a baby's needs. It has no harsh "adult" drugs, so it just can't cramp or gripe. And believe me, it's SAFE!



6. SUSIE: But what about the taste? My little Indian fights any medicine that comes near him.

1ST FRIEND: Don't you worry about Fletcher's Castoria. Even the *taste* is made especially for children . . . Try it. You'll wonder how you ever got along without it!

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

The modern — **SAFE** — laxative made especially for children

MARY CARLISLE,
lovely screen star



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Men adore enchantingly fragrant, youthfully soft lips. FLAME-GLO LIPSTICK will instantly give your lips a magic flame of temptation... a seductive, alluring glow that men can't resist! An exclusive, water-repellent film gives satin-smooth protection and seals the vibrant color to your lips. You will never know how lovely you can be until you try this remarkable lipstick... in special shades that blend with all the new costume colors!

- RED RUST • ROYAL WINE • ORCHID •
- GLAMOUR RED • DYNAMIC RED •
- MEDIUM • RASPBERRY • LIGHT • FLAME •



It's our treat... let us send you 5 full trial size lipsticks, each in a different fascinating new shade, together with a pack of handy Lipstick Tissues. Just send 10¢ for mailing costs.

REJUVIA BEAUTY LABS, Inc. 116 W. 14th St., N.Y. Dept. A6

Send me 5 trial size FLAME-GLO Lipsticks, and handy pack of Lipstick Tissues; enclosed find 10¢ (stamps or coin) for mailing cost.

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10¢ and 25¢
AT LEADING S & 10¢
STORES ONLY

Also ask for FLAME-GLO ROUGE in harmonizing colors!



FOR dull, drab, lifeless-looking hair

BUT, dull hair will shine like satin and drab hair, like pale cheeks, only needs a little makeup to have a healthy, peppy look or to hide a premature sprinkle of gray. These thrilling features can be had, by using the New Golden Glint Shampoo and Rinse. The splendid new certified colors in the New Golden Glint are exciting and safe to use—like makeup, it washes out but won't rub off. Woman's most irresistible charm is bright, radiant hair, full of lovely, soft-glowing, colored highlights. Get the New Golden Glint at any drug, department and 10c store, or send for a full size trial offer, at half regular price.

25¢ Size - TRIAL OFFER - For 10¢

Name _____ (PLEASE PRINT)

Address _____

City and State _____

PLEASE RUSH. Enclosed find Ten Cents (10c) in coin for handling charges. My shade of hair is

☐ Brunette ☐ Blonde ☐ White or Platinum
☐ Brownette ☐ Auburn ☐ Lustre (Colorless)

GOLDEN GLINT 622 RAINIER AVENUE, SEATTLE, WASHINGTON, U.S.A.

right into the corners. If you have a broad chin and cheek but a narrower forehead like Ann Sothorn, make your lips appear both wide and long with upward curves at the corners. If your whole face is square, like Joan Crawford's, avoid any suggestion of a square mouth. Let your mouth be graceful but full enough to match your face. If your chin is pointed, like Carole Lombard's, stick to your natural lip line with curves that are on the wide and soft side. Heart-faced girls like Virginia Bruce should have lips that are softly, gracefully heart-shaped, too, with medium, never heavy, color. Then there is the diamond-shaped face like Merle Oberon's which needs lips with center fullness, soft curves and moderate color again.

A long, straight nose, like that of Barbara Stanwyck, needs a lower lip slightly wider than the upper one, whereas short, retroussé noses like cute Jane Wyman's or Alice Faye's should have a slightly wider upper lip. If you have a long, straight upper lip, round it out ever so little and curve your lower lip gracefully, too. A full lower lip, on the other hand, needs a rounded upper to balance it.

LIP rouge, whether stick, paste or liquid, should be applied, after other make-up is on, to a clean dry skin, recently washed with soap and water, cleansed with cream and finished off with a bit of skin freshener. One layer on top of another will never bring satisfactory results. Apply color to the upper first, then press both lips firmly together. This transfers the excess and prevents that solid, gummy, artificial look which makes so many husbands, friends and sweethearts gasp with justifiable indignation.

If you like, you may outline your lips with a lip pencil. But no matter what you use, stick, cream or liquid rouge, be sure to soften the edges slightly with your finger or a bit of tissue, for hard, over-dramatic lips are terribly offensive. Professional models and theatrical people often have to use such sharp outlines, but there's no excuse in the world for it in everyday walks of life. Lip make-up requires skill, practice and good taste and if you haven't got these—well, you'd better acquire them.

After both lips are filled in, blot off any excess color on a tissue placed between the lips. Some girls "set" the color with a dash of cold water, others like to finish off with a puff of powder. Of course you know, no doubt, that to make lips look longer, the color should be extended right into the corners. To shorten their appearance color should be shaded off subtly before reaching the corners. To make a full lower lip look smaller, concentrate color near the center, fading it gradually toward the corners. To widen a lip extend color ever so slightly over the edges. To narrow, keep color well within the natural lip lines. And always be sure to extend color far enough inside both lips so that no artificial line will show when you talk or smile. One last word, don't smear your lip rouge and don't get it on your teeth!

As for colors, the basic predominating tones of your own skin will give you an unerring guide to your most becoming lip make-up. For example, if your skin has underlying tones of ivory, cream, gold, tan or brown, wear lip rouge in the clear red or orange-red range. Whether light or dark depends on the intensity of your individual coloring. If your underlying skin tones are blue, white, pink or one of the florid family, you will look best in one of the blue-red lip rouges. If you're an unswerving

neutral as to skin, hair and eyes, true, bright reds will bring out hidden high lights.

A good lip rouge is perfectly harmless. Few cosmetics are safer to use. The emollient base helps to protect the delicate lip membranes and the bright color not only makes you look healthier and more vital but also gives you a definite "lift." So much new courage and sparkle have seldom been achieved by so simple a means. Learn to use it discreetly and intelligently. For daytime, lips should look simply natural, not too wide, too vivid, or in any other way exaggerated. Night is the time for glamour. Exotic colors and lush outlines go with soft lights and formal costumes. Conservative shades will get you much further in day light. And no matter where else you hurry, use skill not speed in applying lip rouge. Make-up is an art and, when you deny it, the result is either comedy or burlesque of what might have been you at your dramatic best.

* * *

Now that Spring is almost here, aren't you becoming more complexion conscious by the minute? We are. So you can imagine our delight recently when we tried a thrilling new complexion lotion that serves a remarkable triple purpose. First, it soothes, smooths and cleanses your skin; second, it covers up surface blemishes such as large pores, blackheads, pimples and the like; and third, it forms a perfect powder base upon which to complete your make-up.

Blemishes that mar the smooth perfection that every girl covets for her skin can cause a great deal of self-consciousness and discomfort. But you can avoid such embarrassment because this unusual formula, for years part of the costly treatment in the exclusive salon of a famous dermatician, is now available to everybody everywhere. Although specially compounded to heal and hide those heart-breaking blemishes and to clear up excessive oiliness, this thin, flesh-tinted lotion also gives your skin that smooth, freshly powdered look that is so attractive. Men like to use the lotion too, for it soothes smarting, tender "after-shave" skin and at the same time hides and heals unsightly blemishes. It stays on without being the least bit noticeable, which is another great advantage from a man's point of view. A post card from you will bring the name of this exceptional formula.

* * *

Another Spring note—and an important one. Nothing is quite as detrimental to the illusion of feminine daintiness as the whiff of offensive odors on either your clothes or your person. Perspiration not only menaces a girl's chances for personal popularity, it also ruins her dresses. Even with the best efforts of your favorite cleaner, more clothes are permanently damaged this way than any other.

How needless and inexcusable all this is in these days of efficient deodorants! There is one particularly effective cream preparation which we'd like to recommend to you right now, for it not only eliminates those annoying odors but also actually stops perspiration for from one to three days. This greaseless, odorless new preparation is entirely safe, too. It soothes tender skin and will not stain or rot your best dresses. It is absorbed immediately, and can be easily applied as often as you find necessary. Why don't you try protecting yourself and your clothes with this handy new double-purpose deodorant? We'll be glad to send you the name. Write us today.

MAKING IT PAY

(Continued from page 32)

weather, elaborate grooming parlors, hospitalization, and training in house manners.

Charlie founded the kennels when he discovered his own backyard was too small to accommodate the twenty dogs he had personally acquired. Today there are two offshoots of the original undertaking. The first is the Ruggles-owned Terrier Shop in Santa Monica, which caters to dog fanciers. The second is the daily delivery service of food prepared at the kennels for pets living at home. The whole set-up is paying off nicely, confides Mr. R. And he also admits he enjoys his position as Hollywood's reigning master of the hounds—all 150 of them!

Connie Bennett's doing all right, too, thank you. About four years ago, after smearing some extremely costly creams on her lovely face, Connie shook her head and said, "Foo! I don't like this stuff." And it's no sooner said than acted upon where Miss Bennett's concerned. Very shortly thereafter she rented a two-room shop in Hollywood, hired a single chemist and went to work making her own cosmetics.

TO her great satisfaction, the result was some really splendid goo. Connie was so delighted she loaned her creams to a few friends, and they were so delighted they urged her to commercialize the venture. In addition to giving her the urge, they gave her both financial aid and publicity, and pronto the Constance Bennett Cosmetic Company was launched.

Connie's main products are her special face mask, a cleansing cream and a tissue cream which sell from 50c to \$6 the jar. Distribution is national and international through department and drug stores. Although she has about one hundred people working for her in the considerably expanded laboratory and close to two hundred demonstrators doing promotion and display work throughout the country, Connie says her business is practically a babe.

Recently Boss Bennett ran a contest for the salespeople in the organization. Four trips to the film capital were the prizes, and the gleeful quartet who won were entertained royally with parties and trips to the studios. When she sent them home, they were rooting for her two hundred per cent.

Allan Jones' trailer tells his business tale. It simply isn't trailing any more. Instead, it's been converted into headquarters for the Bollen Stables, a flourishing boarding house for horses which is owned and operated by Jones and his well-known partner, Mr. Robert Young. The boys accidentally got into the stable business when they jointly bought a few old stalls and leased the land attached thereto, intending to provide a home for their own mounts. Several friends liked the idea and asked permission to bring their horses around too—offering a financial settlement, of course. Bob and Allan said okay, fixed the price at \$40 a month, and in three months had the stables moving along at a profit!

The stalls have been enlarged several times and at present the proprietors are lodging fifty horses, thirty-two of which are paying guests. The remaining eighteen belong to the firm and are hired out to non-horse owners at \$1.50 for the first hour and \$1 for each additional hour. Clients include the cream of the Bel-Air

How LINDA DARNELL'S Beauty Nightcap keeps Glamour in her skin...

Lovely Linda reveals her discovery of the Woodbury Beauty Nightcap (a night treatment with Woodbury Cold Cream) to

Louella Parsons

Famous Movie Columnist



LINDA DARNELL, STAR OF 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE, "TWINKLE, TWINKLE LITTLE STAR"



1. Linda's a darling! She's only 17, you know, and like a smart girl, wants to guard her beauty. At a recent luncheon she met a skin specialist, quizzed him about complexion care. He advised, "Take a Woodbury Beauty Nightcap."



2. "This Beauty Nightcap," with Woodbury Cold Cream," the specialist said, "gives a 3-way service—cleanses, lubricates, invigorates." Now Linda gives her skin this nightly care, says a Woodbury Beauty Nightcap keeps a good skin good!

**Woodbury continues where other
creams leave off**

Woodbury Cold Cream gives your skin the three-way service vitally needed for bedtime beauty care. It cleanses thoroughly. A special ingre-

dient keeps it germ-free. Woodbury smooths as it lubricates—its oils melt at skin contact. Woodbury invigorates—contains a skin-invigorating Vitamin. Leave on a light film overnight. \$1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.

CLEANSES safely
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WEE WALKERS for the wee walker

horsy set, but the facilities of the stables are open to everyone. Oddly enough, Bollan draws few tourists though infested with big names—so, if you're ever out that way, put it on your list!

Victor McLaglen's Fresno Ranch is another hobby that grew up. Only eight months ago, McLaglen bought the place with the idea of using it merely as a retreat from picture-making, but gradually his eyes opened wide to its handsome commercial possibilities.

The ranch represents an investment of nearly a quarter of a million dollars and covers 740 acres, 500 of which are planted in crops. When the last harvest time came, Vic realized he couldn't feed all the products of the land to the chickens. Some had to be sold—and if the dollars rolled in, who was he to stop them?

The cropland acres are used to graze cattle, sheep, and hunting and racing horses. Horse-breeding has long been a particular interest of Vic's and he's going into that more seriously, too. So seriously, that the ranch has already been expensively ornamented with his own private race-track.

Reginald Denny used to fuss around with toy airplanes. One day he noticed a lot of other people fussing around with them too. "Hmmm," said Reggie. "They gotta buy 'em from someone. Might as well be me!" So he scooped up \$50,000 (movie actors can do that) and into business he went.

Today, the Reginald Denny Industries, Inc., enjoy an annual gross of \$150,000, with an estimated 10 per cent net profit. And that's just kid stuff. According to Mr. Denny, his retail store on Hollywood Blvd. and his factory in Glendale have already outgrown the walls that enclose them. In the nearby future he intends to move to larger quarters.

Reggie reports that department stores, toy shops and hobby shops are his heaviest buyers, while his retail business is divided pretty evenly between children and adults. About three hundred planes are manufactured monthly in both kit and ready-built form. Prices range from 10c to \$100 and shipments are made to every state in the union and every country in the world.

Not long ago, a huge order was prepared for rush delivery to a buyer in British South Africa. Cartons bearing the stamp "model airplanes" were care-

fully packed and scooted to a ship for immediate selling. To Denny's surprise, the boat's captain refused to carry the cargo, contending that Nazi subs would regard it as sufficient excuse for firing torpedoes! The shipment was finally labeled "toys"; the captain accepted it.

Chief engineer of the Denny company is Walter Richter, member of the Society of Automotive Engineers and a graduate of the California Institute of Technology. He and Reggie cooperate on developing new ideas and last year turned out a radio-controlled model plane that has been purchased by the United States Army. Details of the invention can't be secured, since they are a deep, dark government secret.

Denny-made miniatures also include submarines and battleships, part of a new line that sprang from interest in the European war, and model racing cars which are very popular among the movie folk. The cars sell from \$23.50 to \$100 each, and have been run at a record speed of 62.23 miles per hour. In the past few months, Eleanor Powell, Gary Cooper and William Powell were a few of the stars who ordered these playthings.

OF the 20,000 items handled by the company, Reggie's pride is the Dennymite motor, a one-cylinder, two-cycle miniature airplane engine. He designed it all by himself.

Dolores Del Rio has requested that her interest in a Santa Monica pottery shop be touched on lightly. Several years ago she made a necessary loan to the friend who runs the shop and now receives dividends on her original investment. The luscious Mexican has taken a deep interest in the store because it handles the art of her native country. She spends a great deal of time there, both as a customer and adviser and, if she isn't a come-on for the shoppers, we'd like to know what would be!

Yes, these movie people really know how to make ends meet. But what, you ask, is the secret of their business success? That's easily explained. All you do is dabble with your favorite hobby and keep your mind absolutely free of greedy or mercenary thoughts. Then, along comes Fate and lays a wreath of solid gold at your feet! After twelve years of stamp-collecting, we're going to sit back and wait for the gravy.



Richard Greene and "Spunky" spend a quiet evening at home. The twenty-five-year-old Britisher is currently starring in "I Was An Adventuress," opposite Zorina.

SCOUTIN' AROUND FOR TALENT

(Continued from page 51)

His name is Bob Prins. We put him under contract, then sent him back to finish out his senior year. Watch for Prins."

Scout Baiano hopped to his swivel chair, sat down, swiveled a moment and went on:

"Actually, though, we find talent everywhere. Jane Bryan was found in Jean Muir's Workshop Theatre. Wayne Morris and Julie Stevens, in the Pasadena Playhouse. One of our New York scouts found Brenda Marshall in a Federal Theatre back East. Talent is everywhere—tent shows, ribbon counters! Yesterday I saw a prospect, a girl at a hot dog stand down by Laguna Beach. I bought a hot dog from her and engaged her in conversation. I judged her personality, the angles of her face, her speech. I won't stand for bad English. If a girl uses "dese, dem, dose" she's hopeless. We have a hard enough time teaching newcomers acting, let alone English.

"There was Lana Turner. Publicity people say she was found eating lunch in a café across from Hollywood High. That's not true. I found her myself, so I ought to know. One day I went into Lloyd's Lingerie Shop on Hollywood Boulevard to buy my wife a pair of stockings—and there was Lana Turner. That's how and where she was found!

"But to prove that you never can tell, I'll give you an unusual locale for my last discovery. I dropped in at the Bliss-Hayden Little Theatre to catch the last act of a show. There wasn't anyone on the stage I liked. Disinterested, I allowed my gaze to wander over the audience. And there she was, four seats away from me, two rows back. She attracted me. After the show I made inquiries. Her name was Marilyn Merrick. She had never acted. She had just signed at the Bliss-Hayden, and would be in her first play within two weeks. I took her to the studio. She was tested and passed. Now she's under contract. And I found her in an audience! Tie that!"

SOLLY BAIANO explained that scouts brought Warners from two to three hundred "finds" a year. Of these, perhaps fifty were screen tested and about eight signed to contracts.

"Locating three hundred prospects is a job too big for just Mr. Golder and myself. Consequently, we have hundreds of unofficial scouts all over the nation, in every little village and big city. All our friends and our relatives are scouts. A Professor of Dramatics may give me tips. I would trust him, because he understands acting. Or Romain, the famous photographer in San Francisco, may take a picture of someone, like it and forward the portrait to me. Incidentally, I advise all our unofficial scouts to send pictures. I always demand four *unretouched* pictures at our expense; one of each profile, a bust and a full-length. If the photos interest me, I send someone or go myself to interview the prospect.

"We discover many actors and actresses through photographs. I saw Linda Winters staring at me out of my morning paper. She was in a small play at Carmel, California. I sent a man up to see her, and she clicked. Here, look at this



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clipping on my desk. It's from the society page of the Examiner. Photo of a girl whose engagement was just announced. One of our unofficial scouts mailed it to me."

"I'll tell you about our craziest discovery. It was made by one of our unofficial scouts, my cousin, big Zeke Bonura; who used to play first-base for the Chicago White Sox. He wrote me about a radio announcer who was spilling games. He said the announcer was coming West for spring training with the Cubs, and that I should be sure to see him. 'He's a real prospect,' wrote Bonura. Well, I wasn't too sure of Bonura's taste; so I skipped it. One day, with nothing else to do, I went out to see an exhibition game. The announcer was there. Now, as a rule, I don't like radio announcers for the movies. They punch their words too hard. Their styles are choppy. But this fellow had what I like—and now he's with us, thanks to cousin Zeke Bonura. The announcer's name? Oh, you know, Ronald Reagan!"

"If you want to be found by a Warner Brothers scout, go to a sizable city, join a decent theatre that you are positive isn't a racket and act day in and day out. Constant acting will give you ease and naturalness. And if you have anything, we'll find you—some day!"

AT Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, in a bungalow, I met the greatest hunter of thespians in the world. Only he doesn't like to be called a talent scout. "It makes me feel like some Daniel Boone with a fur cap and raccoon tail down the back. I'm not only a scout, but I'm a doctor and top-sergeant to talent. I'm an agent within these walls, trying to sell my finds to the producers. I'm a million things." He's also Billy Grady, a word-punching Irishman with an encyclopedic mind.

Grady, from behind his huge fortress-like desk, told me the story of the new M-G-M sensation, blue-eyed Ilona Massey. A studio scout saw her in a Vienna opera. He promptly sent the following cable to Hollywood: "Test Ilona Massey. She's marvelous. She's the kind of dame who would look naked wearing a fur coat!"

Ilona Massey came to the United States, to Bill Grady. "She had everything," he admitted. "Looks, voice, personality—and 142 pounds! The first thing I taught her, after she was signed, was how to eat. No more fats, sweets, European pastries. In two weeks she was down to 126. Then I taught her English. She knew only two words. When she first came into my office and met me, she said, 'Good-bye,' and when she left my office, she said, 'Hello.' That was Ilona Massey, and look at her now, after 'Balalaika.'"

"You see, I'm not just a talent scout. I've got to develop the stars to the point where a producer will sign them and put them on a screen. And incidentally, Ilona's case gives you a fair idea of how thoroughly our scout department covers the world. We found her, I remind you, in Vienna. But that was nothing. We have 375 branch offices, or exchanges, scattered throughout the entire world, looking for talent. We even have one in India. Each of these exchanges has ten scouts on the payroll. We are not covering Europe now, because of the War. Our main sources for new people are Hollywood and New York."

"We're different than most studios. We don't pay attention to outside tips. Here's the way I feel. Only a master craftsman can pick talent. I'll give you an idea. You're not a carpenter, yet when I ask you about the chair I'm

sitting in, you say it looks good. Sure. Because, to your uneducated eye, this chair does look good. But what's beneath the surface? You're not a craftsman, so you don't know. Bring an expert in, a carpenter, and he'll give you a real opinion about this chair. The same with talent scouts. They are experts. They are craftsmen, trained for their jobs.

"Laymen, are poor judges. They think talent consists of beauty. They can't see the intangibles—inherent ability and personality. And I'll tell you another thing about actresses. Don't let any of those books make you believe actresses are developed. No sirree. Actresses are born, not made. They are actresses right in the pink cradle, when they begin faking tears for an extra bottle of milk!"

"I find most of my talent in little theatres. Take my word, the little theatre is the foundation and future of the movies. In the old days, when I wanted talent, I covered a vaudeville show or visited the burlesque. That's dead. And now I depend on little theatres. They're swell—if they don't teach kids to act. Get me? Little theatres are good if they just give kids a chance to be natural and have an audience.

"The steady school diet of Shakespeare is no good. And too much diction, word mouthing, is terrible. When a girl walks through that door over there, I can tell if she is good or bad. If she gives me the old hip swing, the eye and that drama class affectation, well, she hasn't a chance, not with Bill Grady. But if she's sincere, natural, regular, I'll overlook a dozen other faults.

"And God help any prospect that lies to Billy Grady! I've been in this game forty years. I've seen every decent play there ever was to see. I've a record of every one produced, and covered by M-G-M. If someone comes in here with a cock-and-bull story about experience on Broadway, in such-and-such a show, four years ago, well, here's what I do—"

Billy Grady got to his feet, navigated around his desk to a wall case. He pointed to rows of black bound books.

"These books contain complete reports of every Broadway show. I check on the stories my prospects tell. If they are fibbing, out they go, on their ears."

THE veteran scout took one of the volumes from the shelf, brought it over to me. He flipped it open.

"Take a peek. Here are our scout reports for 1933. A play called 'The Curtain Rises.' Our scout calls it, 'Lousy.' Here, below, is a criticism of every player. Here, further down, a paragraph about a new actress named Jean Arthur. It reads, 'The greatest prospect in years. She has what Helen Hayes has. Grab her.' And that was seven years ago!"

"I'll never forget Patsy Kelly. She was rehearsing a play. She had on a rose coat, a red dress, and there were holes in her stockings. Her hair was a mess. She was drinking milk, and it dribbled down her chin, and spilled—but she just remained unaffectedly nonchalant. It made an impression.

"There was Ruby Keeler, hoofing in a line. She tripped, fell, almost broke her neck. Flustered? Upset? Naw. She just got up, neatly, easily, got back into line and continued. I admired her poise. I found Virginia Grey, in a Ziegfeld chorus. They were resting between rehearsals. Most of the kids smoked, talked about themselves, played poker. Virginia went into a corner by her lonesome and tapped. She was signed.

"The stand-out discovery in my mind was Eleanor Powell. Oh, I can't say too much for her. I first saw her in a mis-

erable rehearsal hall in Atlantic City. She was practicing new steps, hour after hour. When she was through, her mother pulled off her shoes. The feet of Eleanor's stockings were vivid with wet blood. Yet, the next morning at 8:30, she was back in the hall—practicing. How can you help but notice a girl like that?

"People don't have to worry about being found. I love my job. I live, talk and eat my job. It's a religion with me. I'm looking for new people!"

I believed him.

And later, I also believed Julius Evans, the new talent scout at RKO, when I sat with him in his swank office and listened to his soft-spoken opinions.

"A talent scout must be able to see below the exterior," Julius Evans pointed out. "He must have a great instinct. When a boy or girl with a smile breezes into the room, the scout must know if he is greeting star stuff. But he mustn't depend on a first impression. I always see a person two or three times before making a final decision."

"Why, some of our best people make terrible initial impressions. I've seen Helen Hayes as dead as a doorknob among new company. She was tightened and nervous. On a first impression, she'd be thrown out of this office, but observe, she's one of our greatest stage stars."

"When I travel and meet new actors, I try to dig under shy exteriors. And I make it a rule never to resent cocky persons. In fact, I sometimes like brashness. Because such people, with obvious personalities that register immediately, are often easiest to sell."

"We have a curious system," he said. "We don't work by ourselves, but with the aid of RKO theatre managers. For example, the manager of your neighborhood theatre may be one of our scouts. We welcome and expect his tips and suggestions. Sometimes an exhibitor will finance some really talented person's

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Betty Hanf, Barnard College, New York, '42



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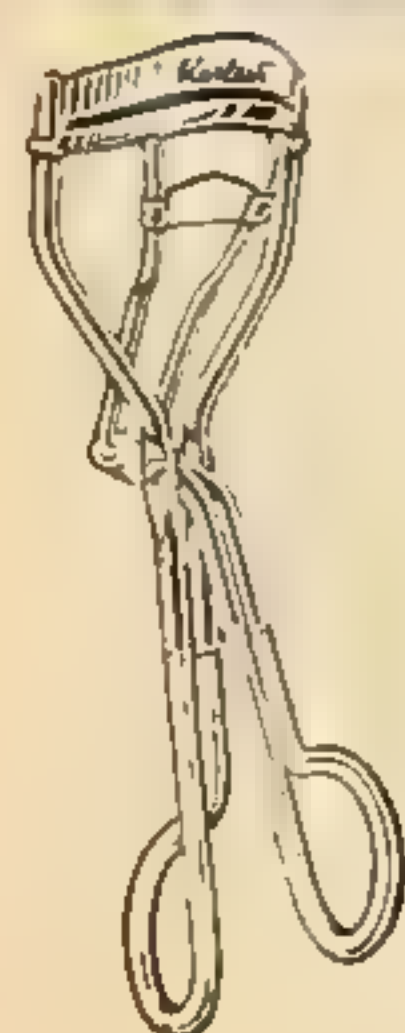
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Now that none of the money that American studios have in England can be taken out of that country, it is being put into the production of films over there. Bob Montgomery, among the first to be sent over, is shown with his wife en route to make "Busman's Honeymoon."



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trip to Hollywood. More often, we send someone to check up on tips.

"Between exhibitors and our department, we cover the country. I am always impersonal in studying a new girl. But if you think looking at beautiful girls all day long is a soft job, you're mistaken. It's an awful strain. I know, by now, that beautiful girls are often vacuous, because they depend entirely on their looks and don't develop otherwise. On the other hand, girls not too good-looking, as a compensating gesture, become deeper and more poised. I'll take this type any day.

"In the old days, the movies had to have pretty faces. Those days are gone forever. Now a Spencer Tracy or a Jim Cagney, neither one pretty, can go far. Tracy and Cagney aren't Apollosque, but they have manliness and personality instead. They need not be good-looking or even highly photogenic, as long as they possess the more essential assets.

"To find such people, we don't go only to little theatres. A star may be found in the most unbelievable or most ordinary place. And I don't say this just to be encouraging. I saw a woman shopping in a butcher shop once and had her tested. There was a young man being shaved in a barber shop. He appealed to me and was tested."

JULIUS EVANS was reminded of a recent discovery in an unusual place. In his own office! It seemed a woman named Harrington from Detroit was visiting in Hollywood with her little daughter. She had a letter to a producer at RKO, and to get rid of her, the producer turned Mrs. Harrington over to Julius Evans.

"She came in one morning with her daughter," recalled Evans. "The little daughter, Mary Lou, was a bad imitation of Shirley Temple, even to curls and gestures. I was about to dismiss her, when something occurred to me. I told her mother to leave the room, then I said, 'Listen, Mary Lou, take your curls and pull them back over your ears, tightly. Now I know your mother and family told you a lot of things to say and to do. Forget them. Just come here and talk to me.'"

"After ten minutes, sans curls and affectation, she was marvelous. You'll see her with Cary Grant and Irene Dunne in 'My Favorite Wife.' It illustrates how important naturalness is."

The RKO scout emphasized good posture, proper breathing and better diction. He claimed that recent discoveries like Linda Hayes, an ex-hat check girl, and Helene Whitney, of the Reynolds tobacco millions, had these strong points.

"To be found by a talent scout," he advised, "you must have strength deep within yourself. You must be sincerely charming and popular, first with family, then with relatives, then with friends and outsiders. Thus your sphere of influence will grow, more and more, until Hollywood recognition will come. Obtain a qualified coach. Not one who has read a book on dramatics and set up a school, but a reliable coach. And if you are too poor for even this, don't be discouraged. Start your own local play group. Nobody may hear of it for awhile. But one day, I may be in your audience, and RKO may want you!"

And so, after seeing Solly Baiano, Billy Grady and Julius Evans, I learned one thing: That Hollywood has the most decent and efficient men in the world looking for people to act in its pictures. And I learned that Hollywood is anxious to have its human bloodhounds run you down, stop you, and date you—for stardom. Billy Grady spends a million dollars a year and hires 3,750 men to watch for you.

No, you don't have to worry about being found. If you've got the stuff, your day will come, maybe tomorrow, maybe one year from tomorrow. Billy Grady is sure of that. But he's not sure of what'll happen to you after you get a contract. That's why he has that sign hanging over his desk. Myrna Loy, Clark Gable and Joan Crawford have all read that sign. It says: "A halo has only to fall a few inches to become a noose."

EDITOR'S NOTE: After you've been "discovered" by a talent scout, what happens next? Where do you go from there? You'll find the answer in the second article of this informative series. It will appear in the May Modern Screen.



Director Ruggles can't decide whether to let Fred MacMurray, right, or Melvyn Douglas get the girl in the final fadeout of "Too Many Husbands." We think pistols for two, instead of books, would be more appropriate—with Jean Arthur the lady in the case.

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 15)

★★ Green Hell

Take a steaming equatorial jungle inhabited by six perspiring males and into this masculine background introduce, not just a woman; which would be illogical enough, but Joan Bennett, which is going too far, and you might have something on the order of Universal's "Green Hell."

The boys are looking for Inca ruins and gold, but what they actually uncover is one of the most inexhaustible bonanzas of banality, both in situation and dialogue, since the invention of the cinema. Your worst expectations are borne out when Miss Bennett is borne in on a stretcher, looking both feverish and glamorous—that is to say, running more of a temperament than a temperature. And after that, it's romantic Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., against a field of five predatory males.

Did we say that "Green Hell" is a veritable heaven for the cliché hunter? Following is an incomplete list: When George Sanders brings white orchids from the jungle and lays them at the Bennett shrine, Doug, Jr., cattily observes to Alan Hale, the elderly and therefore practically neutral prospector-archaeologist: "Don't you think Forrester is being just a bit obvious?" Then, looking out soulfully at the excavations in the moonlight (she's supposed to be in mourning for a dead husband), Miss Bennett murmurs, in voice that would make even an archaeologist shiver: "It must be fascinating digging in those ruins, not knowing what you may find."

And finally, when the drums start throbbing in the jungle, like a sinister pulse, old Doc Alan Hale takes the Grand Prix in the bromide sweepstakes by exclaiming: "That means we're in for it!" At this point only the most intrepid tropical hellion is going to be able to resist the cowardly impulse to call together his beaters and gunbearers and start making his way laboriously over intervening knees and laps back to civilization. Directed by James Whale.—*Universal.*

★★ Brother Rat and a Baby

"Brother Rat and a Baby" is a post-graduate "Brother Rat." It is a continuation of those light-hearted and amiable characters who seemed to be pretty well concluded in the original opus, which dealt with the academic and amorous tribulations of cadets at Virginia Military Institute. Here is Wayne Morris again as Billy Randolph, ostensibly in business with his father, but still emotionally unsettled, owing to the disturbing Southern charm of Priscilla Lane. He is still plagued by his unparalleled gift for getting himself and his school friends into complicated jams. And here is Eddie Albert as the slightly vacant but endlessly likeable "Bing" Edwards, with Jane Bryan as his mouse-like wife. Their son, "Commencement," played by a new baby star, Peter B. Good, is a winning young gentleman, a veritable Orson Welles of infants.

Making the best of a tough assignment—something like a surgeon, repeating an operation in the same vital spot, as an encore—the authors have scraped the bottom of the idea-bin and have come up with very thin fare. Essentially, the plot is nothing but a series of embarrass-

CLAIRE TREVOR and JOHN WAYNE in a scene from Republic's "The Dark Command". Your hands, too, can be enchantingly soft if you use Jergens Lotion.



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FOR SOFT, ADORABLE HANDS

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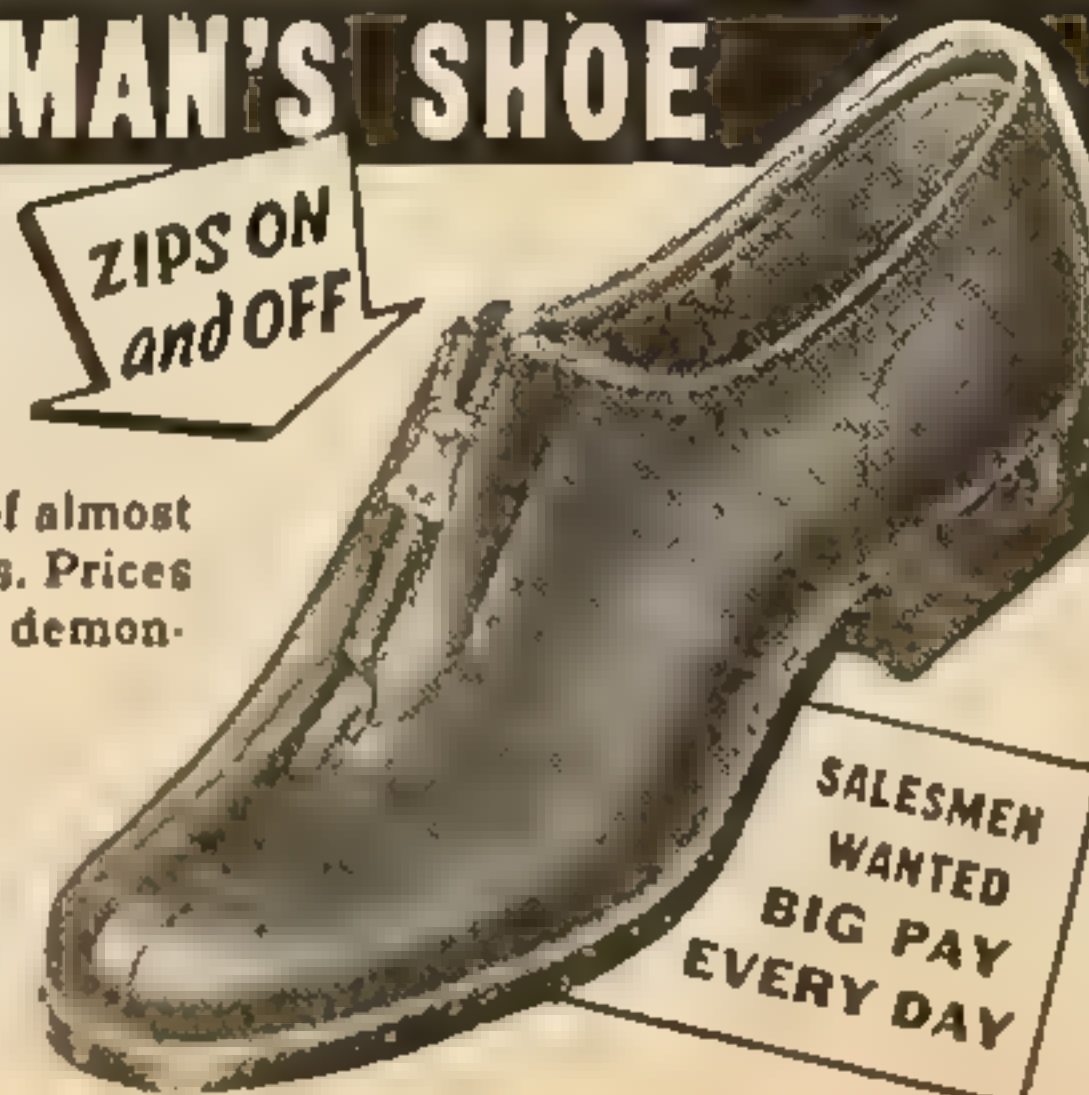
Olive Tablets being purely vegetable, are wonderful! They not only stimulate bile flow to help digest fatty foods but also help elimination. Get a box TODAY. 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢.

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The new sensation in men's shoes — The Chippewa Clipper. It zips on and off in a "jiffy". Right now is the right time to get into a dignified and highly profitable shoe business of your own with this fast seller, and a complete line of almost 250 styles of dress, work and sports shoes. Prices as low as \$1.98 a pair. Free 10-second demonstrator sells super-comfort air-cushion shoes like magic.

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ing contretemps into which Wayne (who is getting too unjuvenile looking to behave like that) precipitates everybody while trying to promote the job of head coach at the old Alma Mater for his friend, Albert.

The sequel is hardly to be compared in comical effectiveness with its predecessor, in which a baby was merely threatened. Indeed, whether you consider its forced and synthetic situations comical at all will be largely a matter of individual taste and of immediate background in the field of boisterous, post-prep-school humor. The final verdict might range all the way from hilarious, if you've been in seclusion lately, to unbearably dull, if you're exceptionally blasé. Directed by Ray Enright.—Warner Brothers.

★★ He Married His Wife

At the beginning of the picture, Nancy Kelly has just divorced Joel McCrea because of his fondness for horses. They are supposedly through with each other, until Nancy has Joel thrown into jail for not paying the alimony on time. Because she's really still in love with him, she bails him out and he gets busy figuring out a way to get her married to another man so that he can escape the alimony checks.

The men that enter into the story at this point are Lyle Talbot and Cesar Romero, both carrying on a campaign to win the fair Nancy. Joel is helping them with the aid of his lawyer, Roland Young. Mary Boland is doing all she can to help, too, by inviting the entire group out to her country estate. The action from there on is fast and furious. There's lots of hilarity and screwy comedy, so if you feel like having a laugh, look up "He Married His Wife." Directed by Roy Del Ruth.—20th Century-Fox.

★★ Invisible Stripes

If you like George Raft in a convict role, then "Invisible Stripes" is your picture. He is discharged from Sing Sing and headed home to his family. When he gets home, he discovers all the problems that face an ex-convict.

When his kid brother, who is struggling to collect enough money to marry Jane Bryan, almost strays into a career of crime, Raft goes back to his old gang to collect enough money for his family to have the things they want. He succeeds but pays with his life. Humphrey Bogart as his cynical and very crooked partner in crime is excellent. But the supporting roles are overshadowed completely by the fine characterization turned in by Flora Robson as the mother of Raft and Holden. Other members of the cast are Margot Stevenson, Paul Kelly, Lee Patrick, Henry O'Neill, Frankie Thomas and Moroni Olsen. Directed by Lloyd Bacon.—Warner Bros.

★★ The Invisible Man Returns

Guaranteed to scare the living day-lights out of you, "The Invisible Man Returns" provides a field day for thrill seekers. This time the plot concerns a titled Englishman, Vincent Price, who is about to be hung for the murder of his brother. Nan Grey, his fiancée, and John Sutton, his best friend, try everything in their power to prove his innocence, and finally resort to the use of some mysterious fluid which makes Price invisible. The hero fades from the picture, to the delight of the audience and the complete mystification of

Scotland Yard. From then on, the plot is a series of escapades, some as horrible as can be imagined, others hilarious. The complicating factor is this: Unless an antidote is discovered, Price will go completely mad.

In the cast, all give good accounts of themselves—almost too convincing in spots. Sir Cedric Hardwicke is noteworthy in a supporting role. Special mention should be given the trick photography. Directed by Joe May.—Universal.

★★ Adventure In Diamonds

The South African locale of this picture gives it a special appeal. The beautiful-at-times Isa Miranda is one of those mysterious and glamorous diamond thieves. Her accomplice in crime is John Loder. Together they baffle the mine owners, the police and George Brent.

Brent is a friend of Nigel Bruce, head of the local police, who asks Brent's aid in capturing the ring of experts. Since Brent has already fallen for the bewitching Miranda, he agrees to trap her friends and free her from their clutches. He fulfils his promise and succeeds in winning the affections of Miss Miranda.

Story action, the really interesting information on diamond mining, Nigel Bruce and George Brent give the picture enough sparkle to make it pleasant entertainment. Directed by George Fitzmaurice.—Paramount.

★★ Music In My Heart

Tony Martin's singing and Andre Kostelanetz's conducting make "Music In My Heart" worthwhile. There are several lilting tunes that will probably enjoy great popularity.

The story doesn't make much sense or a lot of difference. Martin is headed for the boat docks and deportation from the United States when his taxi collides with another taxi carrying Rita Hayworth to the same boat where she was supposed to meet her intended husband. They miss the boat, but don't miss falling in love. And believe it or not, the jilted millionaire goes big-hearted and fixes everything up for the happy couple.

In the supporting cast, George Tobias does the best work among names that include Edith Fellows, Alan Mowbray, Eric Blore and Joseph Crehan. Directed by Joseph Santley.—Columbia.

★★ Nick Carter, Master Detective

Who-dun-it fans of the horse and buggy era will gasp in amazement at the streamlined Nick Carter. Walter Pidgeon is a smooth detective and the plot is every bit as exciting as the old dime novel thrillers.

The story opens and closes with fast chases over land and ocean, and when Nick Carter climbs into an airplane to capture the robbers, his modernization is complete. The mystery concerns foreign spies bent on stealing plans for a new type wing for airplanes. When designs for planes are stolen right from the factory, Nick Carter sets to work to trap the clever smugglers.

Donald Meek as Bartholomew, the Bee Man, succeeds in stealing nearly every scene in which he appears. He helps Carter capture the villains and sees to it that Rita Johnson gets Carter. Good support is offered also by Henry Hull, Stanley C. Ridges and Addison Richards. Directed by Jacques Tourneur.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

(Continued from page 65)

NAME	PREVIOUS OCCUPATION	FIRST FEATURE-LENGTH MOVIE	YEAR	FAVORITE SPORT	HOBBY	PRESENT STUDIO	ADDRESS
Ebsen, Buddy	Dancer	Broadway Melody of 1936	1935	Rowing	Carpentry	T C F	Home—10360 Rochester Ave., Beverly Hills
Eddy, Nelson	Advertising copy-writer	Dancing Lady	1933	Baseball	Sculpture	M G M	Home—805 N. Alpine, Beverly Hills
Eilers, Sally	Dancer	Goodbye Kiss	1929	Dancing	Breeding Scotties	R K O	Home—609 N. Maple, Beverly Hills
Ellison, James	Film Vault Boy	Play Girl	1935	Riding	Raising Horses	R K O	Studio—780 Gower St., Hollywood
Erikson, Leif	Stage Actor	Wanderer of Wasteland	1935	Football	Collecting Miniature Steamships	P	Studio—5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood
Ernest, George	Student	Human Side	1934	Hockey	Collecting Miniature Elec. Trains	T C F	Studio—Box No. 900, Beverly Hills
Erwin, Stuart	Reporter	Mother Knows Best	1928	Golf	Raising Thoroughbreds	T C F	Home—603 N. Foothill Drive, Beverly Hills
Fairbanks, Douglas	Writer	Stephen Steps Out	1927	Tennis	Writing Magazine Articles	R K O	Home—1425 Monoco Dr., Pacific Palisades
Farmer, Frances	Student	Too Many Parents	1936	Swimming	Collecting Old Jewelry	P	Studio—5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood
Faye, Alice	Chorus Girl	Scandals	1934	Bicycling	None	T C F	Home—1100 Benedict Canyon Dr., Beverly Hills
Fazenda, Louise	Chorus Girl	The Bat	1926	Hiking	Stamp Collecting	W B	Studio—First National Studios, Burbank
Fellows, Edith	Student	Madame X	1929	Roller Skating	Doll Collecting	C	Studio—1438 N. Gower St., Hollywood
Field, Betty	Stage Actress	What a Life	1939	Riding	Raising Dogs	P	Studio—5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood
Field, Virginia	Student	The Lady Is Willing	1934	Tennis	Collecting Lucky Charms	C	Studio—1438 N. Gower St., Hollywood
Fields, W. C.	Juggler	Sally of the Sawdust	1925	Fishing	Juggling	U	Studio—Universal City, Cal.
Fitzgerald, Geraldine	Stage Actress	Dark Victory	1939	Golf	Painting	W B	Studio—First National Studios, Burbank
Flynn, Errol	Boxer	Mutiny on the Bounty	1935	Sailing	Writing Novels	W B	Home—601 N. Linden, Beverly Hills
Fonda, Henry	Scene Painter	Farmer Takes a Wife	1935	Handball	Making Airplane Models	T C F	Home—255 Rockingham Ave., Brentwood Hts.

(Continued on page 85)

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When it comes to making guests feel at home, Pepsi-Cola is tops. It's the *bigger* drink with the *better* flavor. Buy the economical 6-bottle home carton and give your guests a *real* welcome.

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gets wearisome
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Beech-Nut Gum



SHY BUT SLY

(Continued from page 27)

He felt uncomfortable with girls, so he thought they must feel uncomfortable with him. Particularly when they talked all the time about handsome movie stars, and he bent down to look in his mirror and saw no reason to hope he could ever be in the movie-star class. He didn't think much of his face.

It was at that time that he decided to become a writer. Nobody reading a story cared whether the author was tall or short, fat or thin, handsome or homely.

His father, a tall man, remembered suffering similar growing pains until he went to college and learned how to handle himself. Amused, but sympathetic, he cut short the mortifications of high school for Jimmy, and sent him off to a boys' school, Mercersburg Academy.

JIMMY felt more natural there. It was a bigger school, and made him feel smaller. And the absence of girls helped. Among fellows, a fellow's size didn't matter much. All that mattered was whether or not he was a good sport. Jimmy had no trouble being that.

At Mercersburg, there was an English teacher named Cass, who thought Jimmy ought to be able to act. His essays showed imagination, and he could read well. All he needed was confidence. Cass drafted him for a school play. Jimmy managed to get on and off the stage without stumbling over anything. But Jimmy wasn't sure he could do it over again.

He went to Princeton because his father had gone there. He chose to study architecture because by that time he thought any talents he had for self-expression ran to drawing, something a man could do in private.

Jimmy wasn't a misfit at Princeton. He wasn't a recluse or a grind. He got out with the boys. After the normal manner of a Princeton man, he wore baggy slacks, sport jackets and loud socks. And he did the normal Princeton things, including trying to steal the clapper of the bell. (There is a legend that, any day the bell doesn't ring, there will be no classes.)

The only thing he didn't do was to chase proms. He still felt awkward with girls. Determined to conquer self-consciousness at any cost, he took up the accordion. That he still plays it—and the flute besides—is all the proof anyone should need that he can't be as shy as he looks.

A determination not to be self-conscious was what led him onto the stage at Princeton. That, plus the fact that every year the Triangle Club took its show on tour to nearby cities. Jimmy was always in the market for anything that might take him to New York. It is worth noting that Jimmy wasn't terrified by New York, which has a reputation for scaring the shy.

For a time, his roommate at Princeton, was Joshua Logan, who was a class ahead of him. Josh, terrifically sold on "the theatre," became a stage director upon graduation. It was lucky for Jimmy that they kept in touch with each other.

Jimmy was one of those unfortunates who graduated from college at the height of the depression. Architects were laying off old assistants, not taking on new ones. Logan urged him to come up to West Falmouth, Massachusetts for the summer, and work with the stock com-

pany under Logan's management. To keep from going back to Indiana jobless, Jimmy grabbed at the chance.

The company operated a tearoom in connection with the theatre. Jimmy earned his keep by playing the accordion in the tearoom. In his leisure time he painted scenery and listened to Logan, Henry Fonda, Margaret Sullavan and other fellow-workers expound on the art of acting. He was a good listener. He took in what they said. They said that they weren't going to stop being healthy, wide-open normal people, when they became actors; they were going to be so natural that no one could tell where naturalness left off and acting began.

A New York producer came along with a play for the company to try out. There was one part left over—that of a chauffeur, with eight lines to speak. They gave it to Jimmy. Came Fall, and the producer wanted to take the company to New York for the Broadway production. Jimmy went along "for the ride" and because the eight-line role would keep him fed while he looked some more for architectural work.

When architects still couldn't use him, Jimmy began to wonder if he could make a career of the stage. He had won his first role completely by accident. He couldn't rely on any more chance happenings. If he hoped to get producers to buy his services, he had to have something they could use.

What did he have to offer? (1) An accordion. (2) A sober sort of face, not handsome. (3) A physique like a beanpole. (4) A general aspect of boyish inexperience. (5) A habit of looking self-conscious, even when he felt sure of himself.

He looked about him at other juveniles. They were sleek boys, self-possessed. He could try to be like them, or he could try to make good on the West Falmouth theory of homely naturalness. He had his choice. He chose the West Falmouth technique. He was smart enough to see that it would give him something that no one else had—if he could fit his mannerisms and his way of talking to the impression he gave.

He submerged the sophisticate that he had become, and let the small-town boy that he had been emerge again. Circumstances abetted him. He didn't become prosperous of a sudden. He starved. He had simple habits forced upon him. So much so that those habits became natural.

HE won a certain amount of success on Broadway, but it was in Hollywood that he came into his own. Seeming naturalness is rare in Hollywood, but seeming self-consciousness is even rarer. Hollywood is dedicated to the greater glory of self-sure heroes. Hollywood had Jimmy neatly tagged for weakling parts. Remember his roles in "Rose Marie" and "After the Thin Man?" But fans took an unexpected liking to him, because he reminded them of the boy next door.

That is now the press agents' favorite phrase about Jimmy, "He's like the boy next door." And so he is, in a great many ways. But he isn't self-conscious, except about being seen in a bathing suit. And he isn't shy.

He achieves the effect of self-consciousness by a simple method—he doesn't show off. He lives in a modest house in a modest district. He doesn't

(Continued on page 86)

NAME	PREVIOUS OCCUPATION	FIRST FEATURE-LENGTH MOVIE	YEAR	FAVORITE SPORT	HOBBY	PRESENT STUDIO	ADDRESS
Fontaine, Joan	Student	Quality Street	1936	Swimming	Print Drawing	R K O	Home—700 N. Linden, Beverly Hills
Foran, Dick	Railroad Investigator	Stand Up and Cheer	1934	Riding	Raising Horses	W B	Studio—First National Studios, Burbank
Foster, Preston	Reporter	Last Mile	1932	Polo	Collecting Records	U	Studio—Universal City, Cal.
Francis, Kay	Social Secretary	Gentlemen of the Press	1929	Tennis	Knitting	R K O	Home—8341 Delongpre, Hollywood
Gaal, Franciska	Musical Comedy Star	The Buccaneer	1937	Hunting	None	P	Studio—5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood
Gable, Clark	Factory Time-keeper	What Price Glory	1926	Fishing	Taxidermy	M G M	Home—4525 Petit, Encino
Garbo, Greta	Saleslady	The Torrent	1926	Swimming	Giving Musicals	M G M	Home—165 Mayberry, Santa Monica
Garfield, John	Stage Actor	Four Daughters	1938	Baseball	Debating	W B	Studio—First National Studios, Burbank
Gargan, William	Private Detective	Animal Kingdom	1932	Boxing	Collecting Miniature Sailboats	U	Studio—Universal City, Cal.
Garland, Judy	Student	Broadway Melody of 1938	1937	Swimming	Designing Floral Decorations	M G M	Home—1298 Stone Canyon Dr., Bel-Air
Garson, Greer	Office Worker	Goodbye, Mr. Chips	1939	Basketball	Knitting	M G M	Studio—Culver City, Cal.
Gaynor, Janet	Theatre Usher	The Johnstown Flood	1925	Riding	Designing Costume Jewelry	U A	Home—10424 Valley Spring Lane, No. Hollywood
George, Gladys	Dancer	Red Hot Dollars	1920	Football	Dancing	W B	Studio—First National Studios, Burbank
Gleason, James	Writer	A Free Soul	1931	Ice Hockey	Horse Raising	R P	Home—807 Alpine Dr., Beverly Hills
Gleason, Russell	Student	Flying Fool	1929	Handball	Flying	R P	Studio—4024 Radford Ave., N. Hollywood
Goddard, Paulette	Model	A Kid from Spain	1932	Golf	Designing Miniature Sets	U A	Home—1085 Summit Dr., Beverly Hills
Grable, Betty	Student	Hold 'Em Jail	1932	Tennis	Dancing	P	Home—250 Chadbourne, Brentwood
Grant, Cary	Acrobat	This Is the Night	1932	Riding	Performing Card Tricks	C	Home—1018 Ocean Front, Santa Monica
Granville, Bonita	Student	Westward Passage	1932	Swimming	Collecting Ivory Elephants	M G M	Studio—Culver City, Cal.

(Continued on page 87)

I'M A LADY WITH A PAST!



WHY, JUST A FEW MONTHS AGO...

DON'T RUB IT IN, SUE! OF COURSE I HAVEN'T A BID TO THE CLUB DANCE. YOU KNOW PERFECTLY WELL WHAT A DUD I AM WITH THE BOYS!

OH, AMY! PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER AND SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH! SORRY TO HURT YOUR FEELINGS, BUT THAT'S THE ONLY REASON YOU DON'T CLICK WITH MEN!

AMY CHECKS UP...

TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...

COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH ... MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!



"Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into hidden crevices between your teeth ... helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath. And Colgate's safe polishing agent makes teeth naturally bright and sparkling! Always use Colgate Dental Cream—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."

LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

AMY, YOU MUST TRY MY NEW FORTUNE-TELLER! SHE'S MARVELOUS!

LISTEN, SUE--AMY DOESN'T NEED A FORTUNE-TELLER! SHE KNOWS HER PAST AND PRESENT--AND HER FUTURE BELONGS TO ME!



**20¢ LARGE SIZE
35¢ GIANT SIZE**

OVER TWICE AS MUCH

BAD BREATH KEEPS ROMANCE AWAY! PLAY SAFE! USE COLGATE'S TWICE A DAY!



NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!

How to Get FASTER SPARKLE with less work



A BRIDE SAYS:
"I FIND
OLD DUTCH
CLEANSER
CUTS GREASE
FASTER"

A MOTHER WRITES:
"OLD DUTCH
CLEANS TO A
SPARKLE WITH-
OUT HARD
RUBBING"

A HOUSEWIFE SAYS:
"OLD DUTCH
DOESN'T
SCRATCH
... POLISHES
AS IT CLEANS"

Chases Dirt

OLD DUTCH
CLEANSER
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Speed up your work with the ONE-TWO CLEANING ACTION of Old Dutch Cleanser. 1, cuts grease quickly; 2, makes cleaning easier. Old Dutch doesn't scratch, be-

cause it's made with Seismotite. It is kind to hands, too. Order a supply today.

WM. A. ROGERS PURE SILVERPLATE Lovely Hollow Handle Dessert Server

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Value ONLY

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This beautiful piece of silverware is perfect for the correct serving of cakes, pies, brick ice cream and salads. You'll be delighted with the rich "Croydon" pattern, the handsome hollow handle and the sparkling Mirror Stainless Steel blade. Actual size 9 1/2 inches long. Ideal for gifts. Send coupon today.



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I am enclosing _____ windmill pictures from Old Dutch labels and _____ c for which please send me _____ Servers.

Name _____

Address _____

This offer good only in U. S. and Canada while present supply lasts

(Continued from page 84)

drive a flashy car. His socks are still loud, but otherwise he doesn't dress in a bizarre fashion. His collars invariably look as if his mother had ironed them. And he has been known to wear one suit three years. He doesn't try to look like a movie star. He doesn't call new feminine acquaintances "honey" or "darling." He never talks about money. He has to be urged to talk about himself and then humorously belittles himself.

He doesn't go out of his way to attract attention. In college he studied psychology. And one of the elemental lessons in psychology is that, in a shouting throng, the silent person attracts attention.

Between scenes, he doesn't duck for his dressing-room and its privacy. He

mingles with everybody on the set. He eats in the studio commissary, never by himself. He isn't nervous at work. Everybody else may "blow up," but he is sure of his lines. He likes radio work, which is a form of torture to self-conscious people.

In his pictures, he is invariably a one-girl boy. Once he finds a lovable companion who seems to prefer him, he doesn't wander off in search of others. But Jimmy, in person, is close to being a one-man Hollywood escort bureau. He doesn't go out with pretty beginners, who would be easily dazzled by him. He calls up glamour queens—the Norma Shearers, the Loretta Youngs, the Marlene Dietrichs and Olivia de Havillands.

If he isn't married yet, it must be because of slyness, not because of shyness.

CASHING IN ON NATURALNESS

(Continued from page 47)

notes, we see that we were sufficiently impressed by this fact to underscore it. However, the important thing was that for the first time in our life, there we were, contemplating that world-girdling Ameche grin, not merely in close-up, but in person. It is a fine, expansive, generous grin—a grin which we can only describe as that of a well-fed Cheshire cat, with a good sense of professional timing. And if it has a certain complacency, we attribute that to the fact that its owner is the father of a bona-fide family, instead of one of those synthetic adopted broods which are all the rage in Hollywood these days, like snoods, Technicolor and Orson Welles.

The three Ameche boys are Donny, who is six; Ronny, who is four; and Tommy, a newcomer, who is just five months old. Their mother, Mrs. Dominic Felix Amici, if you want to be formal—was born Honore Prendergast, and was Don's boyhood sweetheart back in Dubuque, Iowa, where Don went to school. The Ameches have been married for seven years, and though that falls short of the Hollywood record, it is still worthy of mention in this day and age. Incidentally, rumor has it that Don is one of the most attentive husbands in Hollywood among those who are most attentive to their own wives, though we hate to repeat gossip.

WE wish to note here that Don shakes hands firmly but not too athletically, and we are also happy to report that in a room flowing with ten-year-old Scotch, he ordered a glass of milk, and ordered it quietly, apparently because he really likes milk. Moreover, we sat there and watched to make sure that he drank it down; we never let a screen star get away with just ordering a glass of milk. Needless to add, this is a habit which, if persisted in, can hardly break down his health. But the chances of any kind of a breakdown in Don's case appear to be very slim indeed, unless it might be a fashionable nervous one brought on by overwork.

It appears that a scant three months before our meeting in Manhattan, Don had been a far different man from the smiling, rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed boy whom we looked upon that afternoon. The strain of too many labors, taking its gradual toll, had reduced him to the appearance of a man in a patent-medicine advertisement: haggard, hollow-eyed, rundown, sallow. The symp-

toms were obvious to everybody except, of course, to Don himself. In fact, Don would have gone right on, blindly making pictures, playing assorted dialect parts and singing duets or engaging in witty repartee with Dorothy Lamour and other glamour girls on the radio, if his studio had not paternally stepped in, and ordered him to take three months off, whether he liked it or not.

Rudely torn from his beloved drug, poor Don was like a caged beast for the first two or three days. Indeed, during the early adjustment period, it was feared that they might have to break him of work gradually, starting with a few milligrams of leisure at a time and carefully increasing the dose till he could stand a whole day of loafing. But the studio, which has no provisions for such cases, insisted on a clean break, and that was probably the saving of Don. When it was put to him like that, on the basis of loyalty to old Twentieth Century-Fox, he sternly buckled down to doing nothing until he had mastered the art.

DON AMECHE still plugs faithfully away at a professional career which began suddenly twelve years ago. At that time, recommended by his college dramatic coach, he stepped into a part in "Excess Baggage" vacated by an injured member of a stock company playing in Madison, Wis. Given twenty "sides," or pages of dialogue to learn at noon, Don played a 3 o'clock matinee without a slip-up and when the manager offered him the part for the duration of the play's run, Don "chucked his law books out the window."

Since that fateful day, Don has been a man in love with his work. That is why, although he obediently went and shot at small game in the High Sierras, as his studio had ordered, dutifully took one of those cruises to South America (the shortest one he could find) and meekly haunted the blistered shores of the Salton Sea, he never really learned to like what his Italian forefathers would call "dolce far niente." In fact the only consideration which seems to have enabled him to stand up under the strain of relaxing over such a prolonged period was the comforting thought that when he finally did return to work, it would be with a new spring in his step, a new gleam in his eye, and an increased efficiency.

Now, Ameche is back again at his old vice: working too hard and liking it.

(Continued from page 85)

NAME	PREVIOUS OCCUPATION	FIRST FEATURE-LENGTH MOVIE	YEAR	FAVORITE SPORT	HOBBY	PRESENT STUDIO	ADDRESS
Gravet, Fernand	Stage Actor	King and the Chorus Girl	1937	Fencing	Designing Military Miniatures	M G M	Studio—Culver City, Cal.
Greene, Richard	Stage Actor (in England)	Four Men and a Prayer	1938	Badminton	None	T C F	Studio—Box No. 900, Beverly Hills
Grey, Nan	Student	Firebird	1935	Dancing	Drawing	U	Studio—Universal City, Cal.
Gurie, Sigrid	Stage Actress (in Norway)	Adventures of Marco Polo	1936	Ping Pong	Crocheting	U	Studio—Universal City, Cal.
Hale, Alan	Stage Actor	Cowboy and the Lady	1922	Riding	Inventing	W B	Studio—First National Studios, Burbank
Hall, Jon	Student	Hurricane	1937	Swimming	Magic	U A	Studio—1041 N. Formosa Ave., N. Hollywood
Hardwicke, Sir Cedric	Stage Actor	Dreyfus	1931	Golf	Manuscript Collecting	U	Studio—Universal City, Cal.
Hardy, Oliver	Stage Actor	The Rogue Song	1928	Golf	Horse Breeding	U A	Home—621 Alta Drive, Beverly Hills
Hayward, Louis	Stage Actor	The Flame Within	1935	Tennis	Directing Amateur Groups	U A	Studio—1041 N. Formosa Ave., N. Hollywood
Hayward, Susan	Model	Beau Geste	1939	Hiking	Collecting Dolls	P	Studio—5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood
Hayworth, Rita	Dancer	Dante's Inferno	1935	Dancing	Writing Poetry	C	Studio—1438 N. Gower St., Hollywood
Heifetz, Jascha	Musician	They Shall Have Music	1939	Riding	Composing	U A	Studio—1041 N. Formosa Ave., N. Hollywood
Henie, Sonja	Professional Skater	One in a Million	1935	Skiing	Designing Jewelry	T C F	Home—10451 BaLagio Rd., Beverly Hills
Henry, William	Stage Manager	Adorable	1933	Football	Book Collecting	P	Studio—5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood
Herbert, Hugh	Vaudevillian	Goodbye Again	1927	Baseball	Raising Livestock	U	Home—12321 Moorpark, North Hollywood
Hersholt, Jean	Stage Actor	Girl on the Barge	1929	Fishing	Collecting First Editions	R K O	Home—612 N. Rodeo Dr., Beverly Hills

STUDIO ADDRESSES: (C) Columbia, 1438 N. Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.; (MGM) Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Culver City, Cal.; (M) Monogram, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.; (P) Paramount, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.; (R) Republic, 4024 Radford Ave., N. Hollywood, Cal.; (RKO) RKO-Radio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.; (TCF) 20th Century-Fox, Box No. 900, Beverly Hills, Cal.; (UA) United Artists, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.; (U) Universal, Universal City, Cal.; (WB) Warner Bros., First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

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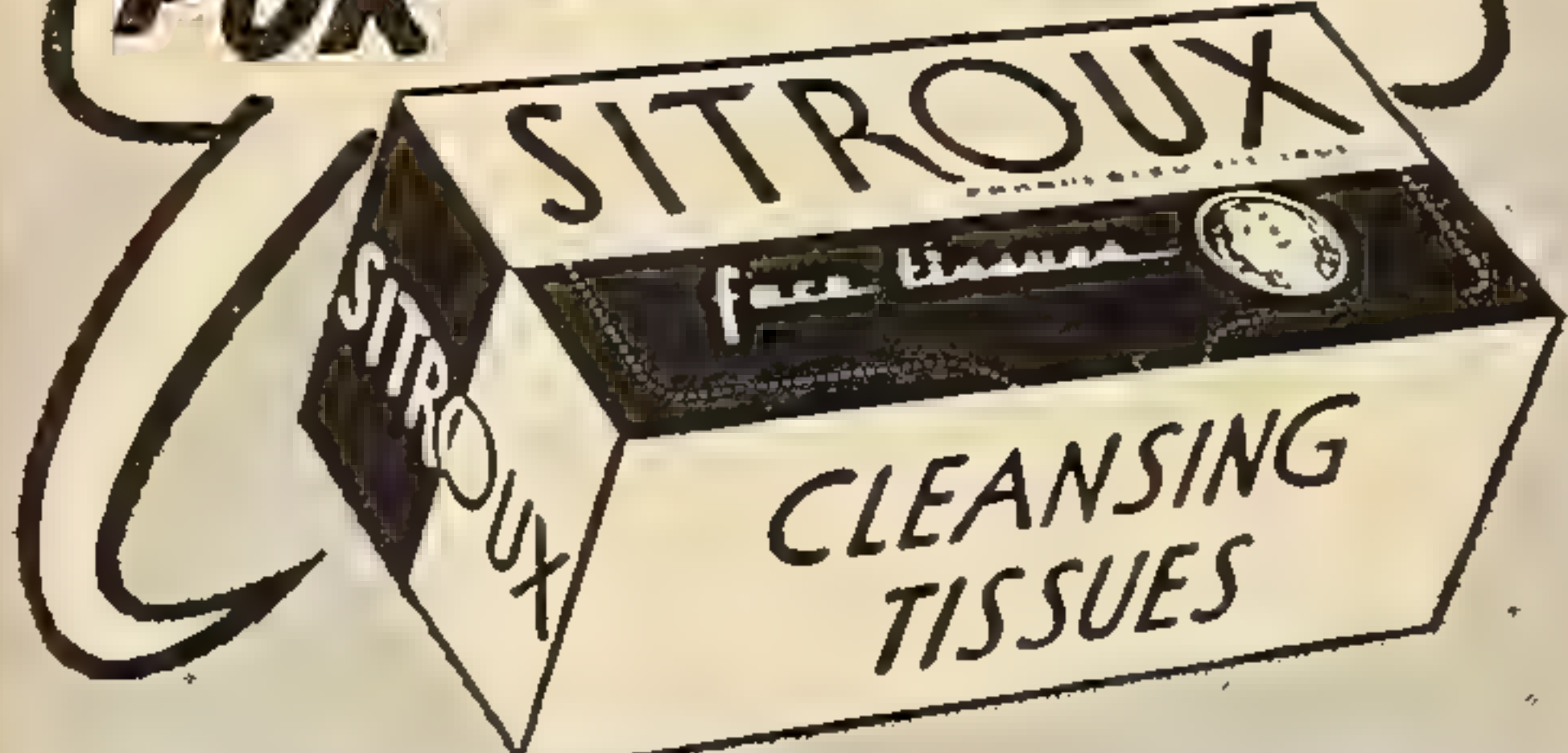
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YOU BUY SITROUX TISSUES**

OF MOUSE AND MEN

(Continued from page 38)

I've made a lot of plans in my time, but they've never worked out."

She recalled the day she took it on the lam from Manhattan's P. S. 84. She had absorbed all the arithmetic she could stand and was committing a sin known to all young spitball hurlers as "playing hookey." The truant officer searched all the haunts of Manhattan's roughneck West Side, but he never thought of looking for her on the stage of the Capitol Theater, which is where she had landed.

"I had it in my blood, I guess," she says. "I wanted to be on the stage. I didn't care how I got there or what I did after I got there, just as long as I was on it. Well, Chester Hale needed dancing girls, and there I was."

FROM this simple, pointless, thirteen-year-old start Alice Faye soared to her present heights as one of Hollywood's first ten attractions.

She didn't climb. She didn't plan. Things just happened—and she soared.

She worked at the Capitol for about two years; then she passed through the night club stages to become a chorine in George White's Scandals.

"I was in Atlantic City when it opened. Let's see, there was quite a cast; Willie and Eugene Howard, Everett Marshall, Ethel Merman, Rudy Vallee . . .

"I've never told anyone how I first shifted from dancing to singing. It was all by accident. Rudy Vallee's lawyer, Hymie Bushel, gave a party for the cast when we came to New York. He had just bought one of those home-recording machines, and he made records of every girl at the party singing a song. When he played the records back Rudy was listening. One of them interested him above all the others. It was mine.

"So I took voice lessons and joined the Vallee band at the Hollywood Restaurant and sang on the air. After that Rudy took me to Hollywood with the band to make a picture of the Scandals. It was Rudy who arranged for me to sing 'Nasty

Man.' Then I was offered a movie contract by Mr. Zanuck, and I don't know any man who would have done what Rudy did. He tore up my contract with him so that I could sign one with Twentieth Century-Fox and he wished me all the luck in the world."

It is ironic and it sort of illustrates Miss Faye's no-plan philosophy, that while Rudy Vallee strove and spent fortunes trying to be a movie actor, the little songstress in his band slid into the industry's top brackets.

At first Hollywood cast her almost solely in singing roles, but Miss Faye has come a long way since then. Her films provide plenty of evidence of her acting worth and of the long hours she has spent under the klieg lights. And if you don't think Mr. Zanuck got his money back on his investment, then the poll for the biggest box-office money-making stars of 1939 is wasted paper, because it places Miss Faye seventh.

Though an Academy "Oscar" seems nowhere within Miss Faye's reach at the moment, she blandly admits that she would like to win one some time, if it were only to prove to her own quiet satisfaction that she can act and that the happenings of the last few years are not a dream.

All this reads like such a rapid, easy and early success. Dispel the impression. Think of a cute little Tenth Avenue kid with a lot of talent. All Tenth Avenue kids with talent seem to have a lot of relatives, particularly when they are making money, and Alice Faye is no exception. It would take a comptometer to figure out the "pals" who climbed aboard her starwagon for a free ride when Miss Faye started toward success. And it took a lot of work to feed them.

"I want to be successful," she declares. "Perhaps it's because I want to submerge this shyness. Or maybe it's because I like to work. But I never mind it greatly when my vacation plans are killed, as they always are. When Mr. Zanuck calls



Hi ya, Duchess! This lovely bit of nobility is Helen Gilbert who plays the Duchess Diana in "Florian" opposite Robert Young. A newcomer to stardom, Helen used to be the only woman cellist in a large studio symphony orchestra. She never aspired to movie-fame, but was invited, no less, to sign a contract. Her greatest hope is one day to play in Carnegie Hall.

me for a picture I am all on edge and bubbling over with gratitude. I feel that the only way I can thank him is to plunge into the part and work like a ditch-digger to make good."

She has made good, and apparently taken care of all her "pals" because, to date, blackmail seems to be the one misery Alice Faye has been spared. She has been hit by swinging booms and falling lamps in the making of pictures. She has had ptomaine poisoning, la grippe, nervous indigestion, influenza, and falls down staircases, and has taken her banging around on the lot with patient resignation.

"You see, there isn't much that anybody can do to me that will really matter, so much has happened already," Miss Faye reminds, though she will admit without any reluctance that a certain New York movie critic can get her as "mad as all hell."

"I don't know what he has against me—unless he was there the day I spotted the mouse. Anyway, I'd like to meet him some time."

She says she ducked the parties at the studio this year in order to be with her husband, who was working in New York. It was the longest stretch they had had together since their marriage in 1937, and the way they made eyes at one another on their few prowls in the night clubs ought to cancel divorce rumors for some time to come.

"It was a swell trip this time, except that I got the usual cold. But it served as a good excuse to stay home and rest. We don't have much of a married life, I guess, the way things on both of our schedules get jammed up, but every now and then we have a real time of it together."

Despite her isolation both in New York



Jane Withers turns her back on Gene Autry, her co-star in "Shooting High,"—but just for an autograph! She collects them by the dozens.

and in Hollywood, it is considered self-imposed and unimportant at the studio. Other stars love to pass the time of day with her, and among the minor characters at the studio she is nothing short of a goddess.

She was pleased with the prospect of getting back to work the day she left New York. The weather was bad here, but on top of that there is always the friendly nonsense around the studio, at which she is rather adept. She still has a score to settle with Don Ameche. It started a few months back with his perfuming her dressing room with garlic—split and rubbed on the walls and furniture.

"Then, too, there is always the refreshing thought of getting up at five again every morning. Ah," she sighs in mock delight. "Ah, and getting my hair done every morning before nine. And then rushing into the arms of some leading man for a terrific love scene at nine in the morning. Ah nuts. There are times when I've sat back and wondered what life might have been if I had finished school and taken up typing. How simple everything would have been."

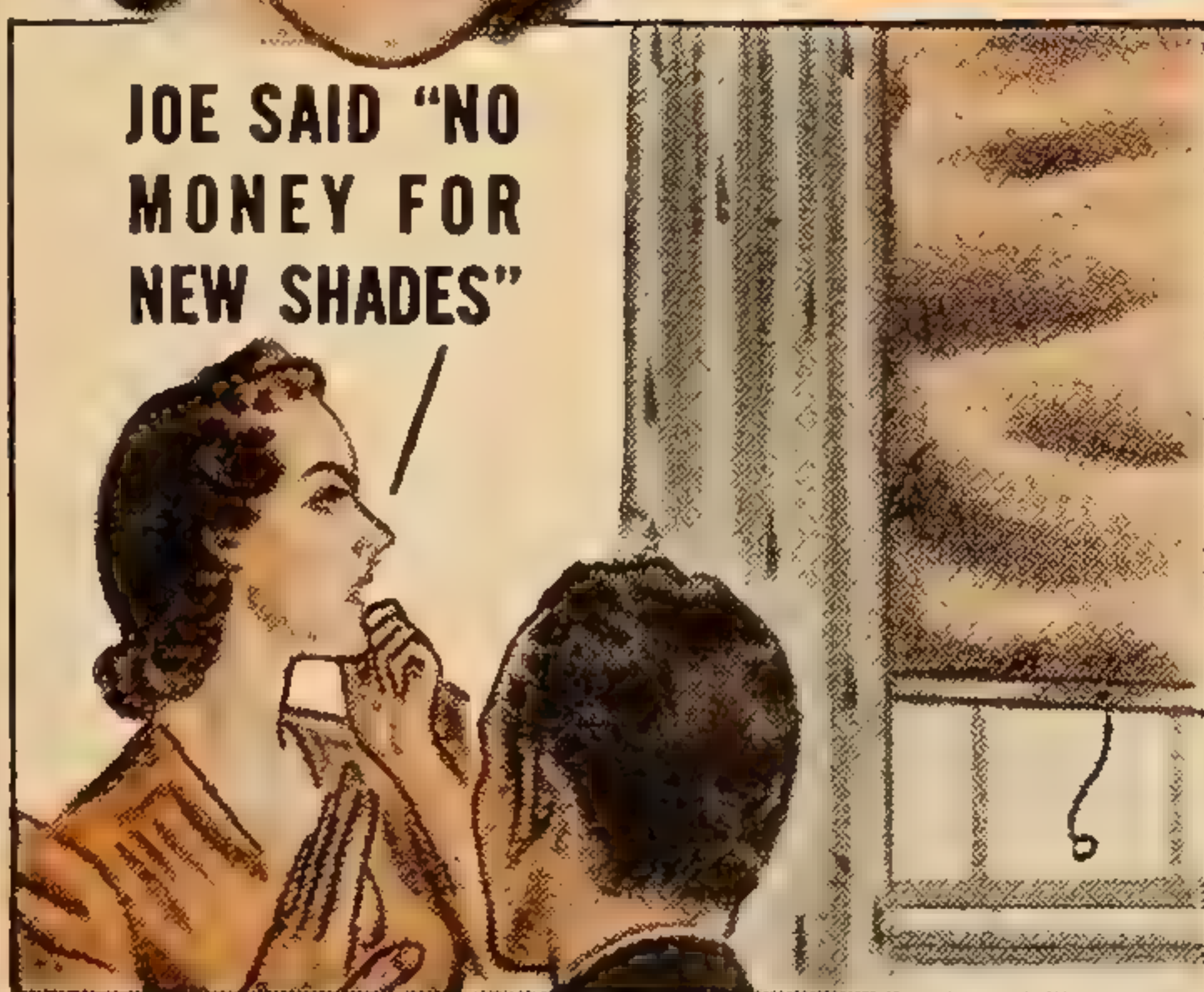
"No reporters, no getting fitted for corsets for Lillian Russell until you choke and your eyes pop out, no autograph hunters. . . . Ooogod!"

Something occurred to Miss Faye quite suddenly. She remembered that her maid had sat up at the window the night before when Nancy Kelly, who also stops at the Sherry-Netherlands, was coming home. It was freezing, but Miss Kelly obliged about fifty autograph collectors.

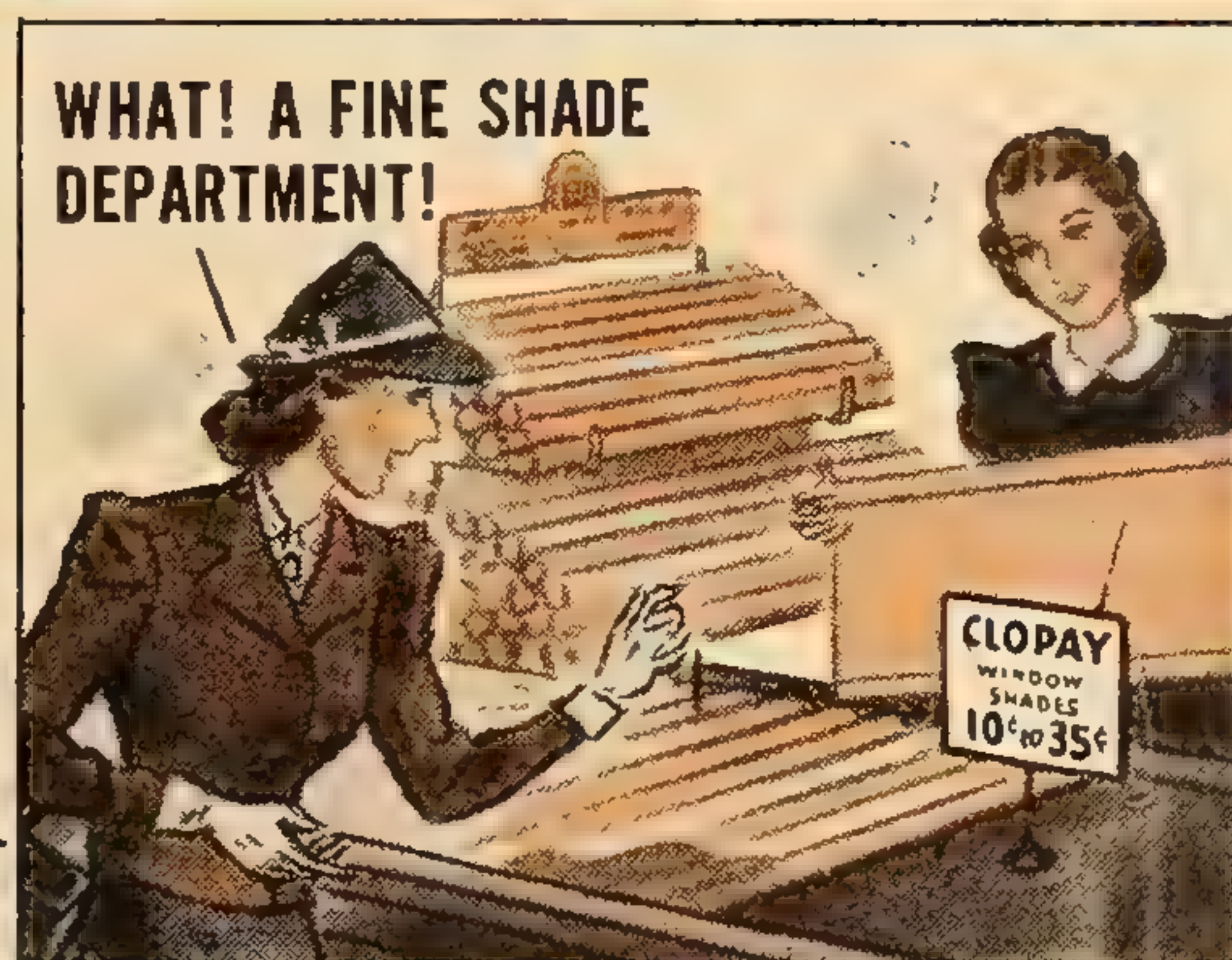
"I guess I'd better get my little pencil and go out on the corner and do my bit for Twentieth Century-Fox," was her parting shot.



I Was on the "Outs" with my Husband ...BUT THE DIME* STORE SETTLED OUR PROBLEM



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Day
at
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INFORMATION DESK



NOTE: If you desire a reply by mail, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, New York.

James Packard, Chicago, Ill. Judy Garland is getting to be a big girl. She is five feet three and weighs one hundred and ten pounds. Her eyes are brown and sparkling and her hair is brown too, with reddish glints. As for her likes and dislikes: She loves the "funnies" and particularly "Little Orphan Annie," all forms of sports, even baseball, chocolate cake and ice cream, flowers, mountains, and the color green. She doesn't like onions, two-faced people, getting up in the morning, and thunderstorms.

Carole Choitz, Chicago, Ill. Billy Halop, the Terrible "Tommy" of the Dead End gang, is seventeen and hails from Jamaica, Long Island. His father is a lawyer and his mother used to be a dancer. It was she who taught him all he knows and who started him off as a radio prodigy when he was six. She fancied him a pocket-edition of the great Caruso, and for a long while Billy sang over station WOR. Later, he played the part of Bobby Benson, the hard-riding little cowboy on a certain network. He also appeared with Colonel Johnson's Rodeo at Madison Square Garden. He went to Hollywood at Goldwyn's bidding and has proved himself an actor of no mean ability. His hobbies are mechanics, horseback-riding and tennis. He also likes coffee and girls, especially Judy Garland and Helen Parrish.

Scotty, Jackson, Michigan. The boy who played the part of Carlos, Movita's brother in "The Girl From Rio" is Alan Baldwin. You and your friends can reach him at Monogram Studios, 4516 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Calif.

Virginia Jones, Columbus, Ohio. Yes, that was Gene Reynolds playing the part of Robert Taylor as a little boy in "The Crowd Roars." He did his own singing too. This little man has one of the most publicized faces in the country, having

appeared since he was two on health food and milk advertisements. He is just fifteen, and is hazel-eyed and brown-haired. Gene claims that his Scotch-Irish - Dutch - German - French ancestry makes him All-American.

Matt Helreich, Philadelphia, Pa. You will find pictures galore of "darling Betty Grable" and also a few good stories about her in the August, 1938, issue of Modern Screen. Write to the Subscription Department, Dell Publishing Co., 149 Madison Avenue, New York City, inclosing ten cents, and it will be sent to you. Susan Hayward is twenty-one years old and is something of a miracle woman, in that she landed the leading feminine role in "Beau Geste," without having had one bit of movie experience. She was seriously considered for the part of Scarlett O'Hara, but was eventually relegated to the ranks of also-rans, in such good company as Jean Arthur and Norma Shearer. She used to be a textile designer and more recently a model. She hails from Brooklyn and is the second Brooklyn redhead to make good out Hollywood way. The first was Clara Bow.

George Catcott, Rockford, Illinois. Your idea of what a "movie-still" is is quite correct. It is a scene from a movie, about eight by ten inches in size. You may obtain one from a studio by sending them ten cents per still.

Dora Monday, Fouke, Arkansas. William Boyd was born in Cambridge, Ohio, on June 5, 1898. He is six feet tall, weighs one hundred and eighty pounds, and has blonde hair and blue eyes. He is divorced from his first two wives and is now married to Grace Bradley. He has not been temperamental since his initial appearance on the stage, when he burst into tears and caused a near-riot. We can forgive him though, as he was only sixteen months old at the time. He has been in Hollywood since 1919, and you may reach him at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California.

**WE'RE THE SMARTIES WHO KNOW ALL THE ANSWERS
SO FIRE AWAY AND WE'LL GIVE YOU A PERSONAL REPLY**

Jean Padgett, Washington, D. C. Yes, Mickey Rooney is quite a song-writer. He has written a good many of them, but probably the best is one called "Oceans Apart" which he has sold to Irving Berlin Publications. Judy Garland is seventeen, and her birthday is January 10.

Marie Hasselhan, Maple Shade, N. J. Frankie Thomas, that incidentally is his real name, was born in New York City, on April 9, 1922. He made his stage debut at the age of nine months when he was carried on by his mother, a professional actress named Mona Bruns. Being a child of two professionals, Frankie, like Charlie McCarthy, spent most of his life in a trunk. His education was obtained in fits and starts. The lead in "Wednesday's Child" was his first big Hollywood part, and in that he proved himself worthy of his talented parents. His hobbies are dogs and ponies, and he is very fond of all sports, especially boxing. He is under contract to Warner Brothers, so we should be seeing plenty of him for the next few years.

Miss Burg, Bridgeport, Conn. The actor who portrayed the television inventor in "Television Spy" is William Henry. No wonder you liked his acting; he's been at it since he was eight. Write him at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Gernae Kausch, Jersey City, N. J. Mickey Rooney's real girl is a certain little blond high school student whose name Mr. R. won't divulge. He says he doesn't want to give her any unfavorable publicity. Yes, he likes Judy Garland too, and considers her one of his good friends. Twenty-five cents must always accompany requests for pictures to cover the



Incredible but true! That's relaxation Ann Sheridan is indulging in. The murderous-looking apparatus is a leaning-board to keep dresses unmussed.

cost of mailing. For stills from "Babes In Arms" write to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Culver City, Calif., and for some from "First Love" write Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif. Enclose ten cents for each still that you wish.

Eileen Butts, Sandusky, Ohio. Jeffrey Lynn's violin and piano playing in "Four Wives" were strictly camera illusions. The ex-track star from Massachusetts is not particularly musical, although singing is one of his favorite hobbies.

Eileen Brown, Rosemont, Montreal. A telegram to David Niven's studio would no doubt be forwarded to him as quickly as possible. We have no other address for him and do not believe he has any definite address at present, being at the front at this writing. He is thirty years old and was born March 1 in the eastern Highlands of Scotland; was named David because he was born on St. David's Day. He had one line to say in his first picture, "Barbary Coast." The role he most enjoyed was that of David Merlin in "Bachelor Mother." The quality he most enjoys in people is naturalness, whereas he despises affectation. He is very light-hearted and went off to England smiling and confident that he will return before long. "Hitler has orders to shoot around me," he says.

Laurian M. Richter, Beacon Falls, Conn. That was James Corner who took your eye as Mickey Allen in "Winter Carnival." Betty Field, who played opposite Jackie Cooper in "What a Life", is twenty-two.

Charles Maynard, Jr., Bedford, Mass. As far as we can discover there has never been a movie patterned almost identi-

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LIFELESS "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!



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COMPLEXION"!
MY DRY, LIFELESS,
OLD-LOOKING SKIN
WOULD NEVER
ATTRACT ANY MAN!

BUT YOU DON'T
NEED TO HAVE
SKIN LIKE THAT!
MAYBE YOU'RE
USING THE
WRONG SOAP—
WHY DON'T YOU
TRY PALMOLIVE?

YOU SEE, PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE
AND PALM OILS, NATURE'S FINEST BEAUTY
AIDS. THAT'S WHY ITS LATHER IS SO
DIFFERENT, SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS
SKIN! PALMOLIVE CLEANSSES SO
THOROUGHLY, YET SO GENTLY THAT IT
LEAVES SKIN SOFT AND SMOOTH...
COMPLEXIONS RADIANT!

I WISH I'D KNOWN ABOUT PALMOLIVE
BEFORE! BUT I'M GOING TO START USING
IT RIGHT AWAY THEN MAYBE SOME
MAN WILL FALL IN LOVE WITH ME!



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Lana Turner's cute flame-red satin swim suit may look like the "don't-go-near-the-water" variety, but it is decidedly sea-going. Lana, currently featured in "Two Girls on Broadway" with George Murphy, is a swimming fanatic. Who wouldn't be—with *her* figure?



cally after "They Made Me a Criminal." You suggest that it might have been "The St. Louis Kid" starring James Cagney; we can tell you definitely that any similarity between these two pictures is purely coincidental. Warner Brothers produced them both and they tell us that the two stories are entirely different.

Mrs. Ida Wetzel, Brewster, N. Y. Barbara O'Neil, whose splendid acting as Boyer's wife in "When Tomorrow Comes," has brought her into the public eye, is twenty-eight and has been acting for at least twenty of those years. Her first role was that of "Mustard Seed" in an amateur performance of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." When she first came to Hollywood she was given one mother role after another, but finally was cast in more suitable parts. Watch for her as the countess in "All This And Heaven, Too." It is quite possible that she is the daughter of the people you mention, as St. Louis is her native town.

Katherine Apkins, Slickville, Pa. Ingrid Bergman, twenty-two-year-old Swedish star of "Intermezzo," is so unlike the usual "foreign importation" that, coupling her unostentatious behavior with her perfect English pronunciation, it is hard to believe she isn't 100% American. Ardently devoted to her art, Ingrid's favorite diversion is music, and she is an accomplished pianist. She likes simple, tailored clothes, the color white, and corn on the cob—which is still a delightful novelty to her.

Annette Lantergne, Shirley, Mass. Joan Blondell's son, Norman, is six. He is a native Californian. Barbara Stanwyck's seven-year-old son, Dion, is adopted. They are devoted to each other, and every night Barbara slips a note under his nursery door. Dion calls Robert Taylor "Gentleman Bob."

Emma J. O'Neill, Torrington, Conn. There are six "Dead End Kids," or "Mad Russians," as their director calls them: Billy Halop, Bobby Jordan, Bernard Punsley, Gabriel Dell, Huntz Hall and Leo Gorcey. No, indeed, there are no girls in the "gang." No mere female could stand the pace!

Kathryn Imscher, Ridgewood, N. Y. Kenny Baker, the dashing KoKo of Mikado fame, was born on September 30, 1912. That is his real name and he is American both "by birth and by cherge." He is six feet tall, weighs one hundred and sixty pounds, has blue eyes, and—don't swoon with jealousy—naturally curly brown hair. He is married to a non-professional.

Ed Dunn, Cleveland, Ohio. Ann Rutherford, she of the enormous brown eyes and long dark hair, was born in Toronto, Canada, on November 2, 1920. She is Californian by adoption, having moved there at the age of four months. She is five feet three, weighs one hundred and ten pounds, and is a very fine little athlete. Her tennis is above average and Robin Hood didn't have a thing on her when it comes to archery. She loves dancing and going to the movies. Her hobbies include raising turtles and canaries, playing the piano (very well, too) and writing poetry. She doesn't diet, drinks nothing stronger than tomato juice, and doesn't smoke because she "hasn't got time." She is as natural as the Hollywood sunshine and one of the most popular gals-about-town. Write to her at M-G-M, Culver City, California.

Louise Ellis, Meridian, Miss. Deanna Durbin and the "Dead End Kids" all have at least one private secretary. It does seem funny, doesn't it, for youngsters to have secretaries, but naturally they could not possibly handle all their own mail, as they get hundreds of letters each week, and you know what a chore just one little letter is!

INFORMATION DESK
MODERN SCREEN

149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send me your up-to-date chart listing the heights, ages, birthdays and marriages of all the important stars. I enclose 5c (stamps or coin) to cover cost of mailing.

Name

Street

City..... State.....

THE TAMING OF A TOUGH GUY

(Continued from page 37)

he felt that the boy could understand him. Crude in some ways, Julie was in others mature beyond his years. Mr. Mann had a problem on his hands—on his head, rather. He was turning gray, which was bad for his business, and had toyed with the idea of dyeing his hair. It was a problem he wouldn't have dared lay before his daughters, who would have been horrified. He felt no shyness about consulting Julie, who advised him against it but wasn't horrified.

Roberta, however, had no intention of letting her parents' feeling influence her. Roberta is small and she talks quietly, but after five minutes of conversation you begin to realize the fund of controlled strength behind her dark, vivid face. She could make up her own mind. Woe, in fact, to anyone who tried to make it up for her.

Julie no longer frightened her, but she still thought he was queer. You could never tell what he might do next. One warm night they were sitting on the roof of her house. "I'm going to Chicago," said Julie.

He had no money. Graduation was just around the corner. "You're crazy," said Roberta. A couple of weeks later she got a card from him, postmarked Chicago. The medal destined for him at the Patri graduation exercises was put back into the safe.

Having been dropped from the Civic Repertory roster, he decided that his moment had come to see the world. Penniless, he started hitch-hiking across the country. Roberta would get a card from

Nebraska—"I'm working in the wheat-fields," from Austin, Texas—"I'm doing six days for vagrancy," from the San Joaquin valley—"I'm picking fruit. Wish you were here."

What could you do with a boy like that? There was no counting on him. But when she heard that he'd stumbled, sick, into his father's house and had been sent to the public ward of a hospital, she raced down to see him. His eyes were bright, and she sat on the edge of his bed while he talked his head off. His hair was tumbled, and she lent him her comb. Next day they wouldn't let her in. Julie had typhoid. Why she didn't get it is one of those mysteries only a germ could explain.

JULIE'S convalescence was an eye-opener to Roberta. She'd been used to seeing him alone or with two or three friends. To think of him in connection with other girls had never occurred to her. Now they surrounded his bed, laughed with him, teased him, brought him gifts. Hm, what a lot of girls he knew and how they went for him. That little one in red was certainly making a play for him, putting her hand on his forehead, pretending she wanted to feel his temperature. Who did she think she was fooling? Julie, maybe? A pang shot through Roberta, and vanished as Julie's eyes sought hers.

He was different, anyway, after his illness. More grown-up, more subdued, better integrated. Almost straight from his hospital bed, he'd gone to assault the

door of a producer. "How do I know you can act?" he'd been asked. "How do I know you can produce?" he'd retorted. Maybe the producer liked them fresh. Anyway, Julie got a part in "Lost Boy" at twenty-five a week, then a job with the road show of Counsellor-at-Law."

He would spend his New York weekends with the Manns, and was looked upon as one of the family. He had never proposed to Roberta in so many words, she had never accepted him. But they were together as constantly as his work permitted, and they understood each other. "When are you two getting married?" their friends would ask, to which the comeback was, "When are you?"

Julie had come to know certain members of the Group Theatre, which sponsored the plays of Clifford Odets. His spirit was fired by their ideas. They were alive and honest and produced plays that had something significant to say. He wanted nothing so much as to join them. On the day he was invited to become a member of the Group, he tore uptown in a frenzy to tell Roberta.

He appeared in "Waiting for Lefty" and "Johnny Johnson," then started rehearsals for "Awake and Sing." One night Roberta came home to find a cosy group gathered round the table—father, mother and Julie, drinking tea and talking about weddings. She went over to stand beside Julie, who put his arm around her. "How about it?"

"Okay by me," said Roberta.

As she looks back on it, it was a funny (Continued on page 95)

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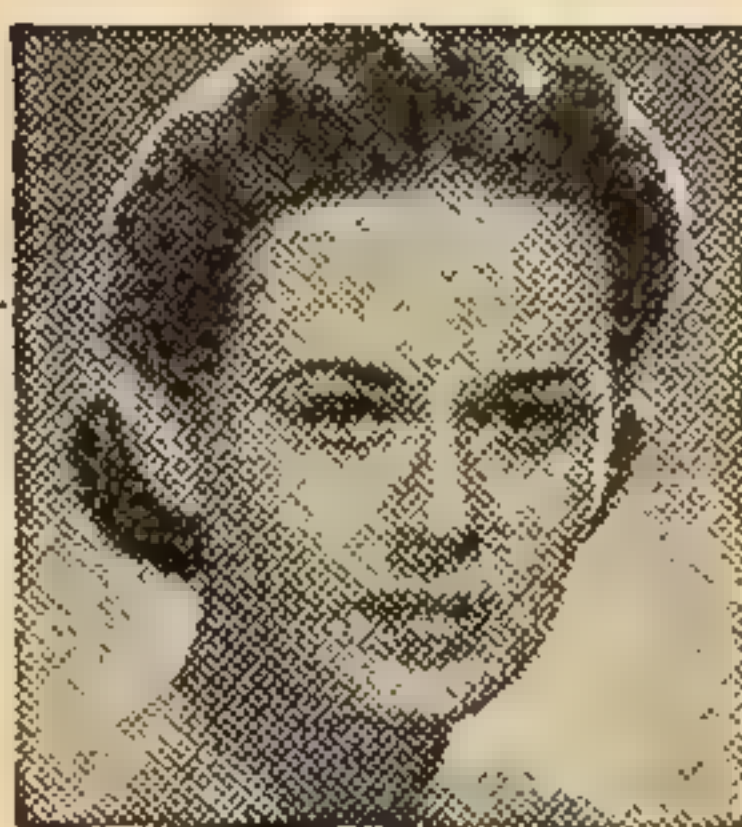
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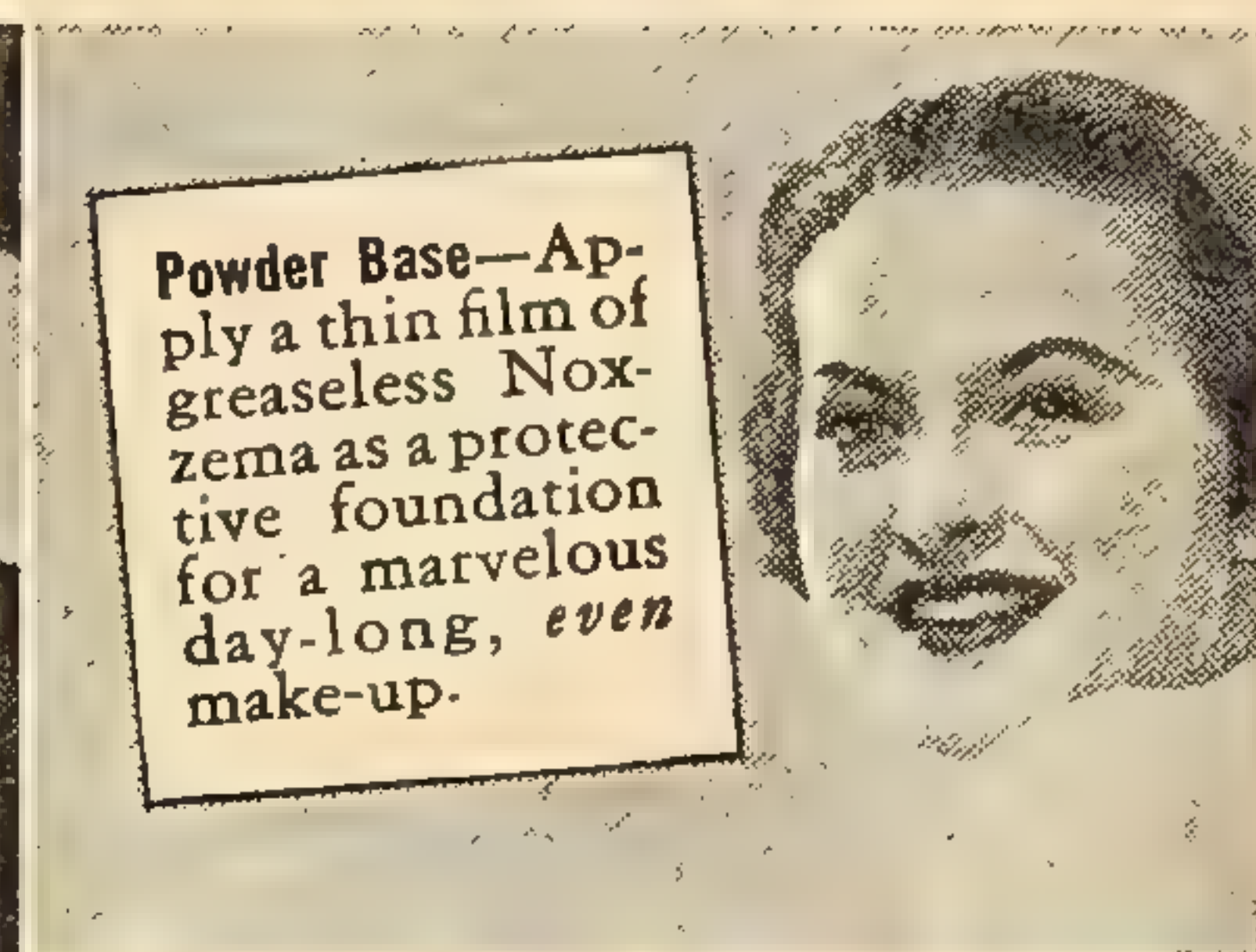
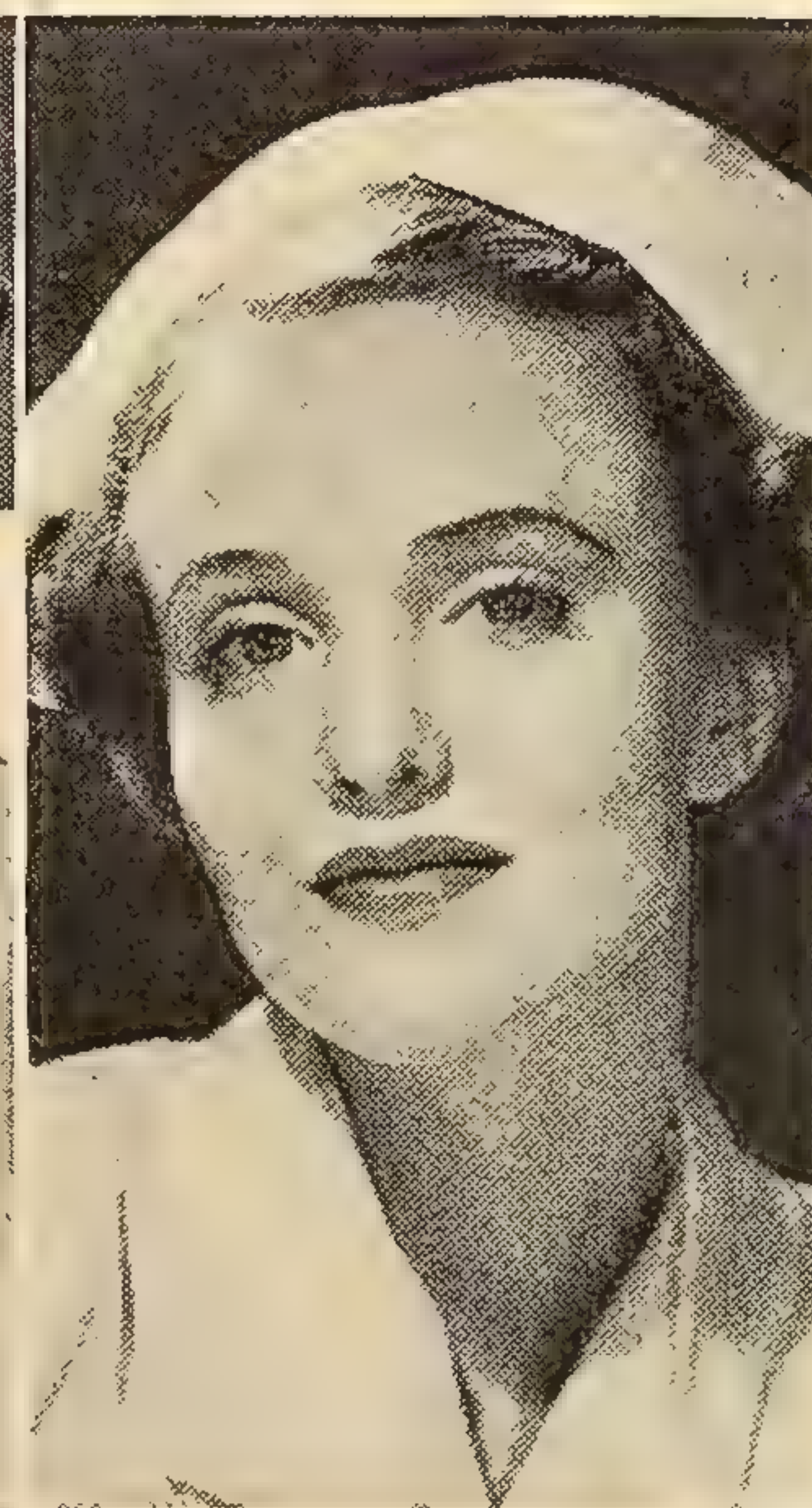
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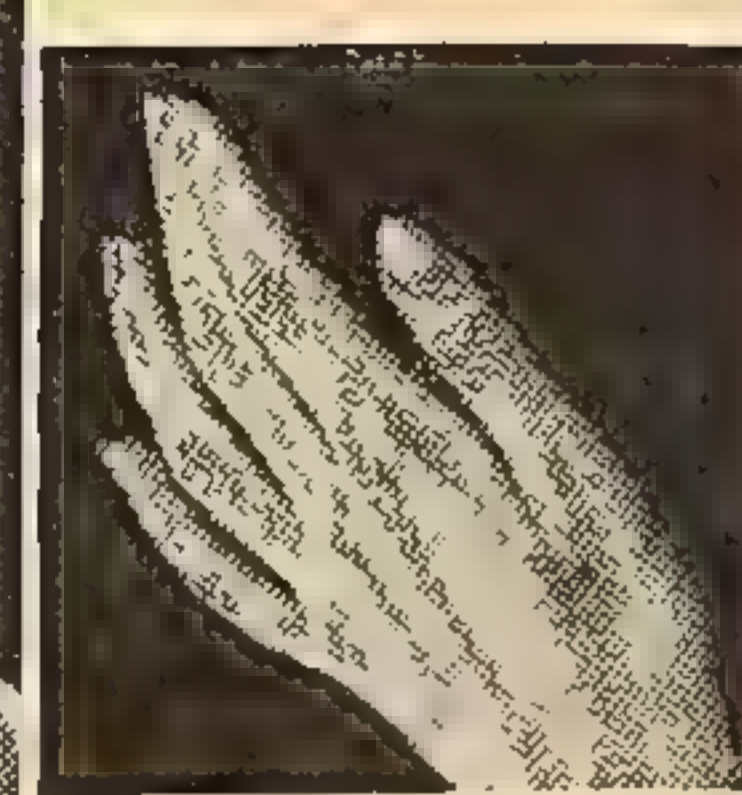
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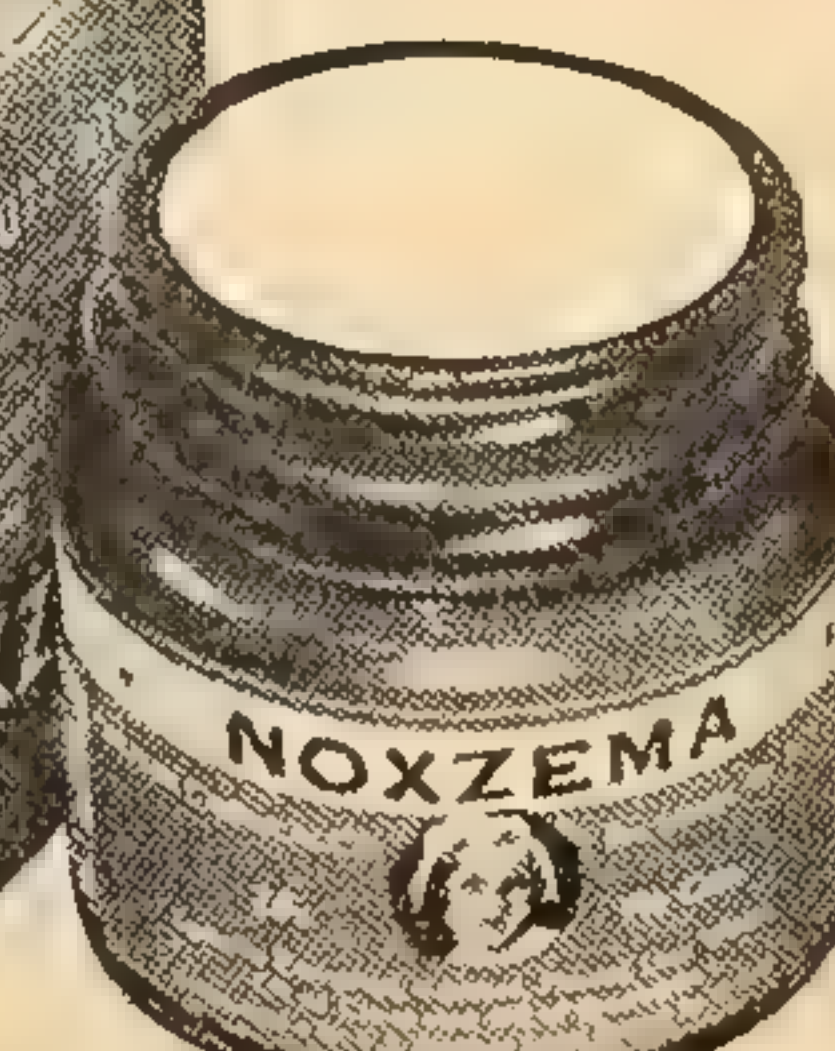
longer and helps make my skin so smooth and fine." — Mrs. Winifred Bloom, Lakeside, Cal.

Blemishes Cleared Up — "My face was covered with ugly blemishes*. Our druggists suggested Noxzema and I've been thankful ever since — my face cleared up within two weeks." — Miss Mildred Phalen, Minneapolis, Minn.

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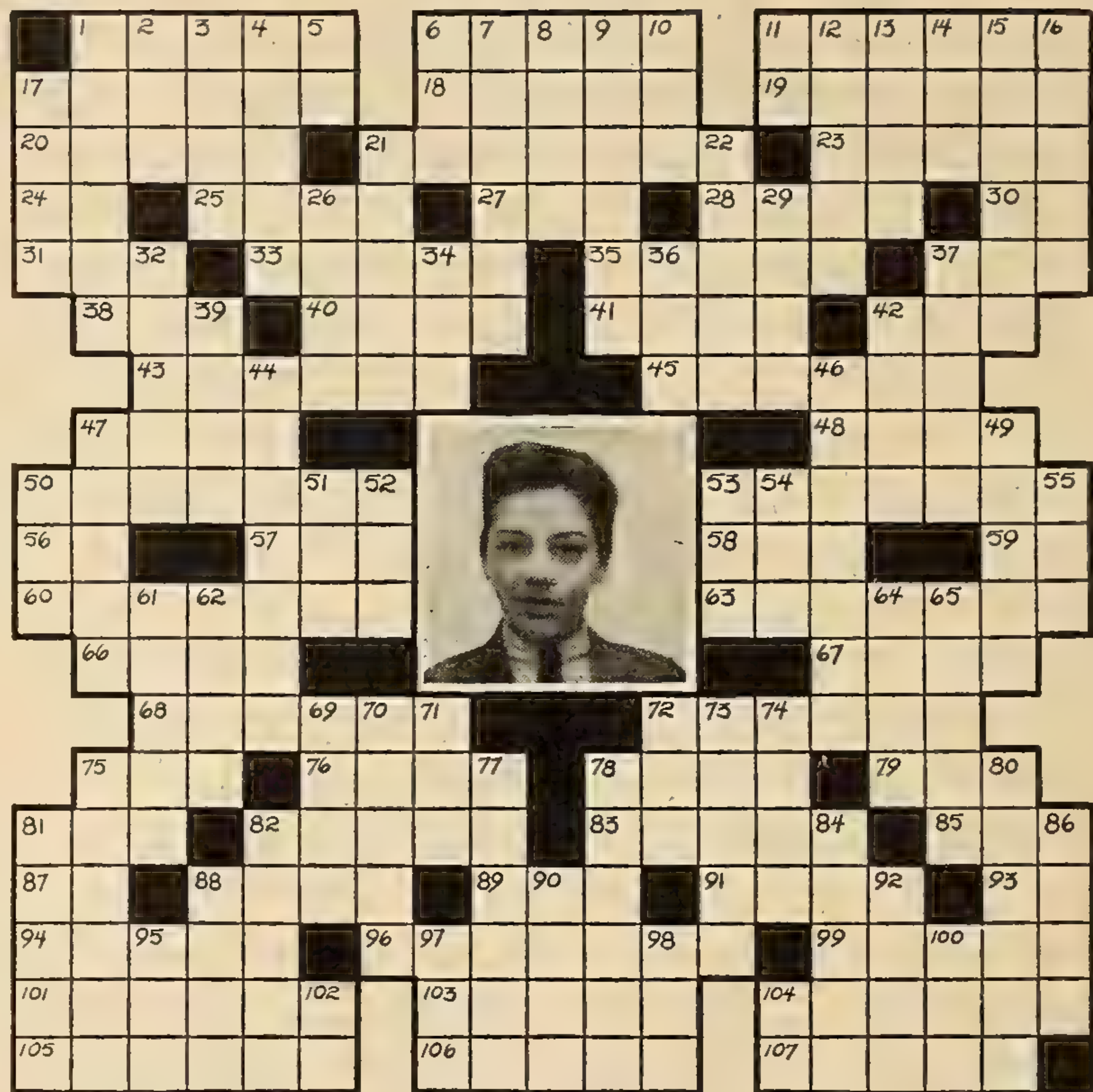
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OUR PUZZLE PAGE



Puzzle Solution on Page 105

ACROSS

1. First name of star pictured
6. An Italian silver coin
11. Last name of our star
17. Roger in "Too Busy To Work"
18. Signs
19. Actor in "Flying Deuces"
20. Star of "Goodbye Mr. Chips"
21. Removal from office
23. What we love to hear Deanna sing
24. One of "The Women": init.
25. One of "Four Wives"
27. Garbo's rival in "Ninotchka"
28. Lovely girl in "Career"
30. "Always -- odybe"
31. Woof in weaving
33. One who rants
35. Famed
37. "The Thin --"
38. Bark
40. "Strange -- s"
41. Nights preceding great events
42. Rita Hayworth's real name is -- sino
43. Heroine of "Here I Am A Stranger"
45. Secretary of "Mr. Smith Goes To Washington"
47. 1,000 feet of film
48. Great lake
50. She's a reporter in "His Girl Friday"
53. Frenchy in "Destry Rides Again"
56. "Cardin -- Richelieu"
57. Alice F --
58. Bone
59. "Metropoli -- n"
60. Craved
63. He's opposite 45 across
66. Scat!
67. Stringy
68. Merited
72. Head of a publication
75. Sped
76. Glenda Farrell's birthplace
78. "Man of --"

79. Leading man of "Hollywood Cavalcade"
81. A turf
82. English actor in "Adventure in Diamonds"
83. In the future
85. Born
87. Daughter of Fred Stone: init.
88. Cattle
89. "Fifteen Ma -- n Lane"
91. Charles -- lin
93. "Wee Wi -- ie Winkie"
94. Group of eight
96. Different
99. Harasses
101. Labored
103. Shirley --
104. Melanie in "Gone With The Wind"
105. With our hero in "The Little Princess"
106. He and Andy Devine make a grand team
107. With 1 across in "My Lucky Star"

DOWN

1. "The Star Maker"
2. Joan B -- ett
3. To shut close
4. Mrs. Manuel Del Campo
5. Star of "Remember": init.
6. Martha Raye's latest team-mate
7. Referee
8. -- Ames
9. Mad
10. She's featured in "Honeymoon In Bali"
11. "Swiss Family -- binson"
12. The Original Charlie Chan
13. Mud
14. "The D -- l Is A Woman"
15. Actor in "Brother Rat And A Baby"
16. He writes, directs and acts for RKO
17. She's in "Drums Along The Mohawk"
21. Star of "Raffles"
22. After a lapse of time
26. Plot of grass
29. Cozy corner
32. "---- In Arms"
34. --- Le Gallienne
36. Eggs
37. She plays "dumb blonde" roles
39. Chief executive: abbr.
42. One of Shirley's famed features
44. Star of "Broadway Melody Of 1940"
46. The "woo woo" comedian
47. Reigns
49. Recorded item
50. Star of "French Without Tears"
51. Caustic substance
52. Guided
53. Joan Blondell's title in private life
54. Small island
55. Consume
61. Forward
62. Kind of horse
64. Director Sam ----
65. Protecting garment against soil
69. Gas for theatre signs
70. Concluded
71. "Each Dawn I --"
72. Before
73. To move nimbly
74. Measure of length
75. ---- Ates
77. Chauffeur
78. Star of "Vigil In The Night"
80. Girl's name
81. With our star in "Frontier Marshal"
82. John ----
84. Large bird
86. Mrs. Charles Laughton
88. The ashes of seaweed
90. Handle
92. Ache
95. Former western star
97. Girl in "The Light That Failed"
98. He plays Charlie Chan's son
100. 56: Rom. num.
102. Olivia -- Havilland
104. Exclamation of surprise

(Continued from page 93)
four weeks. At the time she was too infuriated to see the joke. For she spent the month before her marriage in frosty isolation, refusing to talk to her bridegroom, her parents or her sister.

Mr. and Mrs. Mann wanted a formal wedding. Roberta loathed the idea. She wasn't going to have a lot of people gaping at her. She and Julie would go down to City Hall, and be married with dispatch and no trimmings. It was strictly their business.

How he got married was a matter of indifference to Julie. But he wanted his parents-in-law to be happy. "You always take their side against me," stormed the bride. "Whose wedding is this anyway?"

Julie laughed. They all laughed. "She'll get over it," said Mrs. Mann. She severed communication with her loved ones. Her sister sent out the invitations. Her mother ordered the dress. One morning Julie ushered her into a taxi, and they drove down to the License Bureau. The legalities attended to, he steered her to a bar, ordered drinks, and gravely proposed a toast to their coming union. In silence she drank it, and in silence rode home. It wasn't until three days before the wedding that her sense of perspective overtook her and tumbled her, giggling, from her high horse.

They were as happy as they had hoped to be. Julie was with the Group he loved. They hadn't much money, but never having had much, they didn't miss it. It was enough to be part of an exciting world. Outside producers began to notice Julie, and he was offered the lead in "Having A Wonderful Time." He took it on condition that he could return to the Group when they put on Odets' "Golden Boy."

Movie offers came in, and he turned them down. He was afraid of Hollywood, afraid of stereotyped parts in stupid pictures, afraid of earning too much and getting soft. Then Warner Bros. sent him the script of "Four Daughters," and he was tempted. He and Roberta sat far into the night, weighing pros and cons. She too was opposed to Hollywood, but she knew that Julie made his own decisions. Her part was to keep his enthusiasm from obscuring his view. Even when she agreed with him, she argued against him, to make sure he saw both sides. The script, for instance. "Don't be silly, Julie. They can't possibly leave it the way it is. It dumps the whole picture right in your lap."

YOU know what happened. This is the story, not of John Garfield and his screen triumphs, but of Julie and Roberta. They're in Hollywood now. How long they'll stay is a touchy point with both the studio and Garfield. He wants fine scripts, lines and characters he can believe in, more than he wants big parts. He insisted on a clause in his contract, giving him the right to do one play a year. He's forever on the prowl for a play. "I'd die," he says, "if I didn't think I could go back."

Roberta eggs him on. "You're spineless," she taunts him. "You sit here, dashing off one part after another. It's beginning to look easy." She feels that such goading is part of her job as his wife. Yet she knows it would be senseless for him to go back till he finds the right play. For herself, she'd like to spend the summer on the coast and the winter in New York. "If only to wear my fur coat. In New York I never had one. Now I've got the coat and no weather to wear it in."

She still says, as she said on the roof that night, "Go on, you're crazy," when Julie broaches one of his more spectacular projects.

She finds him an easy husband to get along with, his spirits uniformly good except when he's been stepped on so hard that nobody else could stand it. Even then, a natural effervescence makes recovery rapid.

According to their lights, they live modestly in a rented house. The night spots don't know them. They play badminton, go to the movies and keep open house for their intimates. If two people come in, Julie will oblige with a strip tease all his own. If two more follow, he'll oblige all over again. A music-worshipper, he has an ingenious reason for denying himself a Capehart. "Once I buy that hunk of furniture, I'll be stuck here with it. It's too hard to move."

He's definitely uneasy in his role as an employer of labor, and harasses Roberta about whether the maid gets enough money, rest or time off. He'll wander into the kitchen and tell her to beat it, because he and Roberta are staying in that evening. He refuses to ring a bell for her, saying it smacks of feudalism, and yells instead. Roberta doesn't care much for bell-ringing either. "But I don't know that yelling is any politer, and it's certainly noisier."

"Chummier too," grins Julie. "She can yell back."

They have one excellent reason for lingering in California. She's the second woman in Julie's life. Her name is Katherine, she was born fourteen months ago, and spends most of her time in a play-pen, cultivating her sun tan.

To Julie, the baby is a thoroughgoing miracle. "How can anything look so much like me," he marvels, "and be pretty?"

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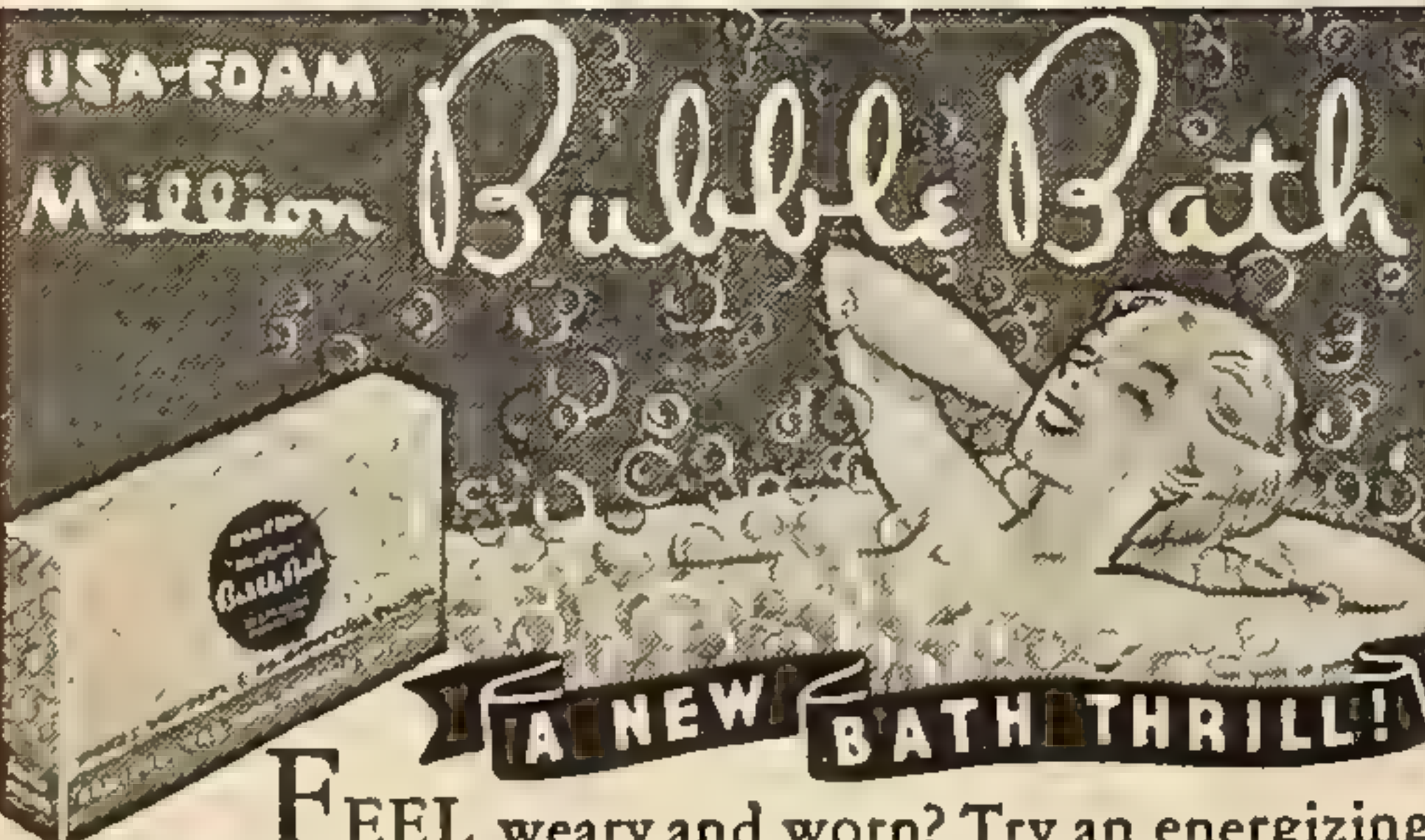
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MODERN SCREEN

MOVIE SCOREBOARD

(200 pictures rated this month)

Turn to our valuable Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. The "general rating" is the average rating of our critic and the authoritative newspaper critics all over the country. 4★ means very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. C denotes that the picture is recommended for children as well as adults. Asterisk shows that only Modern Screen rating is given on film not yet reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.

Picture	General Rating	Picture	General Rating
*Abe Lincoln In Illinois (RKO).....	3★	Midnight (Paramount).....	3★
*Adventure In Diamonds (Paramount).....	2★	Mikado, The (Universal).....	C 3★
Adventures of Sherlock Holmes (20th Cent.-Fox).....	3★	Million Dollar Legs (Paramount).....	2★
Allegheny Uprising (RKO).....	2★	Miracles For Sale (M-G-M).....	2 1/2★
Amazing Mr. Williams, The (Columbia).....	3★	Missing Daughters (Columbia).....	2★
Another Thin Man (M-G-M).....	3★	Missing Evidence (Universal).....	3★
Babes In Arms (M-G-M).....	C 3★	Mr. Smith Goes to Washington (Columbia).....	4★
Bachelor Mother (RKO).....	C 3 1/2★	Mr. Wong in Chinatown (Monogram).....	2★
Balalaika (M-G-M).....	3★	Music In My Heart (Columbia).....	2★
Barricade (20th Century-Fox).....	3★	Mutiny on the Blackhawk (Universal).....	2★
Beachcomber, The (Mayflower).....	3 1/2★	Nick Carter, Master Detective (M-G-M).....	3★
Beau Geste (Paramount).....	C 3★	Night of Nights, The (Paramount).....	2 1/2★
Beware Spooks (Columbia).....	2★	Ninotchka (M-G-M).....	4★
Big Guy, The (Universal).....	2 1/2★	No Place To Go (Warners).....	2★
Blackmail (M-G-M).....	2★	Nurse Edith Cavell (RKO).....	4★
Blondie Brings Up Baby (Columbia).....	2★	*Of Mice And Men (United Artists).....	3★
Bluebird, The (20th Century-Fox).....	C 3★	Oklahoma Frontier (Universal).....	2★
Brother Rat and a Baby (Warners).....	2★	Oklahoma Kid, The (Warners).....	3★
Call a Messenger (Universal).....	2 1/2★	Old Maid, The (Warners).....	4★
Calling All Marines (Republic).....	2★	On Borrowed Time (M-G-M).....	3★
Cat and the Canary, The (Paramount).....	3 1/2★	On Dress Parade (Warners).....	2★
Charlie Chan at Treasure Island (20th Century-Fox).....	2★	One Hour to Live (Universal).....	2★
Charlie McCarthy, Detective (Universal).....	3★	\$1,000 a Touchdown (Paramount).....	2★
Child Is Born, A (Warners).....	3★	On Your Toes (Warners).....	2 1/2★
*Cisco Kid and the Lady, The (20th Century-Fox).....	2★	Our Leading Citizen (Paramount).....	2 1/2★
Coast Guard (Columbia).....	2★	*Our Neighbors—The Carters (Paramount).....	1★
*Congo Maisie (M-G-M).....	3★	Pack Up Your Troubles (20th Century-Fox).....	2 1/2★
Dancing Co-ed (M-G-M).....	2 1/2★	Pride of the Blue Grass (Warners).....	2 1/2★
Day the Bookies Wept, The (RKO).....	2★	Quick Millions (20th Century-Fox).....	C 2★
Daytime Wife (20th Century-Fox).....	3★	Raffles (United Artists).....	2★
Destry Rides Again (Universal).....	3★	Rains Came, The (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Disputed Passage (Paramount).....	3★	Range War (Paramount).....	2★
Drums Along the Mohawk (20th Century-Fox).....	3★	Real Glory, The (United Artists).....	2★
Dust Be My Destiny (Warners).....	2 1/2★	Remember? (M-G-M).....	2 1/2★
Each Dawn I Die (Warners).....	3★	Remember the Night (Paramount).....	3★
*Earl of Chicago, The (M-G-M).....	2★	Reno (Universal).....	2★
Elizabeth and Essex (Warners).....	4★	Rio (Universal).....	2 1/2★
Escape, The (20th Century-Fox).....	2 1/2★	Roaring Twenties, The (Warners).....	3★
Espionage Agent (Warners).....	2 1/2★	Rulers of the Sea (Paramount).....	3 1/2★
Eternally Yours (United Artists).....	2 1/2★	Sabotage (Republic).....	2 1/2★
Everything Happens at Night (20th Century-Fox).....	3★	Santa Fe Marshal (Paramount).....	1 1/2★
Everything's on Ice (RKO).....	2★	Second Fiddle (20th Century-Fox).....	C 3★
Fast and Furious (M-G-M).....	2★	Secrets of Dr. Kildare (M-G-M).....	3★
Fifth Avenue Girl (RKO).....	3★	She Married a Cop (Republic).....	2★
Fighting 69th, The (Warners).....	3★	Shop Around the Corner, The (M-G-M).....	3★
First Love (Universal).....	3★	6,000 Enemies (M-G-M).....	2 1/2★
Flight at Midnight (Republic).....	2★	*Slightly Honorable (United Artists).....	3★
Flying Deuces (RKO).....	2★	Smashing the Money Ring (Warners).....	2 1/2★
Four Feathers (United Artists).....	3 1/2★	Spellbinder, The (RKO).....	2★
Four Wives (Warners).....	3★	Spirit of Culver, The (Universal).....	C 2 1/2★
Full Confession (RKO).....	2★	Stagecoach (United Artists).....	4★
*Geronimo (Paramount).....	3★	Stanley and Livingstone (20th Century-Fox).....	3 1/2★
Girl from Rio (Monogram).....	2★	Star Maker, The (Paramount).....	C 2 1/2★
Golden Boy (Columbia).....	3★	Stolen Life (Paramount).....	2 1/2★
Gone With the Wind (M-G-M).....	4★	Stop, Look and Love (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Goodbye Mr. Chips (M-G-M).....	C 4★	Stranger From Texas (Columbia).....	2 1/2★
Great Victor Herbert, The (Paramount).....	3★	Stronger Than Desire (M-G-M).....	2 1/2★
*Green Hell (Universal).....	2★	Sun Never Sets, The (Universal).....	2★
Gulliver's Travels (Paramount).....	C 3★	Susannah of the Mounties (20th Century-Fox).....	C 3★
Hawaiian Nights (Universal).....	2★	Swanee River (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Heaven With a Barbed Wire Fence (20th Cent.-Fox).....	2★	Tarzan Finds a Son (M-G-M).....	C 2 1/2★
He Married His Wife (20th Century-Fox).....	2★	Television Spy (Paramount).....	2 1/2★
Here I Am a Stranger (20th Century-Fox).....	2 1/2★	That's Right, You're Wrong (RKO).....	C 3★
Heroes In Blue (Monogram).....	2★	These Glamour Girls (M-G-M).....	2 1/2★
*High School (20th Century-Fox).....	C 3★	They All Came Out (M-G-M).....	2 1/2★
His Girl Friday (Columbia).....	3★	They Shall Have Music (United Artists).....	C 3 1/2★
Hunchback of Notre Dame, The (RKO).....	3★	Those High Grey Walls (Columbia).....	2 1/2★
Indianapolis Speedway (Warners).....	2 1/2★	Three Smart Girls Grow Up (Universal).....	C 3★
In Name Only (RKO).....	3 1/2★	Three Sons (RKO).....	3★
Intermezzo, A Love Story (United Artists).....	3★	Thunder Afloat (M-G-M).....	2 1/2★
Invisible Man Returns, The (Universal).....	2★	Too Busy To Work (20th Century-Fox).....	C 2 1/2★
Invisible Stripes (Warners).....	2★	Torchy Plays With Dynamite (Warners).....	2 1/2★
Irish Luck (Monogram).....	2 1/2★	Tower of London (Universal).....	2★
Jamaica Inn (Paramount).....	3★	Tropic Fury (Universal).....	2★
Joe and Ethel Turp Call on the President (M-G-M).....	2★	20,000 Men a Year (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Judge Hardy and Son (M-G-M).....	C 3★	Two Bright Boys (Universal).....	2★
Kid Nightingale (Warners).....	2★	U-Boat 29 (Columbia).....	3★
Lady of the Tropics (M-G-M).....	2★	Undercover Doctor (Paramount).....	2 1/2★
Light That Failed, The (Paramount).....	3★	Underpup, The (Universal).....	C 3★
Little Accident (Universal).....	2 1/2★	Unexpected Father (Universal).....	2★
Lone Wolf Strikes, The (Columbia).....	2★	Union Pacific (Paramount).....	3 1/2★
Llano Kid, The (Paramount).....	2 1/2★	Wall St. Cowboy (Republic).....	2 1/2★
Magnificent Fraud (Paramount).....	2★	Waterfront (Warners).....	2★
Main Street Lawyer (Republic).....	2 1/2★	We Are Not Alone (Warners).....	3 1/2★
Man in the Iron Mask (United Artists).....	3★	What a Life (Paramount).....	3★
Man Who Wouldn't Talk, The (20th Century-Fox).....	2 1/2★	When Tomorrow Comes (Universal).....	2 1/2★
Marshal of Mesa City (RKO).....	2 1/2★	Winter Carnival (United Artists).....	2 1/2★
Marx Bros. at the Circus (M-G-M).....	3★	Wizard of Oz, The (M-G-M).....	C 4★
Meet Dr. Christian (RKO).....	2 1/2★	Woman Is the Judge (Columbia).....	2★
Mexican Spitfire (RKO).....	2 1/2★	Women, The (M-G-M).....	3★
Mickey, the Kid (Republic).....	2★	You Can't Get Away With Murder (Warners).....	2 1/2★
		Young Mr. Lincoln (20th Century-Fox).....	C 3 1/2★

A DOLLAR FOR YOUR THOUGHTS

(Continued from page 17)

accomplished figure. He has all Valentino's talents with far greater charm and intelligence. In a word, he is the Screen's handsomest actor.—A. Lenox, Washington, D. C.

Short And Sweet

You asked for it. Since frankness is the backbone of your column, I want to contribute my two cents' worth of criticism:

Dorothy Lamour: Dotty had better brush up on her acting. People in Hollywood who depend on beauty and curves do not last very long.

Ann Sheridan: Annie, throw away your "oomph!" You have real ability. Make them let you use it!

Greta Garbo: Three cheers to you for proving that you can make us laugh, too!

Tyrone Power: We've got to hand it to you. All the miscasting you have been through would have completely ruined any other star, but you have survived.

Rosalind Russell: Well, it's about time you got a break as Sylvia Fowler in "The Women," and opposite Cary Grant in "His Girl Friday." You deserved it!

Hollywood: Thanks for making such grand books as "Gone With the Wind," "The Rains Came" and "Rebecca" into pictures. We do appreciate them.—Richard Mayfield, Milford, Ohio.

Bing's Appeal

Every time I hear some one say that Bing Crosby can't act, I burn up! And as for his being a proud father harming his screen appeal—that's ridiculous. Suppose Bing isn't a wonderful actor, it's his naturalness that endears him to us. One thing sure, you can always depend upon him for good, clean entertainment.

Yes, Bing is a father, but this certainly doesn't rob him of his handsome, wide-eyed expression of youth. I'd be willing to wager that when most of the great actors and "streamlined Romeos" are forgotten characters, Bing Crosby, with his low, melodious voice and enthusiastic smile, will still be in good standing at the box office.

So here's to continued success for the man who hasn't let Hollywood, fame or fortune increase his hat size. The man who takes pride in his lovely wife, children and home as well as his work. As Bing might put it, when speaking of another, he's one of Hollywood's too few "solid citizens."—Willow Dean Wheeler, Jacksonville, Fla.

Robert Stack

Words fail me when I start to describe that new and delightful actor, Robert Stack.

His performance in "First Love" is something to write home about. Robert's chief charm lies in his naturalness and his youth.

He was perfectly cast for his debut. Here's hoping Hollywood will continue to cast him in roles opposite actresses his own age. In fact, why need the studio look further than Deanna Durbin as a permanent co-star for him? They are really a perfect pair. In any case, please don't give him leading ladies such as Joan

"No EXPERIMENTS for Me When My Child CATCHES COLD!"

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Perc Westmore, Hollywood's beauty expert, tells you how to find your face type and how to make up to it.

Margaretta Byers, author of "Designing Women," gives you the low-down on how to choose your clothes that do the most for your figure.

Walter Thornton, leading model agent, tells what makes any woman lovely to behold.

Helena Rubinstein, beauty specialist, gives some tips to girls who wear glasses.

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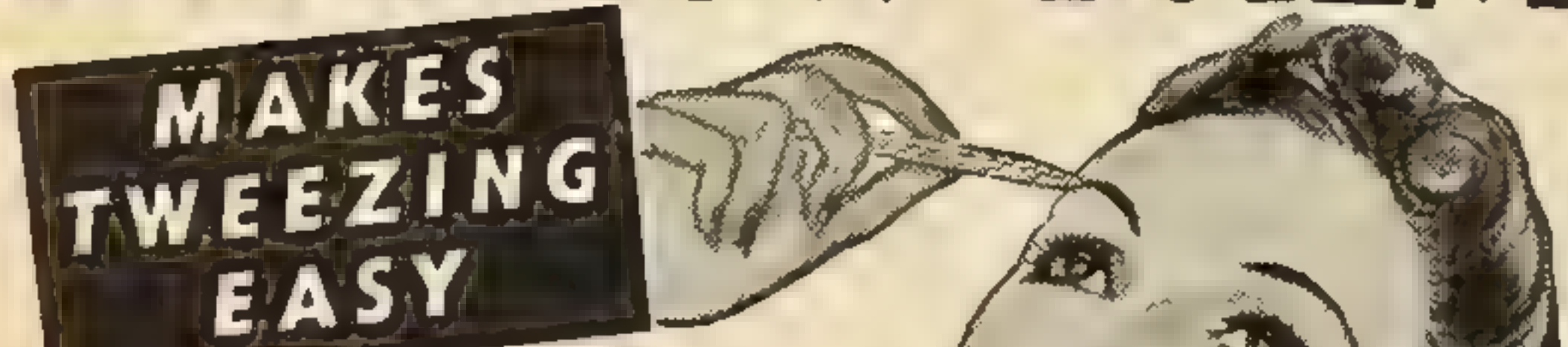
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Crawford, Norma Shearer, since they're so much older than he! Such a mistake was made when Ginger Rogers was given Tim Holt for her love interest in "Fifth Avenue Girl." It looked as though she were robbing the cradle.—Amy Ragsdale, Oregon City, Ore.

In Defense of Richard

Who says Dick Greene is a sissy? Just because he plays love interests is no reason why people should feel that way toward him.

I have always liked and admired him. One look at him is enough to knock me off my feet. It isn't only looks that make me like him—there's something so simple and irresistible about him which draws me to him. His unaffectedness sets him apart from the majority of stars, and, to my mind, his unassuming boyishness is his great charm.

I frankly admit that he isn't a great actor like Tracy, Muni or Gable. But why should he be? They're old-timers in the business, while he's a young kid. Furthermore, none of his parts have called for a great deal of dramatic ability and who knows whether he is a potential Academy Award winner or not? Of course, he has plenty to learn and with a few more years experience, I feel confident that he'll outdo any of them.

With those dimples and that wonderful smile, he's bound to get somewhere and I know he can!—Grace O'Halloran, New York, N. Y.

Alan Curtis

Now and then, you see a small part performed to perfection. I am referring especially to Alan Curtis' role of Nicky in "Hollywood Cavalcade." His fine acting, his good looks and his sympathetic attitude toward Alice Faye (Molly) all combine to make him stand out.

Ever since I saw the movie a few months ago, I have not been able to understand why Mr. Curtis is not starred in more pictures. I am sure, if he is given a chance to play the lead, he will give a brilliant performance. All he needs is the chance to show his acting ability.

Here's wishing him the best of luck in the near future.—Eleanor Troiani, Pittsburgh, Pa.

WRITE A LETTER— WIN A PRIZE

So you've just left a movie and are bursting to tell the world about it! Fans, take pen and paper and speak your piece! Was it the best one you've ever seen? Was it the poorest you've ever sat through? Did some newcomer give you the thrill of "discovering a star?" Was it a supporting role of a veteran that entranced you? All the fans in the country are curious to know what you're thinking. You have your favorite and pet peeves and so have they. They'll argue with you, but that's the fun! Then, too, there's the chance of winning a \$1.00 prize awarded each month to ten writers of the most original and interesting letters. Just one thing—we expect you to play fair with us and not copy or adapt letters or poems already published. This is plagiarism and will be prosecuted as such. Send your letter or poem to: **A Dollar For Your Thoughts, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.**



Rita Johnson actually lounges at home in this softly draped yellow negligee! Those amazing open sleeves relieve the dramatic severity of the neckline, and the knotted belt helps Rita to achieve the fashionable tiny midriff. A fashion note is the double front panel formed by yards and yards of sash.

THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER CAME TO SEE

(Continued from page 8)

Mr. B., himself, was lyrical at the great find. After a nice "Haven't we met before?" he scooped her up with an enthusiasm which was, frankly, quite un-British. The opus, he told her, was to be called "Stand Up and Sing."

Anna Neagle heeded the title and then some. She also danced. You would have thought that the crochety London critics had got religion overnight, if you had read the reviews after the opening.

"Too many seasons have waxed and waned since we have been permitted to behold anything like the apparition listed on the programs as Miss Anna Neagle," one amiable typewriter tyrant set down for his astonished readers. And then, more cautiously, "This lady is eminently capable, and one dares prophesy great things."

ANNA NEAGLE had arrived, egged on by ambition, the exotic American brand. And the "great things" foreshadowed by the critic came to include such honors as Darling of British Musicals, Dancer Incomparable, and First Lady of the English Screen. In time, her roles ranged from naughty Nell Gwynn to good Queen Victoria and were so admired in this country that RKO imported her to serve as centerpiece of "Nurse Edith Cavell."

A sea captain's daughter in the habiliments of Queen Victoria, with His Majesty's government throwing open for her use the castles, towers, country houses, palaces and all the appurtenances of the late monarch, is something less than cricket. "It's amazing," as she insists.

No one is more surprised at her success than is Anna Neagle. She was born Marjorie Robertson, thirty-four years ago, in modest Forest Gate, London. Many ancestors had served in the royal navy, but her father had a definite leaning toward the Mercantile Marine. In fact, he captained the boat that first brought her to America.

For a seafaring man's daughter, she led a tranquil life minus adventure or excitement. Came 1928 and she had settled down to the noble profession of gymnasium teacher. Then, suddenly, her father became ill and the family needed money. Somewhat reluctantly she parted with her calling and looked for a better paying field than teaching.

One of her friends reminded her that she had a fair face, trim torso and a vast amount of verve.

"Why don't you get a job in a chorus? You can't miss."

Timidly she dropped around and interviewed the impresario of a scheduled revue called "Bubbly." He was impressed no end.

"You're quite all there," is how the man expressed it with wondrous restraint.

From "Bubbly" she went into the chorus of London's chic Trocadero Café. Then there came her brittle glory as a member of Mr. C. B. Cochran's "Young Ladies." She was simply one of the lovelies in the "line," as we'd say.

Finally she was hired to carry that poster in Charles Cochran's "Wake Up and Dream," the very show which took her to the United States where she bumped into our fabulous, native ambition. Which is where we came in, remember?



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Pittsfield, Mass.

England's Anna Neagle is a radiant somebody with a heart-shaped face, svelte figure, trim ankles and a debonair quality that belies her age by ten years. Dense dark brows overhang her blue eyes which lean toward cobalt. By all odds England's most popular dramatic film star, thanks to her scampering through the pages of history and breathing life into amorous Nell Gwynn, irrepressible Peg Woffington and the awesome Victoria among others, she is nothing if not unspoiled.

When she made her first trek to New York as a leading light of the British cinema, she was accessible to everyone who wanted to quiz her, a shy, trembling fledgling from the high school paper over in Trenton, the cookery editor of the Herald Tribune or freelance journalists.

THE interviewers were struck, en masse, by her smart clothes, her cordiality but especially her ease. She was very plain on at least one point.

"I have no use for glamour, because to me it implies artificiality. I prefer to come down to earth."

Whenever she's in New York, she proves it. Quite likely she will slip into casual togs and go walking, afternoons, in Central Park. No sun glasses, no slacks, no disguises—nothing to attract attention. She feeds the ducks, visits the cheetah, talks with attendants and has herself a grand time.

Her chief hobby is her work. As soon as she gets assigned to a role, she begins to live the part. A trip to the library and she is in possession of all available material on her subject. To recreate Nell Gwynn she spent months in devouring the historians and scouring all records that carried the slightest critical refer-

ence to King Charles' stage-struck girl friend.

"Nurse Edith Cavell" gave her a liberal education. Not only did she master the geography of Belgium, where the Germans performed the execution, but she also studied the war records. Along with this she read the memoirs of Brand Whitlock, American minister to Brussels, and of Hugh Gibson, his secretary of legation. Then she ferreted out numerous letters written by nurses who had known Edith Cavell and had described her tragic death. She even uncovered an anonymous account of the execution by a German participant.

"Audiences know good acting from bad, no matter what great names are cast in the star roles," she feels sure. "I try hard to make audiences believe me."

Portrayer of noted English women though she is, in her native England she lives quietly, undramatically in a little cottage at Shenley, miles removed from London. Here she has neither swimming pool nor retinue of servants. One maid serves her amply.

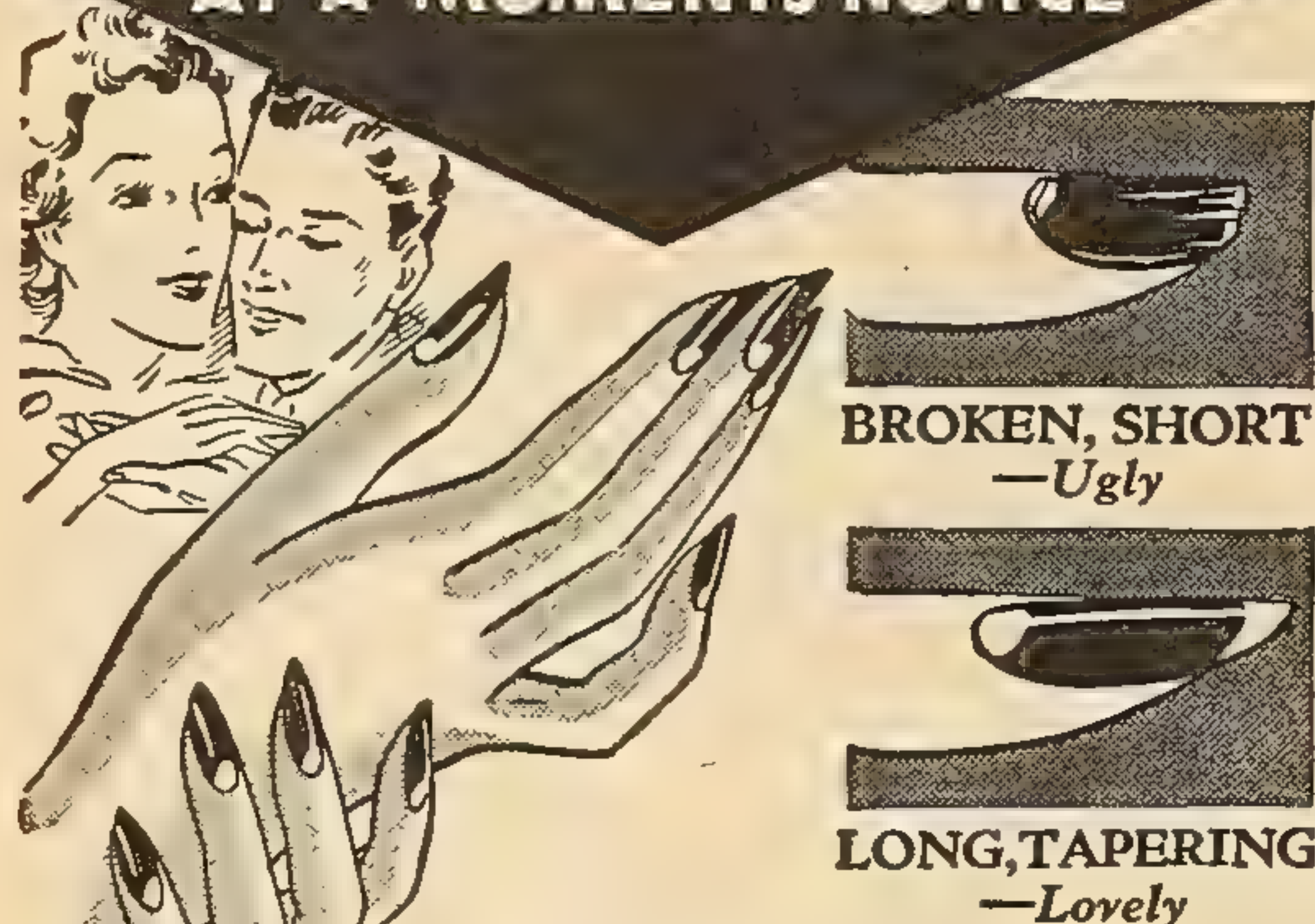
She loves to cook. As a moppet of twelve, she used to help her mother with the culinary chores. She's wild about pies, the American type, that is, "with oceans of filling." English pies, she protests, are small affairs—more like tarts. Her favorites are lemon and cranberry.

She crusades for moderation in food consumption.

"I think the majority of people eat far too much," she'll tell you. "I find it practical to skip lunch. It makes one heavy and lazy—or at least it did me. My principal meal is dinner which I love and enjoy. I have an enormous appetite and eat practically anything that I want. Fortunately I don't have to worry about calories. I don't take on weight easily."

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As a former gym teacher (she calls it gym mistress) she's naturally sold on exercise. She recommends games.

"But the idea is to discover which games benefit one most." When in doubt, she insists, try walking.

She's the idol of her English public and that goes double. They flood her with gifts, telegrams, letters and "God-bless-you's" when they catch a glimpse of her on the street. The feeling comes close to being veneration. So much so that when her studio announced plans whereby Miss Neagle would bring to the screen the lusty life and adventures of Marie Lloyd, a music hall performer, there was general rebellion in the ranks of her fan hordes. Newspapers wrote editorials. After all, they argued, Britain's first lady of the cinema could hardly condescend to play a mere music hall troubadour!

To the logical come-back that the same lady had pirouetted as the slightly-scarlet Nell Gwynn, the Neagle worshipers reminded their opponents that the Gwynn woman, after all, was the playmate of no less a personage than good Charles II, God rest his soul.

Miss Neagle will not do "Marie Lloyd." Instead, even as you read this, she is in the midst of tapering off her starring assignment in RKO's cinema version of "Irene," that identical smash musical which was on view in Manhattan two decades ago when our doughboys returned from Over There.

"I simply love my role, and my dance numbers are really exciting," Miss Neagle wants you to know.

The pleasure, in all probability, will be definitely ours.

EGGS-ACTLY RIGHT FOR MICKEY

(Continued from page 11)

Place one of these rings on each ham-spread circle. Brush bread generously with melted butter. Place these rings on greased baking tin. Break an egg carefully into the center of each circle. Sprinkle with salt, pepper and a little paprika. Bake in moderate oven (375°F.) 12-15 minutes or until eggs have set to desired consistency. Meanwhile cook one package processed cheese with 1/3 cup rich milk, in top of double boiler, until melted. Season to taste and pour over the cooked Dinner Eggs. Garnish with parsley and serve immediately.

HOT LEMON PUDDING

- 1 tablespoon butter
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 1 cup milk
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 3 eggs, separated
- 2 tablespoons milk
- 2 teaspoons grated lemon rind
- 3 tablespoons lemon juice

Melt butter, add flour. Blend well. Add the cup of milk, cook and stir until smooth and thickened. Remove from heat. Add sugar, stir until melted. Separate the eggs. Beat the yolks with the 2 tablespoons milk; add to first mixture. Add grated rind and lemon juice. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Turn into ungreased baking dish. Set dish containing pudding in a pan containing an inch of boiling water. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 45 minutes or until puffed and firm. Serve hot, and top with whipped cream if desired. You'll love it!



Breath-taking Hedy Lamarr appears sans Oriental trappings in "I Take This Woman." This tailored, sheer wool dinner dress is in two tones of grey and features an exceptionally high waist and a softly draped bodice. The full bracelet-length sleeves add an interesting and very feminine note to this lovely Adrian creation.

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No. 2419—Bows and choir-boy collar for your sweaters.



No. 2402—Below, collar and cuffs, dainty as snowflakes.



No. 2403—Filly, dainty croch to pep up your frocks.



No. 2404—Below, cascading jabot—frothy and feminine.

DOES your wardrobe look a bit tired these days? Those dresses and sweaters you've been wearing all winter are crying for a little attention to help them through the in-between season. Perk them up with these bright spring touches. Dainty bits of lacy crochet for your frocks and a tailored collar and bows for your sweaters—all easy to make and amazingly inexpensive. Your most dejected togs will get a new lease on life!

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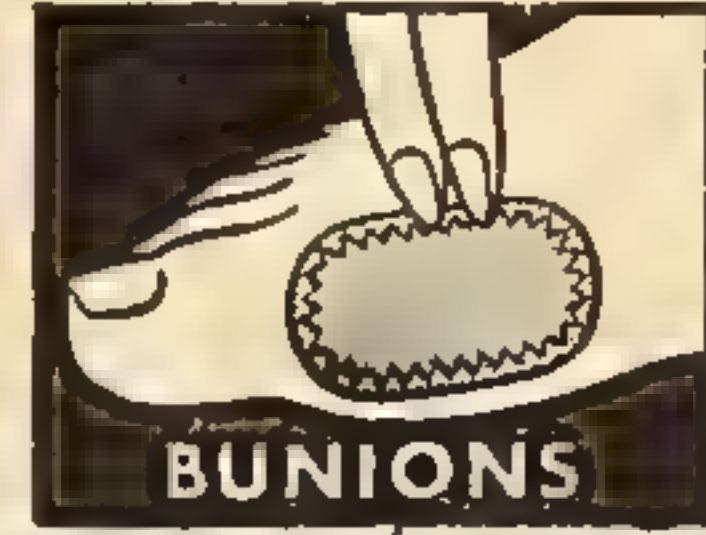
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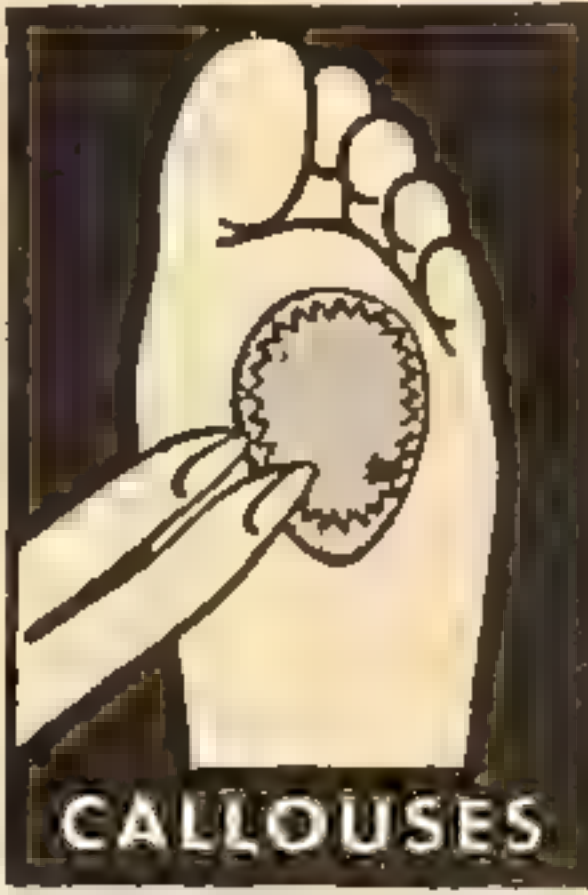


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KEEPING UP WITH BETTE

(Continued from page 35)

the most profound satisfaction in life.

"That day I went to Butternut alone, I knew what my friend meant. And I knew that I'd know it more and more deeply as the years would go by. Yes, it's the best thing that has ever happened to me. So," laughed Davis, her face flushed, her eyes shining, "you can tell people that Davis went home!"

From the next room we could hear, now and then, a baby's voice, making the noises babies' voices make. Into that nursery Bette had taken me as soon as I arrived. It's her sister Bobby's baby, four months old, named Ruth Favour after the girls' mother. "The baby is with me," Bette said, "until Bobby is stronger; she's been so ill since the baby's birth. It's the first time I've ever had a baby in my house and I love it. Yes, she does look like me, even I can see it." I noticed that, characteristically, Bette, who never does anything by halves, had completely converted the room into a nursery; had ripped down drapes, moved out furniture, even had had shelves built for the toys small Fay will not be playing with for some months to come.

NOW I'm back in Hollywood," Bette went on. "Glad to be here. Do you know that I've bought a house here, too? Another thing I've always said I'd never do. It's a little house, a little brick house, walled in. It doesn't mean to me, of course, what Butternut means but it's a place to live in while I'm here working. It's quiet; it's a retreat.

"I've been in the thick of things ever since I got back," said Bette. "Good thing for me I'm equipped with all this health and pep. I'm still studying French for my role of Henriette in Rachel Fields' 'All This And Heaven, Too.' Lives there a girl who wouldn't be thrilled at playing opposite Charles Boyer? I doubt it," laughed Bette. "I very much doubt it. And speaking of French, his French is but divine. We are, I think, very much the same kind of people in the way we work, at least. We both work intensely; we are both absorbed into and by the character we play.

"Henriette, by the way, is the least violent woman I've ever played, which makes her rather a job for me. With the exceptions of Gaby in 'Petrified Forest' and the elder sister in 'The Sisters,' the women I've played have all been violent about their emotions. As I am," grinned Davis. "As perhaps I shall continue to be because I don't believe in destroying the very thing that makes us what we are. One picture I will always love is 'Dark Victory' because Judy Traherne is what I'm like. She was at least ninety per cent me.

"And I'm being very gay, dear," mocked Bette, at herself, as I gathered myself together for the take-off. "I'm going out, as you've doubtless read in the columns. But that's all there is to it—just going out. I'm doing very well for me. I've been out two or three times since I got back.

"This is the first time in my life, really, that I've been free and able to have fun, have dates, have romances. I married so young, and have worked so hard. Now I can play and flirt and be the Young-woman-about-town and what do I do? Comes ten o'clock and I'm so doggone tired I sit in a restaurant and all I can think of is my little white bed, turned down, and my book on the bed-table."

"Proving what?" I asked.

"Proving that, for me," said Bette, her gayety fading a bit, "there's only one thing in the world, really, and that's being married."

"Meaning," I said, "that you want to marry again some day? That you intend to marry again some day?"

"I hope so," said Bette. She added with a funny little laugh, "Butternut should have a little girl picking buttercups in its fields, you know, and a little boy shinnying up its trees. Then, maybe, later on, I'd live there all the time and do a play now and then, perhaps three or four plays in all, just to prove that I could. That's how I'd like to finish this career of mine, that's how I'd like to end it all. I told you," said Bette, "that I've found my way."



"Buck" Benny sports a tuxedo instead of his "chaps" for an evening of night-spotting with Mary Livingstone, his wife. Jack's just had a look at the check!

GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 57)

FATE COMES TO JEFF'S AID

No doubt about it, Jeffrey Lynn is smitten with the charms of one Annie Sheridan. For a long time he hasn't been reticent about the fact that "Oomph" Sheridan is his favorite actress, but he didn't have the nerve to ask her for a date. When it was announced that the two were cast in "It All Came True," Jeffrey was overcome with bashfulness. How, he asked his pals, could he ever get up enough nerve for their love scenes. The mere thought of holding Ann in his arms was enough to scare stronger men than himself. Came the day, however, when the picture was scheduled to start and the first shot was a love scene. Jeffrey timidly started to kiss the star, then put his arms around her and kept right on the job. "Hey," yelled the director. "Whadya think we got on this picture—a 'Gone With The Wind' production schedule?"

OLIVIA'S LUCK

Word comes from Olivia de Havilland's studio that she's caught the biggest sword-fish of the season on one of her weekly deep-sea fishing jaunts. Imagine landing the biggest fish and Jimmy Stewart in the same season!

TACTFUL SHIRLEY

Shirley Temple exemplified the gracious hostess the other day when a little girl was brought on the set to meet her. The child looked at Shirley and said, "Why, I thought you had blue eyes. I saw you on Hollywood Boulevard one day and you had blue eyes." Shirley patted the little girl on the head and said kindly, "Maybe you're right. Maybe I was wearing my blue eyes that day."

AN ORCHID (?) FOR BING

Gary, oldest of the Crosby hopefuls, was the hit of the annual show staged by the Black Fox Military Academy. Gary crooned "An Apple for the Teacher" in an even throatier tone than Bing's and brought down the house. "It's an awful silly song," Gary told his father that night, "but with this bad cold of mine I sounded enough like you to put it over." Was Bing surprised!

PRIZE CRACK

Prize crack of the month was Mischa Auer's when a certain star came into the Victor Hugo the other evening. As she swept past the Auer table, deigning no glances for the common rabble, Mischa gazed after her thoughtfully and remarked, "I have never seen a face that's fallen in so many directions." Now, Mischa!

NICK'S WAITING

Though Marie Wilson is still away on that personal appearance tour, Nick Grinde is doing all the night-spots in town regularly—and alone. The other evening Errol Flynn

left his party at the Trocadero and went over to Grinde's table to ask the writer to join his party. Grinde thanked him but shook his head at the invitation. "What's the matter," Errol asked, "waiting for something?" "Yes. Same thing I've been waiting for for a year," said Nick gloomily. "For Marie to say she'll marry me."

MARTYRS FOR ART

Lon Chaney, Jr., took a beating the other day on the set of "1,000,000 B. C.," the prehistoric picture now in front of the cameras. As head man of his clan, Lon was required to tear into huge hunks of roast pork for a feast scene. The scene was started first thing in the morning and by afternoon Lon was paling at the very sight of pork. "Look," he begged director Hal Roach, "can't I have a little barbecue sauce on it for a change?" Mr. Roach looked completely disgusted. "Haven't you any artistic appreciation? Barbecue sauce," he pointed out, "is about as prehistoric as a drive-in sandwich stand." Carole Landis, who plays Lon's cave gal in the picture, admitted right off that she had no artistic appreciation of her role. "How can I," she asked the director, "when this leopard skin doesn't hide my bow-legs?" Carole says she's always disguised them before by standing with one leg slightly bent, the heel off the ground and the knee turned in. "But I can't do it in this picture," she wailed. "A cave woman stood on her two feet and didn't give a hang whether her legs were straight or had a permanent wave in them."

CUPID DEPT.

Bill Powell's wedding gift to his young bride, Diana Lewis, was a matching ring, pin and clips set with ruby stones. . . . Hal Roach, Jr., is taking Mary Beth Hughes to night clubs. . . . William Holden is still escorting the beauteous Brenda Marshall around town. . . . June Lang is giving all her dates to Lew Ayres. . . . Lee Bowman is seeing to it that Phyllis Brooks forgets all about Cary Grant. . . . Ann Sheridan is doubling up on the dates she gives to Jeffrey Lynn. . . . Barbara Brewster, twin sister to Gloria, is scheduled to marry Dr. Lee Siegel. . . . Bette Davis won't admit any romantic interest in Robert Foulk, the New York stage director, but she's spending a lot of time with him these evenings. . . . Rudy Vallee doesn't have eyes for anybody but Patricia Dane. . . . Marlene Dietrich is dividing her spare time between Eric Maria Remarque and Orson Welles. . . . Joan Fontaine and Brian Aherne are still in the honeymoon stage, and hold hands wherever they go. . . . Jane Withers has fallen hook, line and sinker for Gene Autry. . . . Ann Rutherford is turning her smiles on Rand Brooks. . . . Penny Singleton is taking more than the usual interest in the producer of her pictures, Bob Sparks, who says he thinks every really good producer should spend as much time as possible with his star. . . . Priscilla Lane and Oren Haglund have agreed to agree from now on, and they're both beaming these days. It's good to see them together again.

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WOW!

At a recent Trocadero party, the guests were asked to present cards of admission at the door. When George Raft and Norma Shearer arrived, Raft explained to the girl who was checking the guest list that he had forgotten his card. "But," he said with a Raftish smile, "I'm sure it's all right for us to go on in." The girl gave him an icy stare. "Those are not my instructions. I shall have to present your name to the host," she said. "What names shall I give him?"

WHAT THEY DRIVE

Charlie Chaplin can always be spotted when driving around town. His is the oldest Rolls Royce in existence, bar none . . . Lana Turner changes the model of her car but the color's always the same—titan, to match her hair . . . Clark Gable always has the newest and sportiest model on the market, with chromium gadgets all over it . . . Madeleine Carroll bangs around town in one of the less expensive makes of car—and it's three years old at that . . . John Carradine has a lemon-colored Duesenberg that has seen better days but it's the swankiest car in town for a' that . . . Myrna Loy dotes on a small coupe that's just big enough for herself, the groceries and her Irish setter.

THE BOYERS

Happiest man around is Charles Boyer. Says that nothing in the world can compare to the grand and glorious feeling of being a civilian. He and Pat Paterson have rented a home in Westwood Hills, where they'll stay until the lease is up on their own home which was rented when Boyer went off to the wars. The Boyers have slipped back into their Hollywood routine as if

they had never been away, with Boyer working hard on his radio and screen roles, Pat accepting an occasional studio assignment and the two going over to the Tyrone Powers' house every Thursday night for the weekly bridge bout.

MEET A NEW PHOTOG

When Spencer Tracy appeared at the Lux Radio Theatre for a rehearsal the other day, he was besieged by amateur camera fans. Tracy obligingly posed with his best grin for all of them. When they asked him to get co-star, Bette Davis, out on the steps, Tracy refused to bother her. "But tell you what I'll do," he said. "Give me your cameras and I'll get a picture of Bette for each one of you." Eleven cameras were thrust at him and with the help of an usher, Tracy got them all inside. When Bette was informed of the deal, she ordered a spotlight set up and arranged herself with a bouquet of prop roses and an angelic expression for cameraman Tracy's shots. And they say Hollywood stars are snobs!

DIDJA KNOW

That Ann Sheridan never wears high heels except when a picture role demands a full length shot . . . That Leslie Howard had his natural blond looks tinted the right shade of strawberry red each time he went before the camera in the "Ashley Wilkes" role . . . That Orson Welles doesn't live next door to Shirley Temple any more because he didn't like the ribbings he got from owning a home with a swimming pool . . . That twin girls were signed for the "boy baby" role in "Forty Little Mothers," and Eddie Cantor thinks Director Berkeley did it on purpose . . . That Errol Flynn saw his first football game at the Rose Bowl on New Year's Day . . .



In her seventh picture, "It's A Date," opposite Lewis Howard, Deanna Durbin wears her first period costume. Of black chiffon velvet, trimmed with six hundred ermine tails, and featuring a hoop skirt, this beautiful gown is one of twenty-eight changes. It cost \$1500 yet appears on the screen for only three minutes.



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ONE-TAKE DURBIN

On the set of "It's a Date," we watched Walter Pidgeon blow up on his lines time after time, while Deanna Durbin, in the scene with him, went smoothly through her dialogue. "Whew," Pidgeon exclaimed after the ninth take, and the ninth blow-up, "Deanna, if you'd only slip up on a comma sometime, I'd feel a lot better." No doubt about it, the little Durbin's poise is enough to shatter anyone's assurance. At the studio, they say Vaughn Paul is the only other human being that's cool, calm and collected enough to take it.

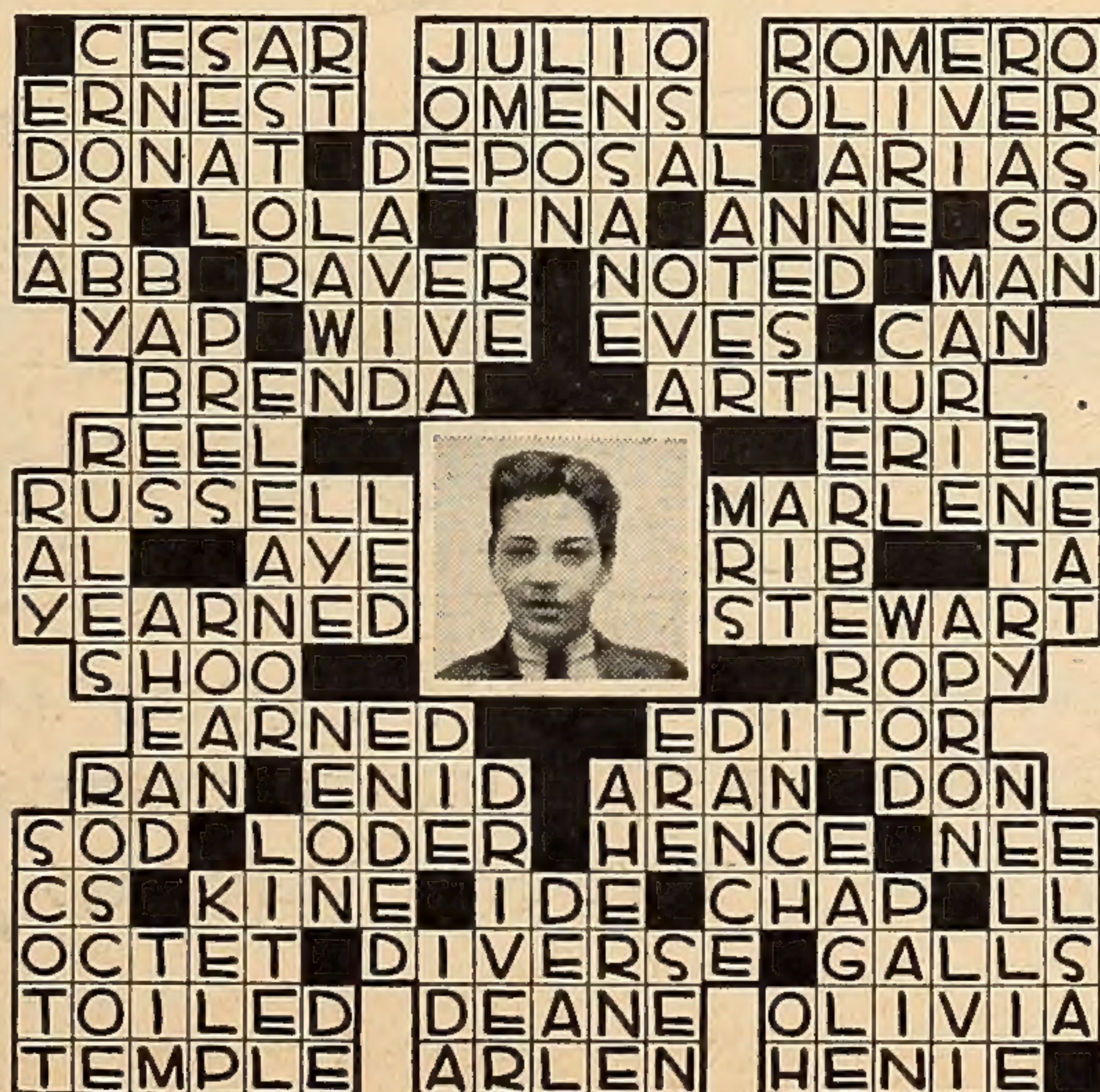
STRICTLY A BACHELOR PROPOSITION

When word got around that Cary Grant was building a new home in Santa Monica, he was besieged by requests to tell for whom the house was intended. All Grant will say is, "It's strictly a bachelor proposition—and I mean strictly!" Incidentally, Phyllis Brooks and Cary are now working on the same lot. They see each other daily in the RKO commissary, and always manage to exchange a few amiable nods so as to leave no doubt that they're still good friends.

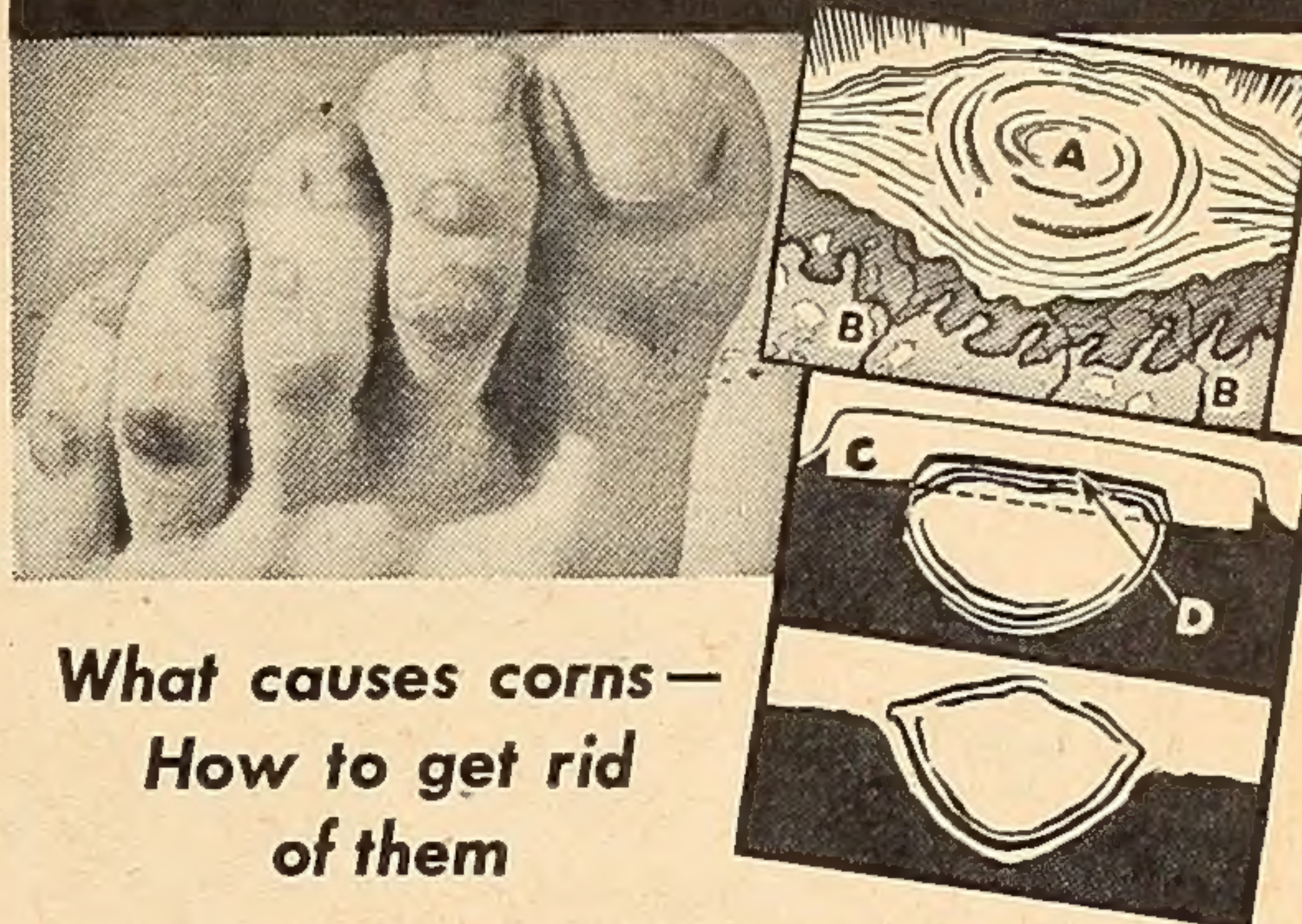
SURPRISE ENDING

A traffic cop on Sunset Boulevard told us that the other day Loretta Young came whizzing down the street at fifty miles an hour. He pursued her for half a block and ran her to the curb. "Gosh, she's pretty," said the cop at this point in the story. "Those eyes! and how she can roll them!" Ummmmhmm, we thought, be a movie star and get away with anything. But our friend hadn't finished his story. "I just had to look away," he said, "or else I would have torn up that ticket."

Solution To Puzzle on Page 94



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If you have an excess of acids in your blood, your 15 miles of kidney tubes may be over-worked. These tiny filters and tubes are working day and night to help Nature rid your system of excess acids and poisonous waste.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Kidneys may need help the same as bowels, so ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

BABY COMING?



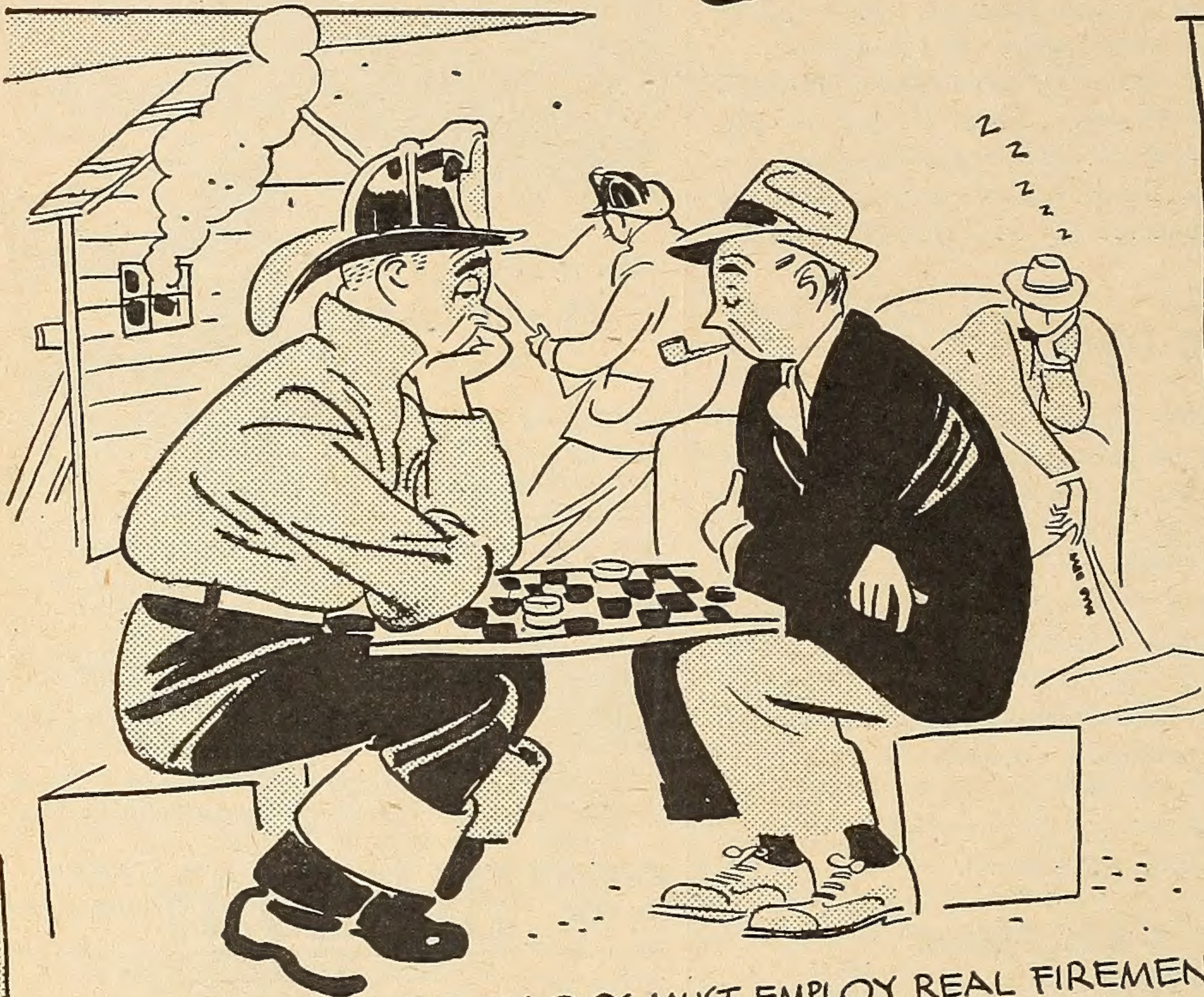
Consult your doctor regularly. Diet and exercise should be regulated from the earliest days of pregnancy. Your doctor's constant advice on the right foods and amount can control your weight and keep the baby the right size to facilitate birth. Above all, ask a doctor's advice on feeding infant.

SAFER because
easier to clean!

HYGEIA
NURSING BOTTLE AND NIPPLE

all joking aside

BY JACK BETTS



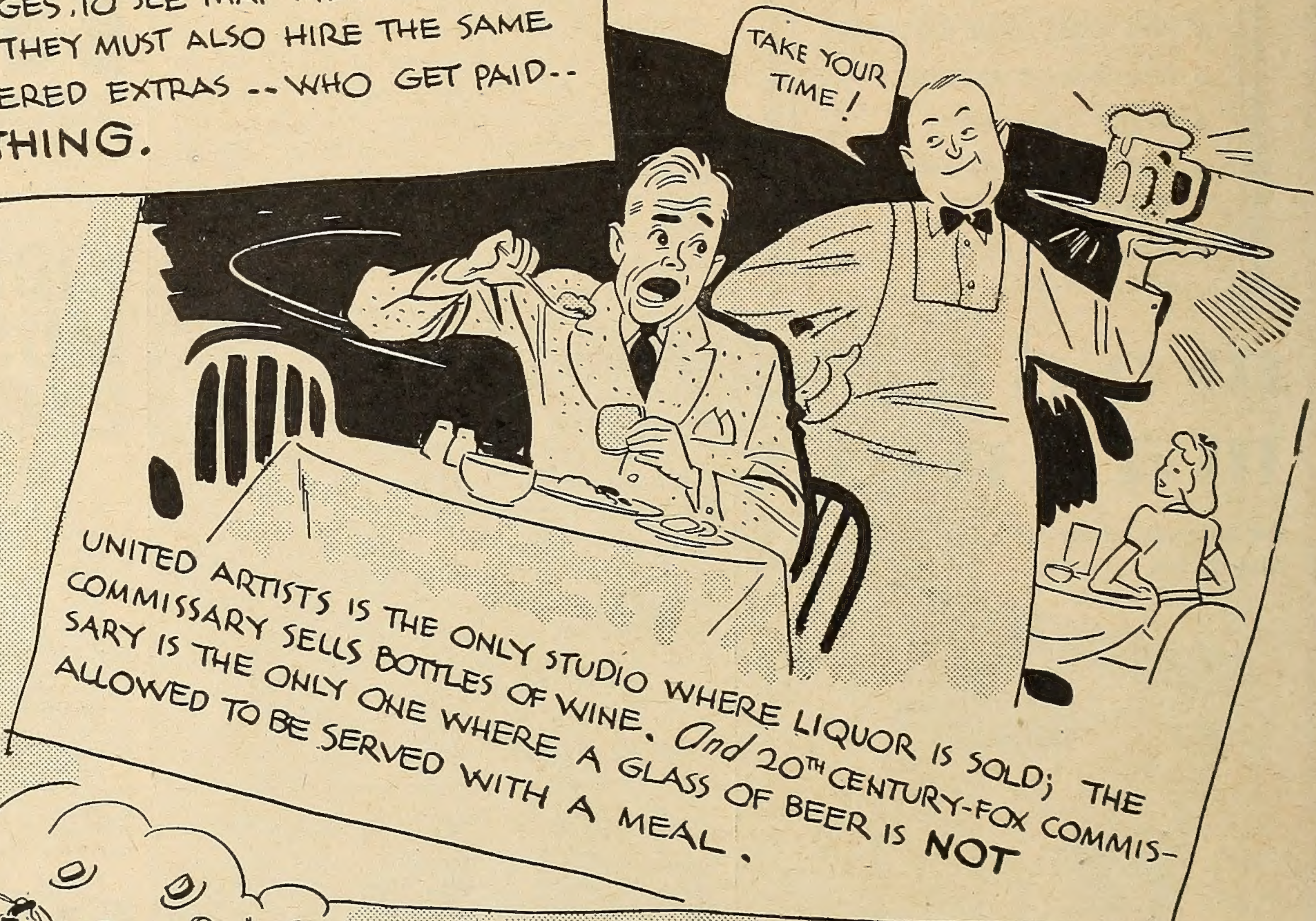
FOR FIRE SEQUENCES, STUDIOS MUST EMPLOY REAL FIREMEN AT REGULAR GUILD WAGES. TO SEE THAT THE FIRE DOESN'T GET OUT OF CONTROL. THEY MUST ALSO HIRE THE SAME NUMBER OF REGISTERED EXTRAS -- WHO GET PAID -- FOR DOING NOTHING.



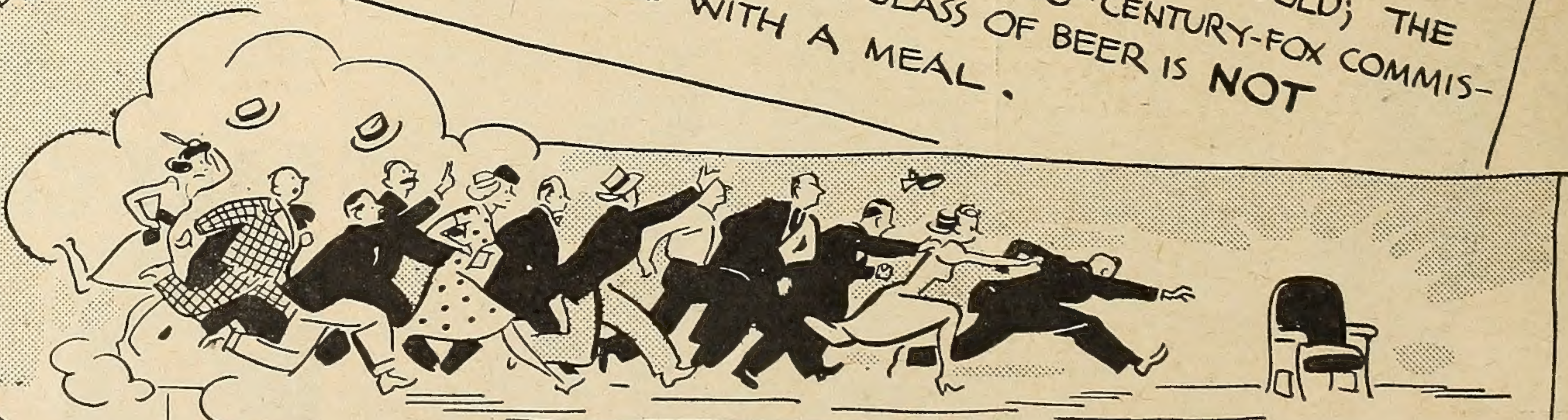
THEDA BARA WAS THE FIRST WOMAN TO SMOKE A CIGARETTE ON THE SCREEN. THE YEAR WAS 1916



SONJA HENIE IS THE ONLY ACTRESS WHO HAS A MAN FOR A STAND-IN.

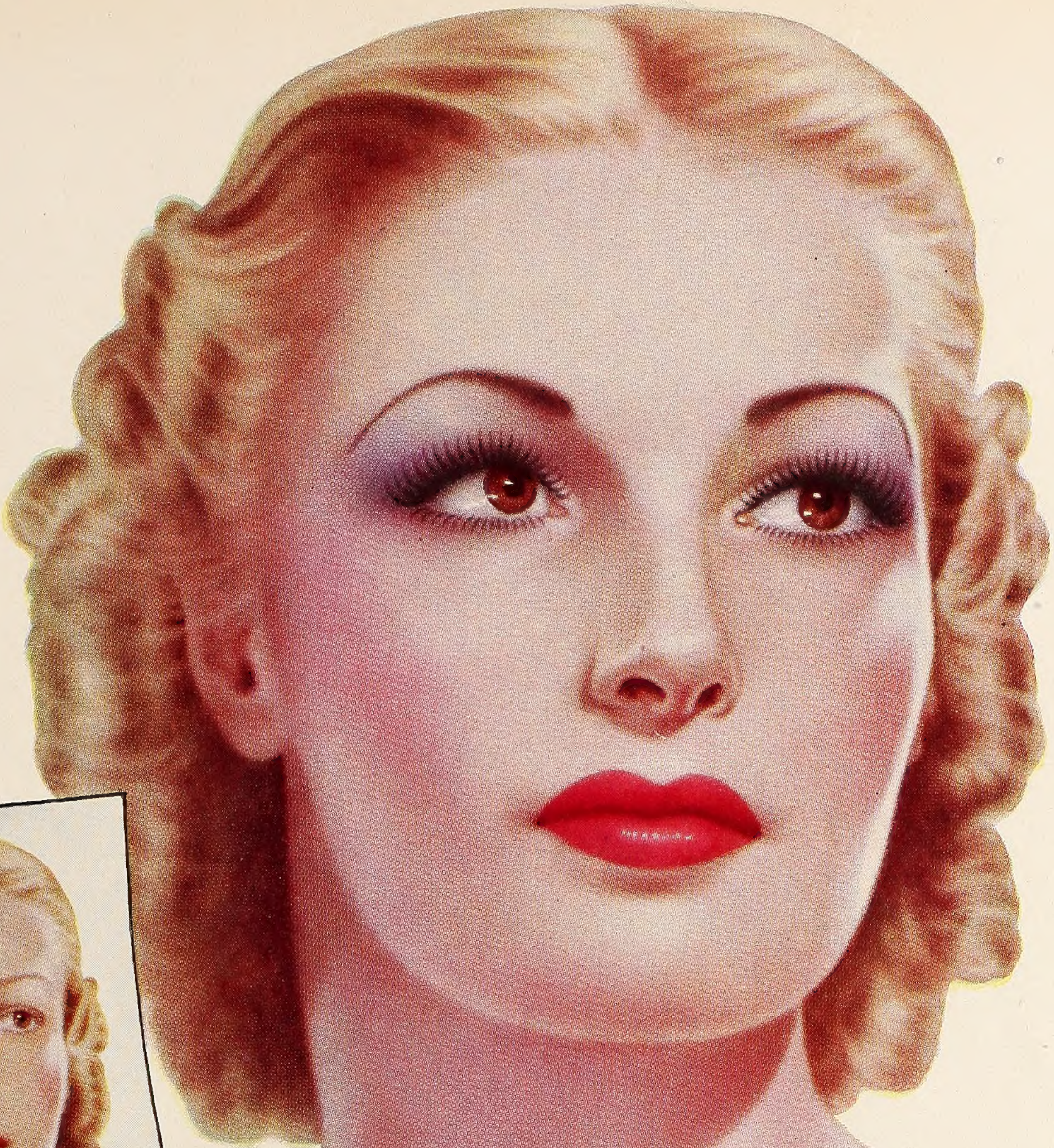


UNITED ARTISTS IS THE ONLY STUDIO WHERE LIQUOR IS SOLD; THE COMMISSARY SELLS BOTTLES OF WINE. And 20TH CENTURY-FOX COMMISSARY IS THE ONLY ONE WHERE A GLASS OF BEER IS NOT ALLOWED TO BE SERVED WITH A MEAL.



THERE ARE NEARLY 18,000 MOTION PICTURE THEATRES IN THE UNITED STATES, AND ONE SEAT TO EVERY TWELVE PERSONS!

-Betts



BEFORE USING MAYBELLINE

What a Difference Maybelline Makes

Stop . . . Look . . . Compare these two pictures of the same girl. Hair, nose, mouth, complexion — exactly alike. Everything the same, except her eyes. It's easy to see what Maybelline eye make-up means. The difference between blankness and beauty. Between dullness and sparkle. Between hidden charm and instant attraction!

Don't doubt your own eyes. See what Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids can do for you. Lashes always take on this dark sweeping loveliness with Maybelline Mascara — and notice how this makes the eyes appear larger, more brilliant. Depth and color are subtly accented with Maybelline Eye Shadow — and brows are tapered so naturally with Maybelline Smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil. Bring out the beauty of your eyes to your own thrilling satisfaction — today! You can get generous purse sizes of Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids at any 10c store.



Maybelline Solid-form Mascara in stunning gold-colored vanity, 75c. Refills 35c. Shades — Black, Brown, Blue.



Maybelline Cream-form Mascara (applied without water) comes in dainty zipper case. Black, Brown, Blue—75c.



Maybelline Smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil in Black, Brown (and Blue for eyelid liner).



Maybelline Eye Shadow in six flattering shades. Blue, Gray, Blue-gray, Brown, Green, Violet.

Maybelline

EYE BEAUTY AIDS





Actual color photograph—The girls help tie the leaves in bundles. The tobacco is part of better-than-ever crops grown by U. S. Government methods.

"Working with Uncle Sam,

farmers have grown the finest tobacco in 300 years



...and Luckies always buy the A-1 grades," says Tom Smothers, 20 years a tobacco auctioneer

THREE SIMPLE FACTS tell *why* we ask: "Have you tried a Lucky lately?"

Fact No. 1. In recent years, progressive tobacco farmers have worked closely with Uncle Sam learning new, scientific growing methods. Result: The finest tobacco in history.

Fact No. 2. Tom Smothers, 15 years a Lucky Strike smoker, is typical of the *independent* experts—auctioneers, buyers, warehousemen—who prefer Luckies, 2 to 1. They *know* Luckies buy the choicest grades of these improved tobaccos. Result: Luckies are better than ever!

Fact No. 3. After 2 to 4 years of aging, these finest tobaccos go through the "Toasting" process which takes out certain throat irritants found in all tobacco. Result: A better-than-ever smoke *plus* throat protection.

Try Luckies for a week. Check each fact. You'll see why . . . **WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1**

Have you tried a Lucky lately?